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LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
THOMAS VALPY FRENCH

ἢ οἶε τινα μηχανὴν εἶναι ὅτ' τις ὁμιλεῖ ἀγόμενος μὴ μιμεῖσθαι ἐκεῖνο ;
θείῳ δὴ καὶ κοσμίῳ ὃ γε φιλόσοφος ὁμιλῶν κόσμος τε καὶ θεῖος εἰς τὸ
δυνατὸν ἀνθρώπῳ γίγνεται.

PLATO.



Thos. V. Deane

THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
THOMAS VALPY FRENCH
FIRST BISHOP OF LAHORE

BY THE
REV. HERBERT BIRKS, M.A.

LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
AND CURATE OF CHIGWELL, ESSEX

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1895

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST REVEREND
EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D.
LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND, AND METROPOLITAN
THIS RECORD
OF
ONE WHO REVERED HIM AND WAS REVERED BY HIM
IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

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PREFACE



THERE is some truth in the broad over-statement of the English proverb, 'The world knows nothing of its greatest men.'

At least the interest of English Churchmen as a whole in foreign missions is still so limited that there are many educated people to whom the very name of Bishop French is quite unknown. And yet if great abilities, combined with a rare saintliness and self-denial and humility, and guided with indomitable energy towards the attainment of the highest aims, may win for any one a place in men's regard, the bishop certainly deserves to be remembered. After his death, the present Dean of Westminster, when asked if he had known him, replied, his countenance all kindling, in words to this effect: 'Know him! of course I did. He is well worthy to be named with Livingstone. I could not have refused him a monument within the Abbey!'

It was most fitting therefore that a memoir should be written, unless the bishop had himself discouraged it, but this was not the case; for though he shrank as much as any man from notoriety, he felt that his many years' experience in mission work might be of service to the Church of God, and left the following instructions to his executors:—

'A series of Diaries, containing notes of my missionary journeys, and life's history generally, together with my packets of letters, or loose letters, wheresoever found and from whomsoever received by me at whatever time, I desire to be made over by my

executors to my two children, C. J. V. French and L. M. D. Moulson, to be employed by them at their discretion, if any parts of them should be thought worthy of publication in the interests of the Church of God, more especially for the sake of the information collected in them with some toil and pains, and passages of value quoted from the most approved writers. Either of them, or both together, would be at full liberty to take personal care and oversight of such publication, or to hand them over for the same purpose to others of their choice and approval.'

At the commencement of 1892, in the exercise of the discretion left to him, the bishop's eldest son, Cyril, wrote to me on behalf of his sister and himself to ask me to undertake this task; only desiring that I would describe his father without fear or favour exactly 'as he was.' It was with most unfeigned surprise that I received his letter, and I wrote back to state most strongly some very serious objections. These, in the main, were three: (1) My small acquaintance with the bishop. I had once or twice met him in my boyhood at my father's house; I had heard him preach some three or four sermons; and a little more than a year before his death he stayed two nights with us at Chigwell, and preached and held a confirmation in the church in which I serve as curate: beyond this my acquaintance did not go. (2) My entire ignorance of Indian life and Indian languages. I was very conscious how great a disadvantage this must be to me, and I was not at all surprised when some of the Indian papers lamented afterwards that the work had been entrusted to one whose experience so little fitted him to cope with it. I shared their fears. (3) My total inexperience in this especial branch of literary labour. I had never written a biography of any kind, nor was I known in literary circles. To set against these drawbacks, the only qualifications that I could admit appeared to be, that from a child I had been led to look upon the bishop's character with reverence, that I had a fair amount of literary leisure,

and that in my quiet country home, away from party strife, I might have some advantage in dealing with the bishop's type of churchmanship — that I was at least free from any conscious wish to represent him as belonging to one section rather than another. All this I urged, but when I found that my objections were recognized and overruled, and that Mrs. French entirely concurred in my selection as biographer, it seemed that the offer, coming so wholly unsought for, might be regarded as a public charge committed to me in His Church's interest by God, as well as a most sacred private trust.

Conscious of the honour done me, and of the great privilege that such close intercourse with a mind and heart so richly furnished would be to me, much as I dreaded failure I durst not refuse. I could but seek to lay hold of the Scripture precept, 'If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God.'

One stipulation I did make, which was most readily accorded me—that I should not be bound down to complete the book in any given time. I felt it was far more important that the work should be done thoroughly.

I began at once collecting my materials; and in the late spring paid a round of visits (in which I met with every help and kindness), to the bishop's son at Escot, his brother at Llanmartin, his birthplace at Burton, and his University at Oxford. In June I set to work, and with slight interruptions have been engaged upon this labour ever since. I regret that during the long time of preparation some of the friends who have supplied me with materials, and more who would have welcomed the book itself with special interest, have passed away to their rest.

But my purpose in this preface is rather to acknowledge gratefully the many helps I have received, by which alone I have been able to complete my labour, and make some mention of the hopes with which on its completion the book is launched into the world.

Never surely was biographer more happy in the wealth of his material.

Bishop French was a prolific correspondent. During his long absences in India, at such times as Mrs. French was unable to be with him he never missed a mail in writing to her, and his letters extended to ten or twelve closely written pages: the great bulk of this correspondence has been placed (together with his shorter letters on his visitation tours), without reserve and with rare confidence, at my disposal, and all through my work Mrs. French has been the kindest counsellor and referee, supplying me with ample stores of matter, and leaving me unhampered in the use of them. Next in importance to his letters to his wife come those to his brothers and sisters and his children, and beyond these to a wide circle of friends and fellow-workers. My debts to these will be acknowledged in the course of the biography: but several correspondents have sent me letters of interest which I would gladly have inserted had I not been almost overwhelmed with an *embarras de richesse*. I should like to assure them of my gratitude, and that though their letters are not quoted, they have been read and weighed, and have helped me to form my estimate of Bishop French's character. My hearty thanks are also due to the authorities of the great Church Societies—the C. M. S., which I place first because the bishop was so many years directly in connexion with it, the S. P. G., and the S. P. C. K., for so freely placing at my disposal their correspondence and all other information.

After the letters come the Diaries. There are some thirty volumes, in most cases bulky books, of MSS. One of these accompanied the bishop in his wanderings, and from day to day he jotted down in it whatever seemed to him of interest, choice extracts from his reading, missionary incidents and conversations, occasionally notes of his addresses, and comparatively rarely introspective

entries of a religious character. The books make no pretension to literary form, but are of great value in filling in the gaps of correspondence, and presenting almost a map of what at any given time was passing in the writer's mind: from his mission to the Derajat and onward, with a few slight breaks, they cover all his life.

In his instructions he made especial reference to the 'passages from the most approved authors' contained in these Diaries. It would have been impossible to give a fair idea of these without swelling the work to an unmanageable size, but here and there one creeps into the narrative, and the headings to the chapters are generally taken from this source.

A careful selection and arrangement of such extracts would make a very interesting commonplace book. To do his task thoroughly the compiler would have to be in contact with a first-rate library.

Besides the letters and the diaries, which have in great degree relieved me of misgivings on account of my slight personal acquaintance with the bishop, I have to acknowledge the personal assistance of many Indian friends, whose help may in some measure modify the disadvantage of my ignorance of Indian life.

Thus I have had the assistance of Mr. Leighton, Mr. French's colleague in his life at Agra. The chapters on the Derajat and Persia have been read and revised by Dr. Bruce; that on the missionary college at Lahore by Mr. Bateman; the greater part of the chapters on the bishopric by the Bishop of Lahore (Bishop Matthew); the chapter on Syria and Palestine by Dr. Chaplin, for twenty-five years a missionary in the country. All these, and Mr. Robert Clark and other Indian friends and fellow-workers of the bishop, I have personally met during the past three years.

The chapter on the bishop's journey from Bagdad to

Beyrout has been submitted to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has so much at heart the welfare of the ancient Churches in the East. He has taken a kind interest in this biography, and very graciously consented to allow his name to be associated with it.

I should also notice Mr. Shirreff's kindness in spending many hours of a short furlough in helping me in the collection of material at the commencement of my work, and in helping on his return from a fresh period of foreign service in the correction of the proofs. My sister has prepared an index.

For the illustration of the Abbey at Burton I am indebted to the Rev. W. F. Drury, Vicar of Holy Trinity, successor to the bishop's father there; and for that of St. John's College, Agra, to the Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter, who was principal from 1883 to 1890. The frontispiece is from a photograph by Elliott & Fry taken in 1889 and 1890. The slight anachronism in the signature 'Lahore' will readily be pardoned.

The arms of the Lahore diocese which appear on the cover were prepared under the bishop's own direction; they represent the five rivers of the Punjab and the sun rising over the Himalaya mountains. Perhaps this emblem was suggested to him by Hankinson's fine poem, 'The Cross planted upon the Himalaya Mountains,' a poem which he had certainly read.

The hopes with which this work is launched into the world are all summed up in this one thought—that it may prove 'a faithful portrait.' So far as it succeeds in this it cannot fail to have an influence upon the Church and world.

As regards the Church, I hope that it may call attention to the vast trust committed to our keeping as a Christian nation in the great Indian empire. One of the bishop's lady friends and helpers, who died in her hundred and first

year, leaving £24,000 to the S. P. G., wrote to him when she was ninety-four, sending help for his cathedral and saying, 'The interests of India are paramount.' 'Golden words,' said the bishop; 'would they could be engraven on the doors of the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey at Westminster!' Yes: in a missionary point of view the interests of India are paramount.

It is natural that in this age of rapid expansion and wonderful development of geographic knowledge Africa should put forth an irresistible appeal. The martyrdom of Hannington, the work of men like Steere and Smythies, Parker and Tucker, Shergold-Smith and Alexander Mackay, not to speak of older heroes of the East and South, Rebmann and Krapf, Mackenzie, Moffat, Livingstone, and recent pioneers upon the West as Wilmot-Brook and Bishop Hill, all bold adventurers for Christ in that dark continent, may well call forth enthusiastic followers.

Far be it from us to suggest that Africa receives too much attention, or to desire to divert the smallest part of the devotion it calls forth to other channels. This would not be the spirit of Bishop French, who took large-hearted interest in missions everywhere, whose own work in his latest days touched Africa, and who, had he been younger, might even have *dared* to volunteer for it. Africa has not yet inspired all the enthusiasm that it might, but India certainly inspires far less enthusiasm than it ought.

Perhaps nothing struck me more at the recent missionary conference of the Anglican communion than a remark of Canon Edgar Jacob, a man of unique knowledge of the Indian mission-field. He said:—

'When I went out to India in the year 1872 to be chaplain to Bishop Milman I knew nothing whatever of what had been done in India by the Americans, and when I went about India—I have been over two-thirds of India—I found the American Baptists very strong in Burmah and strong in Eastern Bengal,

I found the American Methodist Episcopal Church strong and becoming stronger in the North-West Provinces, I found American Presbyterians in the Punjab and in part of the North-West Provinces, and I found American societies wherever I went. I am certain of this, that it is altogether folly for the Church of England to shut its eyes to what these American brethren of ours are doing. . . .

‘I will only say this, that if the rate of progress made by American missions in ten years is to be the rate of progress in the next hundred years, then whatever the form of Christianity may be in India, India will owe its character, imperfect or perfect, far more to America than she will owe it to England, and I for one, my lord archbishop—as an English Churchman, feeling the paramount claims which India has upon England and specially upon the English Church—I for one should feel ashamed if we in England do not rise to a deeper sense of our responsibility, and send forth our men, and our very best men, to India.’

All credit to America, but surely all shame to ourselves. India is ours and not America’s, and it is ours first of all to see that India has the truest Christian teaching.

At the present time there is a feeling of discouragement about Church missions to the Moslem. But Bishop French did not despair of them. Why is that chain of missions on the Indian frontier so thinly occupied? Why does that lonely grave upon the coast of Muscat with such unanswered challenge bid English Churchmen never to despair? He was preparing when he died to go to the interior, and some words of his in his last published writing may be quoted¹:—

‘Since the days of Raymond Lull, whom Neander has so graphically described to us in his *Church History of the Middle Ages* as traversing Western Europe before Xavier to plead with its great universities—Salamanca, Paris, Oxford included—to undertake missions to the Arabs, very little attention has been paid to this subject on the part of the Christian Church until

¹ *Indian Church Quarterly Review*, July, 1891.

the present century, and mostly the present half of it. It is not surprising that their rancorous bigotry was thought by many to be a wholly insurmountable barrier, the forlornest of hopes for the stoutest of Christian evangelists. But the apostolic martyrs thought otherwise, and Pfander also, a man no less worthy of being enshrined in the most sacred memories of the Church—a veritable Goliath.

‘As Prebendary Edmonds has shown in his valuable and stirring paper in the *Churchman* of September last, Martyn thought only, or chiefly, of India and Persia as lying on the high road by which he must ultimately pass into Arabia, his highest ambition and the goal of his longing being to carry the Gospel of the kingdom into North Africa, as well as to Yemen, Nejd, and Hadjaz.

‘Mackay, a name imperishably engraven in the roll of Christian confessors and evangelists of this age, and all ages to come, tried to kindle a sense of indignant shame in the heart of our Church by recording what on one occasion the Arabs of Uganda said tauntingly and in derision to him on the Nyanza: “All very well your bravery in encountering the wretched Buganda; but you have never dared to challenge the Arab of the Persian Gulf to measure swords with you”—these, or like words. This led Mackay—besides other reasons—to make at least one very solemn and thrilling appeal to the C. M. S. not to leave Muscat out of their reckonings, and the chief seaports of the territories which are now, or have been in past time, subdued and annexed to its Imamate. This appeal was characteristic of the common sense of the man, and the far-reaching onlook and insight of his penetrating and keen intellect. He probably formed, however, too high an estimate of Muscat in its present degraded and impoverished condition, for civil wars have gone far to decimate its population, and thin it of its best and bravest warriors; and its onco vigorous and statesmanlike rulers have given place to far less capable and gifted men. . . .

‘It is possible that these losses may affect the capital (Muscat), and the small trading communities on the sea-board, rather than the Bedawin tribes of the interior. How far these are accessible to the preachers of the Word only experiments can show; and these will not be long delayed, we trust. In any case it is the Arab in Africa rather than in Arabia itself, that we have the more immediate and hopeful prospect of reaching, and such forward movements as those of Mr. Douglas Hooper, Dr. Harford

Battersby, and their fellows in the Soudan and on the Upper Niger, are full of promise.

‘But unquestionably the Arab in North Africa and in Arabia—the latter especially—seems reserved for some of the sharpest conflicts to which the Church of Christ has to gird its loins in the days before the great Advent. The stern look of solid resolve with which the Arabs in these parts will look you in the face, and tell you that to be an Arab is to be a Mohammedan, and almost *vice versa*—as though he was strung tight to it with his deepest heart fibres, and to resign his prophet were the death of deaths to him—this throws one back on one’s divinest and most invincible reserves. Self sinks, but the Word stands. “Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.”’

Here too Americans (all honour to their faith and zeal!) have been beforehand with us. Busrah, Bahrein, and latterly Muscat itself, have all been occupied by their ‘Arabian Mission.’ The Mission was begun upon an ‘inter-denominational basis,’ which must have proved a source of weakness when there was need to organize a native Church: it is now connected with the Board of Missions of the Dutch Reformed Presbyterian Church of America, and it is nobly served by able and devoted men well fitted to be pioneers. The Rev. Samuel Zwemer in one of the first papers of the Mission makes touching allusion to Bishop French:—

‘The appeal of Mackay from Uganda and General Haig’s report were trumpet-calls to duty. Thomas Valpy French responded, and that broken box of exceeding precious ointment was fragrant from Muscat to the whole missionary world. It was not what he accomplished but what he purposed that made the late Bishop of Lahore the Henry Martyn of Arabia. It was a providential coincidence that one of the missionaries from America journeyed with Bishop French to Aden and met General Haig with him at Suakim.’

At Sheikh Othman near Aden, where the gallant Keith-Falconer after a few brief months of toil laid down his life, the Scotch Free Church was prompt to occupy the vacant

¹ ‘The Moslem in Arabia and North Africa,’ *Indian Church Quarterly Review*, July, 1891.

post in force: and his tomb there will plead with them in silence far more eloquent than words never to loose their hold. Is England only and her Church to be without a missionary representative in that peninsula, almost a continent, with its 10,000,000 inhabitants, one of the finest races of the world, the very cradle of the faith of Islam? There are posts still unoccupied—Jedda, the pilgrim town, a centre of slave exports for the whole Turkish empire, key to the very citadel of Mecca, awaits a settled herald of the Gospel; Hodaida also, the approach to Yemen, with Sanaa in the background a refuge from heat with interesting openings for work among the Jews. These are connected with the name of French. Mokallah in the Hadramaut, between the Scotch and the Americans, will probably be occupied by one of their two missions. Faith can find doors; and prayer and courage enter them—only it ought not to be said, ‘The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.’ Bishop French in his self-devotion for Arabia should have a successor of his own race and Church.

The appeal of his life to Churchmen, especially to younger members of our great Christian Universities, is for a life-consecration of all their powers, in a spirit of humility and faith, for the conversion of our Indian empire, for the training of a native pastorate, and for a stern assault upon the creed of Islam in its virgin strongholds beyond the limits of our empire.

‘Far from fair Oxford’s groves and towers
Her scholar-bishop dies apart;
He blames the ease of cultured hours,
In death’s still tones that shake the heart.
Brave saint! for dark Arabia dead,
I go to fight the fight instead!’

So wrote Archdeacon Moule on hearing of the bishop’s death, but I know not that any son of Oxford has yet gone to Arabia in answer to this call.

But has this life no message to the world at large? In times of doubt and questioning and wistfulness, it tells us that the age of faith is even yet not wholly gone from us, a fading reminiscence of antiquity. There are some whom books of argument could never move, who may be touched by the convincing power of a great example.

It was a grand sight when our English Winfrid (better known as St. Boniface), having retired from his wide bishopric to the recesses of his abbey at Fulda, set forth again in his old age for simple missionary work in Holland, and perished with his comrades at the hand of the barbarians.

But such devotion finds its counterpart in our own century: and though the comforts willingly surrendered now are greater than the comforts surrendered by a Boniface, and though the sun of Muscat is as fierce to-day as were those old barbarians of Utrecht, the cross of Jesus Christ maintains intact its old supremacy over the minds and wills of those who yield to Him. The pictures of the bishop's birthplace—a type of many happy English homes—and the bishop's grave—a sample of many lonely missionary sepulchres—may point a wholesome moral, and show some doubting hearts, as logic only never could have shown them, that the Person of the risen Saviour is still a living power in the world; that faith in Him can still inspire to noble sacrifice.

‘I die in the forefront; I die among the skirmishers.’

These words of the French marshal, De Concha, were often quoted by the bishop as a missionary watchword, and certainly they were exemplified in his own death.

H. A. B.

BOWLS, CHIGWELL,
All Saints Day, 1894.



THE ABBEY, BURTON-ON-TRENT, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BISHOP FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

'Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
 Who in the vilest saw
 Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
 Still vocal with God's law.
 His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
 In the same channel ran;
 The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
 Shamed all the frauds of man.
 The very gentlest of all human natures
 He joined to courage strong,
 And love outreaching unto all God's creatures.
 With sturdy hate of wrong.'

THOMAS VALPY FRENCH, the eldest son of the Rev. Peter French and his wife (*née*) Penelope Arabella Valpy, was born at the Abbey, Burton-on-Trent, on New Year's Day, 1825.

He came from ancient stock on both sides. The Frenches are an old Norman family (the name is corrupted from de

at

Freyne), and came to England with the Conqueror. One branch settled in Ireland, another long had property near Reading. The Valpys are of Italian origin. The family of Volpi was settled at Lucca before the memory of man, and its members have filled the highest offices, ecclesiastical and civil, in the cities of Lucca, Florence, and Como. A branch of the family came to Normandy in the latter half of the eleventh century, on the return of the Normans from their Italian expedition under Roger I, son of Tancred. Thence they crossed over to Jersey, and from the original Jersey branch was descended Dr. Richard Valpy, the famous Head Master of Reading School. His daughter Penelope was mother to the subject of this memoir.

The motto of the French family is '*Malo mori quam fœdari*' (Death before Dishonour). The Valpy motto is a punning one, '*Valet pietas.*' Both were exemplified in Thomas Valpy French.

But to pass from matters of old history to the influences that bore more closely on his character. Neither his father nor his mother were ordinary people; the one was remarkable for strength of will and energy, the other for sweetness and gentleness, and both alike for sterling piety.

Although the Rev. Peter French was never called to any office beyond the simple priesthood in the Church of Christ, he was in some respects of more commanding power than his son. He had a finer stature, perhaps a keener and more shrewd discernment of men's character, and was as thoroughly devoted to his Master's cause. He was presented by the first Marquis of Anglesey to Holy Trinity in Burton, in 1824, and he continued there for forty-seven years. The Marquis also appointed him as his domestic chaplain, and in course of time entrusted him with the tuition of his two sons, the late Lord George and Lord Alfred Paget.

Mr. French found Burton much neglected, and left his mark upon the place for good. He was a man of means,

a man of ability, of resolution and undaunted courage, a most unwearied worker among rich and poor. As a preacher he retained an attentive congregation through all the long years of his ministry; he was the means of building churches and mission-rooms both in the town and its surrounding hamlets; he bravely faced strong opposition in putting a stop to the town fair; and he was recognized in the surrounding counties as perhaps the leading evangelical clergyman, at least in his own diocese.

His wife has been described as an embodiment of 1 Cor. xiii., with the single exception of a slight want of charity towards Tractarians, whom she regarded as traitors to the Church. The father and mother both lived to a good age, and as years went on became surrounded by a happy and devoted family ¹.

The house where Thomas Valpy French first saw the light was fit to be the birthplace of a leader in the Church. A quaint old-fashioned spacious dwelling, with mullioned windows and gabled roof and old carved woodwork let into the stones, it looked over the quiet waters of the Trent and level meadows to the height of Stapenhill crowned with its graceful church and steeple; while through the garden-lawn that gently sloped to the river an avenue of lime-trees led to the parish church of Burton, close at hand, with its grey tower, venerable stones, and peaceful graveyard.

The original Abbey, an old Benedictine foundation dating from the year 1002, perished at the dissolution of the Monasteries. The adjacent church is dedicated to St. Modwen, an Irish abbess, who came from Conall's kingdom, died at Llanfortin near Dundee, and was buried at Burton, where for seven years she had lived retired

¹ Peter William, born April 25, 1826, died at Oxford, aged 18; John Gabriel, born October 4, 1828; Francis Edward, born April 2, 1831, died 1892; Penelope Mary Valpy, born May 28, 1834 (married Rev. R. W. Sheldon); Caroline Mary Frances, born October 23, 1835 (married Rev. R. Gregg); Richard Valpy, born February 16, 1839, Rector of Llanmartin, Monmouth, Rural Dean, and D.C.L.

upon the isle of Andresey. Camden preserves her quaint old epitaph:—

‘Ortum Modwennae dat Hibernia, Scotia finem.
 Anglia dat tumulum, dat Deus astra poli;
 Prima dedit vitam, sed mortem terra secunda,
 Et terram terrae tertia terra dedit.
 Aufert Llanfortin quam terra Conallea profert;
 Felix Burtonium virginis ossa tenet¹.’

No scene more tranquil could be pictured, but to pass beyond the bounds of the old Abbey wall is to plunge at once into the very heart of the bustling town-market and the region of staring red-faced breweries. Here the family lived till Thomas was fourteen years old.

Whether the scenery made any strong impression upon his childish imagination is uncertain; but it is hardly fanciful to see a correspondence between this first home as it now exists, and the character of the man who came from it. The whole future life of the boy was passed hemmed in with harassing cares and pressure of work and the world; and yet he maintained a peculiar seclusion and quietness of spirit just like the calm of this ecclesiastic sanctuary, this little ‘*rus in urbe*’ resisting the intrusion of the Burton trade.

In 1839 his father removed to the house in Horninglow Street nearly opposite the church of Holy Trinity, which forms the present Vicarage. This building in itself is a monument of successful missionary effort; it still bears traces of its former use as a hostelry, and immediately behind it was the cock-pit patronized by the old Burtonians in the first years of the present century.

Of French’s childhood few records are available; but his nurse, who still survives at Burton at the hale age of eighty, tells of his walks with his father to this or that hamlet

¹ It may be roughly rendered thus:—

‘Ireland gave Modwen birth, Scotland an end,
 England a grave, and God the starry heaven;
 One land gave life, and death a second land,
 While by a third, earth to its earth was given.
 Llanfortin carries off, whom Conall’s coast first owns.
 And happy Burton guards the virgin’s bones.’

where schools or mission-rooms had been established, of his keen interest in the various deputations who came to plead the cause of missions, of his carefulness to mention their names in his prayers, of his own early wish to teach the little black boys about Jesus.

Such childish ambitions are by no means uncommon in Christian homes nowadays, but perhaps they are worth mentioning when they have been so nobly realized. It is, it may be, less common for boys of six or seven to take seriously to writing sermons. This the old nurse records, and how she made the paper-banns for him, and how he came to her father's house to tea, and read his sermon afterwards, and her father was so delighted that he declared that he would be a Bishop some day.

It would seem that, like many men who have made their mark in the world, he had a strong temper to contend with. At the age of thirteen he went for a twelvemonth to the famous Grammar School at Reading, which was then presided over by his uncle, the Rev. F. E. J. Valpy. When Mr. Valpy left for the Grammar School at Burton, his parents wisely sent young French to Rugby under Dr. Arnold's care.

At Rugby the late Dr. Bradby, who succeeded him as head of the house, describes him as holding his own in an able generation in point of scholarship, but in other respects he does not seem to have made himself a place as a leader, or to have had great weight with his schoolfellows.

'The boys of his day,' says Dr. Bradby, 'were a difficult lot to manage. I think he wanted in firmness, and so far as I remember, he was not good at school games. Even then that defect told, though not as much as it would now. There was something eminently chaffable in him, and I'm afraid we used to chaff him a good deal, all which he took very good-humouredly. . . . I think the chief serious impression one received was of his guilelessness. One could not even imagine his doing anything outrageously wrong or cherishing enmity. As I write I recall a very pleasant expedition which I took with him and another boy to Lutterworth to see Wycliffe's pulpit.'

The Very Rev. G. P. Pownall, a much more intimate acquaintance, has sent the following account:—

'Though more than half a century has passed away since then, I distinctly remember T. V. F.'s first appearance at Rugby in

August, 1839, for I was a new boy at the same time ; we were in the same boarding-house (Anstey's), and both of us had the good fortune to make our start in the fifth form, by which we escaped the twofold annoyance of "fagging" and "shirking." He was then a stout-made rosy-checked boy, rather short for his age, and shy in manner. After an interval of more than forty years we encountered each other again upon a C. M. S. platform, and his first exclamation of surprise as we looked each other in the face was—"Is it possible? why there is not an atom of either of our old selves left."

'We were particularly fortunate in the masters we were under. Mr. Merivale, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died early, to the deep regret of all who knew him, had then charge of the fifth form, and by his gentle, pleasant manner did all in his power to encourage us to like our work. We soon got promotion into "the Twenty," where Bonamy Price, afterwards so well known as Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, put on the spur and kept us up to our best. He was, too, an excellent master, whom we all thoroughly liked and appreciated, all the more perhaps on account of his lively eccentricities. At the end of another half year we were safely landed in the sixth, and for the rest of our time¹ remained under Dr. Arnold, of whose greatness as a teacher it needs not to say more.

'What lasting influence he may have exercised over Bishop French's mind and disposition others are better able to judge than I, who speak only of schoolboy days before in most of us any such results became apparent.

'T. V. F., as might be expected in a grandson of old Dr. Valpy, had been carefully prepared at home for the public school curriculum of those days, and went ahead at once in Latin Prose and Verse Composition. His facility for running off lines which would scan with some approach to a meaning about them was a marvel to most of us, and quite a providence to not a few. Night after night when the abhorred "Vulgar" (an exercise of six or eight long and shorts on a given subject) had to be produced the cry was raised, "Where's French?" His aid secured, the difficulty was solved at once. I well remember finding him one morning in my study looking the picture of despair. In my absence he had taken up eighty lines of Virgil which I had copied out as the ordinary punishment for being late for first lesson, and mistaking them for an original composition of my own he dashed them down on the table with indignation—

¹ Here Mr. Pownall is thinking of himself. French certainly not only was present on that fatal Sunday morning of June 12, 1842, when, as the boys were preparing for their early chapel, the news spread through the houses like wild-fire, 'Arnold is dead'; but he continued for a year under the tuition of Tait, Arnold's successor, and afterwards 'the great Archbishop.'

"What chance is there of competing with a fellow who can write such lines as these?" To me Virgil was in those days nothing but a lesson-book, and I remember envying the scholarly gift of a lad younger than myself to recognize on the instant and as by instinct the difference between real poetry and our ordinary schoolboy doggerel. Three of us used generally to prepare our lessons together in the study which years before had belonged to no less a celebrity than A. P. Stanley, and as far as I can recollect we divided our labours somewhat after this fashion. Cross (now a much grander Cross, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India¹) would take charge of the Lexicon to look out words as need required. I had the crib, in case we came to a standstill over an otherwise insurmountable difficulty; and French would do the construing. At this kind of work we were tolerably equal, but in repetition and in composition he was far ahead of both of us. Only on Euclid days we had, and thoroughly enjoyed having, our good-tempered schoolboy revenge. Nothing could make him *understand* a proposition: all he could do was to try and learn the whole thing off by heart—a manifest impossibility², and often have I laughed to see his look of utter perplexity when called up, reckoning of course upon the certain "floor," which would go some way to restore our scholastic equality.

But to speak of more important matters. We both of us had enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being brought up in a religious home, where our training had been conducted on the strictest lines of the then prevailing Evangelical School, and he did credit to his training by being exceptionally "wise unto that which is good and simple concerning evil." Such a boy must be prepared to run the gauntlet, and has a good deal to bear in a public school from companions differently disposed. He bore it well and to the end, passing, I believe, untainted through the fires.

Of any deeper spiritual experiences while he remained at Rugby I am unable to speak. Boys are naturally very reserved respecting the good which lies beneath the surface, and have seldom confidence enough to speak out half they really feel: but of controversy even in those early days we had our share. Newman's "Number Ninety" was in everybody's mouth. Very few had read it, but we all assumed we know something about it and talked accordingly. It found small favour with French, while I had leanings in the opposite direction: so, more perhaps for the sake of argument than from the promptings of any real conviction, we wrangled with each other from opposite points of view, neither knowing much of the matter. At the same time Arnold's Sunday sermons were rather perplexing to us both, for whilst we did not doubt the truth and importance of

¹ This was written early in 1892.

² A point of sympathy with Henry Martyn, his ideal, who, though he afterwards became Senior Wrangler, when he first came to Cambridge attempted the same 'impossible' feat.

all he said, still his preaching was not "the Gospel" as we had been accustomed to receive it. We have lived and learnt since then.

'Two years ago we sat, old men, beside the fire, and found ourselves in truer agreement, I think, than ever before, agreed at least in gratitude to the guiding of God's good Providence in all our ways, and for the mercy which had called us in life's short day to labour in His vineyard. Now one is taken and the other left.'

To this contemporary sketch of French's school life there is little to add. The manly fervour and boundless enthusiasm of Arnold, the stern moderation and statesmanlike calmness of Tait, were doubtless important factors in the formation of his character, and at all times he looked with interest upon the school. It was largely through the influence of the old Rugbeian, Fox, that he sought his own life-work in India. When he was appointed first Bishop of Lahore it was a great delight to him to be consecrated by his old Head Master, then Archbishop, and in the Abbey presided over by that well-known Dean in whose former study he had prepared his own school lessons as a boy. Twice on his furloughs in his later life he has preached the Fox sermon in the School chapel, and few have proved more successful advocates for the Fox Memorial Fund. But his power in the pulpit, to judge from the one sermon which the writer as a schoolboy heard him preach at Repton, was less due to the eloquence which stirs enthusiasm, than to a character and achievements which appealed so irresistibly to the respect of his young audience.

From Rugby in 1843 he went to Oxford, having obtained a scholarship at University College. Here he impressed his contemporaries by his gravity, his diligence in study, and his religious earnestness. But most of his more intimate acquaintances died before him, and therefore there remain few materials from which his undergraduate life may be described.

The period in which he read for his degree was one of great excitement. The Oxford Movement had fallen upon troublous times. In 1845, the year before he entered for his Schools, the controversy about William George Ward's *Ideal*, and the panic caused by Newman's long-delayed secession, were occupying everybody's mind. It was an education in itself to live in such a stirring epoch. It

was also, perhaps, a dangerous trial to those who were easily carried this way or that by excitement. French was not one of these. No doubt he took an interest in these events. No man whose bent was serious could fail to do so ; but he did not permit them to absorb him. He acted himself consistently on the belief which, in his later years, as Rector of St. Ebbe's, he ever sought to impress upon his undergraduate acquaintances. He held that the main business of Oxford was in its proper studies : that into these young men should throw their whole strength, and that they should neither fritter away their intellectual energies over a thousand mighty problems of life and theology, all lightly touched and not one deeply pondered, nor divert to labours of philanthropy and Christian work enthusiasm due to other things. He did indeed help Mr. Goulburn (afterwards Dean of Norwich), who remembers him at this time as a young man of piety and promise, in his Sunday School at Holywell: but his main work was steady reading, and he met with his reward in great success, obtaining a first class in 1846 in the same list with the late Professor Conington, Canon Bright, now Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Dr. Ince, now Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. Two years later he obtained fresh laurels by winning the Chancellor's Prize for a Latin Essay, a prize gained by a long roll of the most distinguished Oxford scholars, many of whom have risen to eminence within the Church. He attributed his success in this competition to his practice of regularly translating Cicero into English, and re-translating it again into the Latin, and he held this to be the only way to acquire the practical full mastery of any language. The subject of the essay was, 'The Causes of the Short-lived Greatness of Mercantile Communities ¹.'

¹ One paragraph from the conclusion is characteristic of the future missionary :—

'Nusquam ita infesta est terrarum regio, ita importuosum mare ut non illuc mercis permutandae causâ nostri advolent expediti. Itaque de nobis ipsis quaestio inciderit utrum virtutes magis mercatorum an vitia assumpsisse videamur.

'Id potissimum nostris laudi tribuerim quod nullus hominum hanc disciplinae rationique nostrae notam exprobrârît—τὰ μὲν ἡδέα καλὰ νομίζουσι,

In the same year he obtained a fellowship in his own College, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Longley of Ripon to serve his father's curacy at Burton. He was not of full age at the time of Bishop Lonsdale's ordination at Lichfield, who however admitted him to the priesthood in 1849. During term-time French helped Mr. Cameron at St. Ebbe's Church in Oxford, the two men being known, it is said, as substance and shadow: and in vacations he worked under his father.

Of his personal feelings on first entering the ministry no record remains, but this would seem the place to pause and summarize the training he had gained for his life-work.

His character was formed amid the most strangely varied intellectual surroundings, but ever in the atmosphere of true religious earnestness. The discipline of home was of the best old evangelical type, strong in its churchmanship, and fruitful in good works.

His master, Arnold, at Rugby, combined deep personal piety and devotion to the Saviour with far broader views of Church government and Scripture inspiration than French had ever met with in his home. At Oxford, on the other hand, he came into direct contact with the Tractarian Movement at the time when men's minds were the most deeply stirred by it, and though for the moment it repelled rather than attracted him, he could not help becoming conscious that many lives of true devotion were being formed under its influence. Placed thus amid such divers forces, he formed his own opinions for himself with frankest independence, and often spoke them out, gently indeed, but yet decidedly, so as to shock each party in its turn. Thus it was that with a heart that craved for human sympathy,

τὰ δὲ *ξυμφέροντα* *δίκαια*—Quippe duritiam fortitudinem, audaciam quibus facile praececellunt non prolatandis tantum finibus lucrisque faciendis impendunt; gliscit, credo, praeclarum istud inter populares nostros certamen ut quibus in terris aut negotiatorum aut militum navetur opera, in humanitatem incolarum mores, in artem doctrinamque mentes, in pietatem corda excolantur. Ideoque longe ab abstricto illo angustoque abhorrent animo, qui inter suas se res utilitatesque concludit. Dixerim potius illorum esse titulum et insigne quo cives sui Catonem dignabantur

Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo.'

a judgement of unwonted independence, a great tenacity of purpose, and a courage that admitted of no concealment of his views, he often, especially in later years, was conscious of a certain loneliness and isolation, and felt, perhaps mistakenly, that there were few who fully trusted him. Even as early as 1858 he writes:—

‘I am saddened to think in how many points my views and sentiments cross those of my dearest friends. It is what one has to pay for having caught something of Arnold’s independence without having the pride which has led some of his pupils to *revel* in their independence, whereas to me the exercise of it is often a very painful duty.’

This strange blending of natural reserve, keen sensitiveness, outspoken courage, and far-reaching sympathy, produced a character which was singularly attractive, but at the same time exceptionally difficult to analyse.

His gift of tender sympathy was purchased at the cost of much suffering, and even in these early days he showed some indications of what his future life would be.

Even as a schoolboy his very holidays were full of work. Perhaps he never was a ‘thorough boy.’ He never knew what real relaxation meant. The bow was always bent. He had not the faculty, which has helped some men through so much labour, of forgetting serious employments in light-hearted amusement. He got through the work without the power of throwing off its burden. But it was at the cost of constant strain. The natives of the Punjab noted, and in their picturesque and oriental style described, this feature of his character. They use many small wells for irrigation purposes, but always leave some water at the bottom to help the fresh inflow. The *Padri Sahib*, they would say of French, works himself out and leaves no water in his well. Some extracts from Oxford reminiscences may further illustrate this point.

The cousin who was with him at Reading writes of him in the Oxford days as—

‘somewhat imperious, and not then winsome and loveable as less strong characters sometimes are, but true and pure and earnest and consistent. Such faults as he had were faults of temper only. In fact we considered him to be living upon a higher level than ourselves, and in his presence even frivolity itself was abashed.

‘Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of his character as he grew up to manhood was an indomitable spirit which never gave way before any difficulty. He shrank from nothing, however foreign to his natural taste or capacity, which he deemed it his duty to do or to suffer as part of his necessary self-discipline. I used often to wonder at the tremendous energy with which he would pull the oar or ride his horse till he was quite exhausted and damaged with the effort.’

The late Canon Curteis, his contemporary at University College, wrote:—

‘He struck me then, as he must have struck all who knew him, as a singularly pure-minded and deeply religious man, stamped irrevocably with that special “type of doctrine” which had been impressed upon him by those he loved and venerated at home, and which threw him into an attitude of strong opposition to the High Church theories then in vogue at Oxford. I remember his taking me to a breakfast party at Trinity to hear the missionary, Mr. Fox, address a number of the best and most serious young men in that and other colleges on the urgency of God’s call to minister in India, and I can hardly doubt that this address made a permanent mark on at least one sympathizing and enthusiastic soul then present. If so, the effort of that good missionary bore ample fruit indeed in after-time.

‘The next thing I vividly remember is a delightful reading-party in Scotland (at Dunkeld) which we both joined, working under the gentle coachmanship of Chretien of Oriel, and visited to our intense joy and infinite amusement by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. We walked and fished, and some of us shot, and some even danced and otherwise imperilled grievously their place on the class-list. But we broke up at last with friendships clenched and with the most happy memories of the time we had spent together—as I think Dr. Bright can also testify.

‘This mutual experience led a year or so later to another and a far more delightful summer excursion, when we joined an old friend, Mr. Ball, vicar of a parish in Reading, on a tour into Switzerland and North Italy. Out of this tour we got an immense quantity of fun and of travelling experience. And I remember how French used to carry in his pocket a very uncongenial, but to him deeply interesting Latin poet, Lucretius, about whose irreligious speculations he would often entangle us in debates, where some of us at any rate who carried lighter literature in our pockets were not unfrequently out of our depth. But the serious earnestness with which amidst the glorious mountains and lakes and glaciers he was mentally grappling with and gauging a set of ideas about religion so utterly alien to Christianity was both characteristic of this profoundly Christian philosopher, and perhaps a prelude to similar efforts on a far larger scale afterwards.’

Another friend who knew him during the latter years of his Oxford course, and read with him for orders, gives a little glimpse of his directly missionary efforts in those early days.

‘He wished me to be his successor in the Sunday School at Holywell : he also took me with him to visit some sick people in (I think) St. Ebbe’s parish. But what especially struck me was his introducing me to those friends of his who he thought would be Christian friends for me to know, and *not* introducing me where it might have been otherwise. He used to have men at his rooms to read the Greek Testament, and there I met good men who have reminded me in subsequent years that we became first acquainted in his lodgings. But the most serious undertaking I ventured upon at his suggestion was to be the collector in my College for the C. M. S. A dear and highly valued friend (long gone to his rest) undertook to accompany me, and began a work which I believe has been carried on by successive generations of graduates and undergraduates to the present day¹.’

The following extract contains Dr. Bright’s recollections of French :—

‘I remember that he kept rather apart from the general society of University College ; his friends were mostly in other colleges. Probably his sympathies in regard to those whose religious training and antecedents were different from his own might have been more restricted than they became in after-life. He was usually grave, perhaps even shy, and I remember thinking that he seldom laughed. He and I were never particularly intimate, and I doubt not he expanded more fully in a circle of his own. A certain degree of restraint in his manner would naturally be apparent when he was thrown among average undergraduates who, however steady they might be, did not belong to his special set.

‘We did not then at all know what there was in him. Nobody, I should think, would have deemed it possible that the quiet-looking scholar, not much like the usual public-school type, undoubtedly able, conspicuously excellent, would one day develop a character that might remind Christians and Churchmen of those who had associated the name of missionary with such words as “heroic” and “apostolic.” The sort of aloofness that one observed in him, the want of brightness and youthfulness in his manner (which, however accounted for, did, I think, exist), might be imagined in the light of after-events to indicate a sort of unconscious forecast of that exceptional devotedness which carried him through so many risks and endurances to a death that resembled those of Martyn and of Xavier.’

¹ French formed, it is believed, a little missionary association, of which the late Mr. Mackonochie—of St. Alban’s, Holborn, celebrity, but then an Evangelical—was an important member.

Two other points about his Oxford life need passing notice. Whilst there he suffered his first great family bereavement: his younger brother Peter, a man of most attractive character, and great devotedness and diligence, died of fever at Oxford soon after his matriculation. How deep was the love between them may be gathered from these words from a letter to his father written in 1870, a year after the mother had been laid beside her son in the grave outside the chancel of the Burton Church. French wrote from Lahore :—

‘There was so much that was kindred to herself in dear Peter’s gentle, loving, unselfish character, whose acts and traits of brotherly love to myself I cannot think of without tears: so mysteriously and unexpectedly taken away from our midst with the sweet influences of his lovely character binding and healing like his darling mother’s! Oh, how I miss him still, when I have time to think, so rich as he was in the graces in which I have been so wretchedly wanting. Could he have bequeathed them how infinitely more useful I might have been!’

The next event was of a brighter character. It was at Oxford, in the house of Dr. Symons, Warden of Wadham College, that he first met Miss Janson, daughter of Alfred Janson, Esq., of Walthamstow, the lady whom he subsequently married, and who, though their happy intercourse was broken by many trying separations involved in his devotion to his Master’s work, was spared to share and lighten the chequered trials of his long career. Some words he wrote to her on Oct. 30, 1858, giving his own summary of his early days, may well conclude this chapter :—

‘Fifteen years to-day I entered Oxford, which I have cause to look back upon with very special thankfulness, not without much cause for humbling, if I could only bear in mind the coldness and deadness which has so often marked my religious character both in Oxford and in after-life. It is to me a very interesting recollection, the entrance on the University career which has had so great an influence on my after-prospects and ministerial work. It was there I was fixed for *you* and there too fixed for *India*, which you are almost disposed at times to think a rival in my affections, are you not? . . . Yet I feel that Rugby did more to fix my character than Oxford, though there Mr. Waldegrave’s influence, I feel, was powerful with me for good.’

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSIONARY CALL AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

‘Now what I ask of you is carefully to search and examine, that it may not be through unfaithfulness that you decline to enter on an apostle’s work.’—FOX to FRENCH, 1848.

‘Few men ever attracted me more. He was a true apostle.’—BISHOP WESTCOTT of Bishop FRENCH, 1892.

‘The world sits at the feet of Christ
Unknowing, blind, and unconsolated:
It yet shall touch His garment’s fold,
And feel the Heavenly Alchemist
Transmute its very dust to gold.’

It will be plain already that the idea of missionary service was no new thought to French. But there is often a wide gulf between the general desire to be a missionary some day and the determined resolution to enlist at once. Many pious men, who are doing excellent work in England, have at one time or another had their thoughts turned strongly to the mission-field: but, quite apart from any cooling ardour, health or home claims or some plain overruling Providence has thwarted their desires.

In the case, however, of Thomas French, the vague yearnings of childhood to teach the little black boys about Jesus were realized in what he felt to be God’s one clear call to him.

He himself used often to refer to a speech of Bishop Wilberforce as being the deciding point with him. It was a strong appeal to Oxford men for service in the foreign field. He talked and prayed over the matter with a friend, Arthur Lea of Wadham, and they determined to give

themselves to missionary work. Either at this time or earlier French had become collector in his College for the C. M. S., an undertaking which, owing to his natural reserve, proved an especial burden.

On his first return to Oxford after the next vacation he was met by the intelligence that his friend Arthur Lea ¹ had been in a railway accident, and was lying at Swindon seriously injured. He went there at once and watched by him till he died. The death of his friend naturally deepened his impressions. The one was taken and the other left, and so their mutual vows of consecration appeared to him as doubly binding. He seems at once to have put himself into communication with the C. M. S. secretaries, though his intentions were not publicly declared: he was resolved (it is said) that if in two years he did not receive a College tutorship, he would seek educational missionary work. But whatever his precise determination was, there is no doubt that this was the one rival claim that really weighed with him, and that the actual offer of the tutorship was made to him within two or three days after he had sent in his final application to the C. M. S., but then having put his hand to the plough he would not think of looking back.

Another influence was that of Fox, the Rugby missionary. It has been already mentioned that French had met him at

¹ The late Rev. F. S. Lea, Arthur's cousin, gives the following particulars:—'French's friendship for Arthur was formed at the St. Ebbe's gatherings, which were held successively by Bishops Baring and Waldegrave. It had been arranged that he should be curate to Mr. Peter French when he was twenty-three. The accident took place at Shrivenham, May 10, 1848. The railway authorities sent the report to Wadham, and provided a special train to Swindon, where Arthur Lea was lying. French, I think, accompanied me by this train; in any case he was with me almost immediately on my arrival, and he remained with me till Arthur's death on May 13. We slept in the waiting-rooms, or where we could, for the Station Hotel was full with the injured. French was the only Oxford friend who was with him besides myself, and his presence was of the greatest value, for Arthur was conscious and able to speak to us for the first day after the accident. French's sympathy and affection was the greatest possible support to me. Arthur Lea's parents had both died when he was very young, and my father was his guardian.'

Oxford; and when Fox returned to India he wrote to French in 1847, appealing for his services. Through the kindness of the Rev. A. H. Frost the following extract from this letter is given:—

‘The gospel is thoroughly preached through all England (I do not speak of those few, 100,000 or so, in our large towns who are in really heathen darkness; you are probably not contemplating a mission among them, and therefore they do not enter into competition with the Hindu heathens), and more than this the Bible does not lead us to look for; the mass of every country will still be at Christ’s coming a faithful counterpart of Sodom and the world in Noah’s time, viz. God’s own people a little scattered flock, the mass full of worldly-mindedness and ungodliness.

‘However, Christ has promised that the gospel shall be preached for a witness in India, China, Persia, and all the world before He comes, and oh! how is He straitened until this His great work is accomplished, His work which with His last words He committed to His Church for ever.

‘Through one form of unfaithfulness or other, our land—rather, those who are His true servants in our land, whom He has by His unmistakable Providence marked out to be the evangelizers of the world, and peculiarly India—have neglected, and are continuing to neglect, to do His great work.

‘Now what I ask of you is carefully to search and examine, that it may not be through unfaithfulness that you decline to enter on an apostle’s work¹.

‘The excuse of the wants of England as an objection to becoming a missionary seems to me one of the most unfaithful excuses a Christian can give; it implies a direct unbelief in God’s promise of blessing the liberal. If God’s promise be true, the more men come out the more men will He raise up to bless the Church with, which out of its poverty gives its best to His cause. . . .

‘I often think of the deliciousness of Oxford at this season, its soft meadows, its cool rivers, and its fresh foliage, and the flowers which are so soon to adorn them all. Here we are just beginning to pant and parch for the next two months; nevertheless, the “*coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*” is just as true one way as another, and we can be just as happy or happier here than in the green hawthorn lanes or shady avenues of dear old England.

¹ ‘An *apostle’s* work.’ The word was ever a favourite with Bishop French, and it reminds the writer of a note that he received from Bishop Westcott about this memoir—‘You have a noble subject. Few men ever attracted me more. He was, like the Bishop of Minnesota, a true apostle.’

In the presence of Christ is the *fulness* of joy, and we can't have or want more than *fulness*, yet Christ gives His presence more as we need the more. May you have it also, whether in India or England. I think that my own experience teaches me that the fewer outward sources of happiness a Christian has, the greater and richer are his spiritual joys; yet, knowing this, the fleshly heart still seeks and longs for the outward comforts.

'In referring to the early part of my letter, I asked you to consider for some months the missionary question. I would further ask you during that time to devote a portion of it to reading on missions. With the wants of England before your eyes, and often in your ears, you cannot view the two fields impartially if you do not at the same time dwell on missionary scenes. Even if this reading should sometimes stand in the way of other reading, I would still urge it, for surely it is no less important for a clergyman to be familiar with modern and present than with ancient ecclesiastical history. If you do not come out yourself, then let me ask you not to cease stirring up others till you have been the means of sending out at least one. You have as much interest in the work as I have. It is the hastening of the day of Christ.'

Mr. Frost adds:—

'This letter seemed to decide him to go out. I remember walking up and down his father's garden when he was trying to see his way. He told me various things that held him back, the chief being his growing influence in Oxford, where he was getting widely known, and letters had begun to come to him, saying So-and-So, a son or brother, was coming up to Oxford, and asking him to take a father's or elder brother's place towards them by counsel or words in season. I could see that Fox's appeal to him was outweighing all such home weights, and felt sure what his decision would be.'

Perhaps it was Fox's death in October, 1848, that led French thus to bring out once again this former letter, and added to the force of its appeal by making it come to him like a voice from the dead.

And so in April, 1850, the momentous application was sent in; Oxford was given up for India, and his father, not without pain and sorrow, as a letter of the year preceding shows, submitted to the call.

MY DEAREST SON,

Feb. 22, 1849.

Your letter of this morning cost your dear mother and me many tears. Of course nature, poor weak fainting nature, shrinks from the idea of parting with a beloved child for a distant land, and

would not have it so ; but he that engages to take up the cross and follow his Master, however feebly, must be content to forego his own will, and to say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' . . . We should of course desire your continuance among us, but we know that if we were guilty of thwarting the disposition of Divine Providence, we might be scourged in a thousand ways, and, instead of peace in our gourd, have plenteous bitterness and leanness of soul withal. We therefore commend you to God and His gracious guidance, direction, and blessing, and if He order your steps differently from the track we had fondly marked out for you, may He be glorified and you abundantly blessed ! God's ways are, indeed, past finding out. We know nothing, but must bow in reverent submission. It had seemed that your position in Oxford, with your desire to be useful there, pointed out that sphere as your appropriate field of labour. But if God decide otherwise, we must submit. Man is only what God is pleased to make him anywhere, and He can do as well without us as with us if He pleases. God bless you, my dearest fellow.

Believe me, your ever affectionate father,

PETER FRENCH

His application to the Church Missionary Society was accepted on April 16, 1850, and at the same time he was assigned the duty of superintending the educational establishment which was to be founded at Agra under the auspices of the Society. A month later, Edward Craig Stuart, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, then seeking ordination, was accepted by the Society as his colleague.

In a farewell sermon preached at Burton in April, 1850 (the first he ever published), he gives the reasons that had attracted him especially to Agra. There Abdul Masih, Martyn's only convert, had worked successfully ; but on his death the work had been allowed through lack of reinforcements to fall into decay.

'Have we not cause,' says French, 'to mingle sorrow with our joy, and shame with our boasting ? Looking back upon the generation that is passing away, can it be said that England has spoken with the faith and boldness of the Apostle—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ" ?'

Thus Martyn's work was carried on by Abdul Masih ; lest Abdul Masih's work should fail, French threw his energies for forty years into the same great field. And now his place

is empty: the perfecting his labours must fall to younger hands, and the old saying find a new fulfilment—‘One sows, another reaps.’

On August 20, a special meeting of the C. M. S. was held in the schoolroom, Church Street, Islington, at which the instructions of the Committee were delivered to the outgoing missionaries, by Mr. Venn, the Secretary. In the course of his address, he said :—

‘You, brothers French and Stuart, have been appointed to Agra, which is now become the seat of government for a new empire, the North-West Provinces of India, and the department of labour assigned to you is the foundation and direction of an educational institution of such a kind as to win the confidence of the upper classes.

‘We have had a mission at Agra for many years past, large establishments of orphan schools, a Christian village, and a congregation in the city, assembling in the church first erected by Bishop Corrie, when he was a chaplain at Agra. There is also the usual missionary preaching in the bazaars and in the native villages. You have been appointed, however, not to take part in these operations, but to introduce new measures.

‘Many of our most zealous and intelligent friends in the station and neighbourhood have represented to us the importance of establishing a school or college of a high order, as the true way of introducing the gospel to the upper classes of society. Our operations have hitherto only incidentally and very partially touched these classes. Our missionaries have no access to them. The wealthy and influential classes do not frequent bazaars, they do not stand and listen in the streets. But if a superior education be presented to them, even though Christianity be the basis of that education, and conversion the avowed object, many will avail themselves of it. They will feel it to be an appeal to themselves, a proof that the missionaries desire to communicate to them the benefits of our Christian education, and thus, not only are high-caste youths brought under instruction, but the parents and families are often brought into immediate intercourse with the missionary. . . .

‘The Committee have been prepared to enter upon these educational measures for the past four or five years, but they had neither the funds necessary for the commencement of the institution, nor the suitable agents for the work.

‘It was represented to us by our friends in India that the first conductors of such an establishment must be men of mark in our English Universities, both to stamp a character upon the measure, and also to ensure sufficient range of intellectual experience.

‘It has pleased God, by a singular concurrence of Providence, to afford us at the same time the requisite pecuniary means in the Jubilee Fund, and the agents every way suited to the undertaking. To Him be all the glory !

‘It is most noticeable that the facilities have been granted just at the time that the opening of the Punjab has given additional importance to Agra, as the basis of extended missionary operations.

‘The Committee cannot attempt to give you specific directions for your guidance. They can only lay down a few general principles.

‘They think it expedient that the number of students should not be too large ; that probably the limit may be fixed between 100 and 200, in order that the mind and influence of the missionaries may pervade the whole system¹.

‘They appoint you, Mr. French, to be the responsible Head or Principal, and Mr. Stuart to be assistant to you. . . .

‘The Committee think it essential that you should both study Sanskrit, and acquire the native language so as to take your position as scholars in native literature as well as European². The Committee have no specific nor detailed regulations to give you, nor is there any one existing institution to which they can point as a model. They wish you, brother French, to go with a mind at full liberty to observe and judge for yourself in what way our principles may be carried out.’

After mentioning the various institutes and persons in India, acquaintance with which might help to form their plans, the instructions concluded :—

‘Brethren, the Committee take leave of you with sincere, affectionate sympathy. They cheerfully, confidently, and prayerfully commend you to the grace of God.

‘They follow you with their prayers, and their most zealous exertions to strengthen your hands in the Lord. The conviction which they stated at the opening of their address, that the Lord has given you and us our work to do, is our comfort and joy in the prospect before us. May every blessing attend you for His sake. Amen.’

Amongst those present at this meeting was Dr. Krapf, so well known as the great explorer and missionary pioneer in

¹ How far French acted on this part of the instructions will afterwards appear.

² They agreed, on the advice of Thomason, to divide these branches of learning, French taking Sanskrit, Stuart Arabic ; but French could not long be bound by such a demarcation, and soon felt it essential to learn enough Arabic to understand the Koran.

Equatorial Africa. Thus not only was the work of French, through Abdul Masih and Martyn, linked with the past, but every portion of the mission field is joined in common interest. In the very letter in which French had applied to Mr. Venn for his appointment in India, he sought for information about the missionary work in Africa and China. At times in the wide field the workers seem divided, but they are all in touch, advancing in one phalanx against a common foe.

French sailed with his colleague Stuart in the sailing vessel *Queen*, September, 1850, and did not reach Calcutta till January 2, having been nearly four full months on board without once touching land. The parting text his father gave them was, 'The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and the patient waiting for Christ.'

The voyage was devoid of incident and yet redeemed from dulness by the enthusiasm with which the two young chaplains entered on their work. The captain (McLeod) was happily a godly man, and thoroughly supported their efforts. Their serious thoughts were divided between their present work, the retrospect of home, and preparation for their future duties.

Every day they held a service in the cuddy, attended by some six or seven gentlemen and twenty-five ladies, and every day French gave an hour to preparing a short exposition. He often felt it a great burden; but he held to it with great tenacity of purpose, and went through the whole Book of Acts, which opened to him wonderfully in connexion with his future work. On rare occasions the discourse was allowed to give way before the stormy weather; but the prayers were never intermitted, though often, says French, 'our gravity was sorely taxed by one or another being carried off his knees and thrown against us by the violence of the sea.' The Sunday services were attended very satisfactorily, and twice during the voyage they administered the Sacrament. An invitation which the captain gave them to be present at a ball they felt it their duty to decline. French collected a little sailor class about

him on the Sunday afternoons, in which he took much pleasure.

‘Those who come,’ he says, ‘come regularly, and, I doubt not, have something to endure. It is discouraging to hear in what a shocking state they most of them spend their furlough on shore. Every den of wickedness, especially in Calcutta, is open to entice them. There is a Frenchman among the crew inquiring with as much earnestness about the way of salvation as any man I ever met with. He reads with me two or three days in the week, and quite strengthens me by his hearty thirsting for Divine knowledge. He said to me, “I would not care for anything else in the world, sir, if I could only know that I was in the grace of Almighty God.”’

Thus in all parts of their pastoral duties they had some tokens of a blessing.

Of the thoughts directed homeward little need be said. French wrote upon his sister’s birthday :—

‘Oh, if I could but be at home for a few days at Christmas in our happy fireside circle, with my dearest mother in the low armchair in the dining-room, and the rest of us in our order, Dr. John included! We might now have admitted another into our private circle, but I cannot regret the steps I have been led to take, though my spirit will yearn for home sympathies. It is a happy thought there is a time coming when the whole Church shall be a second time “with one accord in one place.”’

More often the two young men looked onward to the task in front of them.

‘Stuart works famously,’ says French. ‘We have begun, at his suggestion, to set apart one evening in the week as a season of especially bringing before our mind our future work and making it a subject of intercession. We carry on our Hebrew and Hindustani studies with tolerable spirit and happy harmony. Somewhat prematurely we have named our anticipated college in Agra, St. John’s, in remembrance of Uncle Tom’s college at Oxford and Henry Martyn’s at Cambridge, with additional reference to St. John as the Apostle of Oriental Churches.’

Thus the long months sped by; January 1, 1851, was reached. On that day—his twenty-sixth birthday—as the ship lay becalmed, and French was working for his Sunday sermon at *Fleming upon Prophecy*, the towage steamer from Calcutta came, to their great joy, and promised

a release from their captivity. 'I am thankful,' he wrote that night, 'that at the age of twenty-six I am so far embarked in my work, and the strength and vigour of body which I have gained from the voyage is astonishing. I am not much stouter, but in mind and body am braced and nerved beyond what I could have expected.'

On the next day they formed a party from the ship and landed, French leading in a joyous race to the first village, and feeling afterwards much solemnized at coming to the scenes with which he hoped so soon to be familiar. The impression of the language on the future linguist is a little curious. 'The rapid utterance,' he says, 'of the people was surprising, and the sounds appeared harsh and discordant, more like those of birds than of men. They clamoured for a bakhshish.'

On January 3 he describes the landing at Calcutta, and some extracts from his letters will give his first views and impressions of our Eastern capital, of heathen worship, and of missionary work.

'The river began to be more beautiful and striking as we approached the city. The higher civilians and military men have sumptuous houses built along the river banks, embosomed in groves of the choicest trees, and with gardens tastefully laid out shelving down to the water's edge. The verandahs, with their green shades in front of the houses, add much to the picturesque appearance.

'The afternoon was lovely, and all seemed bright and gay, painfully reminding me, however, of the words, "Where every prospect pleases," &c. Could I really, I thought, be close to the very scenes at which I had so often shuddered when a child, and which had so often moved my compassion? Bishop's College, which fronts the river, with its noble range of buildings, interested me greatly from having once thought of standing for the principalship. Beyond this were the Government storehouses, passing to and fro from which were multitudes of turbaned heads and half-clad swarthy bodies, here and there a palanquin or a very shaky and creaky native car, or a more splendid English equipage. Then the fort came in sight, raised, it may be, 25 or 30 feet above the flat plain which surrounds it, strongly guarded apparently, and with some fine buildings, which set it off to great advantage.

'The landing-place is in the English portion of Calcutta. Nothing can be seen but lofty spacious houses of white stone (or stuccoed),

well worthy of the rulers of so vast an empire. Here and there rose the spire of a Christian church, especially of the new and old Cathedral; a very refreshing sight to see them maintaining their witness for the true God in the midst of domes of mosques and pagodas.

‘Altogether, Calcutta is a noble city. It was astonishing to think of the thousands of miles we had come since we left England, and still we found her seated as mistress of so vast a territory. What a remarkable Providence of God!’

‘Woodrow, my old schoolfellow, was awaiting me to conduct me to Mr. Thomas, the chaplain, who occupies the exact post which Mr. Thomason filled, and lives in his house.’

Here, in the house of Thomason, French slept his first night on shore in India; the next day he went to his old Rugby friend, Woodrow, at La Martinière.

‘He led me unmercifully (January 4) through street after street of the native town under a hot sun, though it is now the middle of the cold weather. The streets were principally narrow lanes, with filthy hovels on each side, crowded with passers to and fro, with a fragrance by no means agreeable, the sight occasionally relieved by a tank of fetid water, with a temple and pagoda on its banks. We went within the walls of one of the temples. We asked to what god it belonged. “To all gods, Hindu gods,” he answered; “all worshippers come here to make offerings on glad and festive occasions.” It was a heart-sickening sight. The symbols of various deities were ranged within. Overtopping the rest was the trident or symbol of Shiva.’

With his first experience of heathen temples is happily contrasted his first sight of a Christian missionary station:—

‘*Monday, Jan. 6.*—About 5.30 we started in Mr. Woodrow’s buggy for Thakurpukur, Mr. Long’s out-station. After an hour and a half’s ride, Mr. Long took us first of all to a hamlet to be reached by a country boat of the simplest possible construction, a saul tree from the Nepaulese forests scooped out and planed. In this we wound our way through tall reed grasses, having occasionally to lie almost flat to pass under very primitive bridges here and there skirting a mango grove, the shade of which is very deep, and makes a cool recess in the hot season. The village was not unlike that we saw on landing. Some of the children had very sweet expressions. They let us come into their cottages. Not an article of furniture was there in the one we entered, but a bamboo bed-frame and three brass pots kept bright and shining. After breakfast we went to school, where the children, about sixty in number, were

waiting till Mr. Long came to hear them say grace ; a few minutes were amply sufficient for their meal of rice and small fish caught in the tanks around. The little girls would not, with few exceptions, begin to eat while we looked on ; they have scarcely been accustomed yet to be looked at while eating. After breakfast a gong announced prayers. These were held in a room about as large as Horninglow or Winshill schoolrooms ; seated round the floor in the centre were the children, and at the sides and further end about thirty adults. Was not this really a delightful sight ? Round the walls were the same kind of pictures of animals which surround the walls of our own dear Burton Schools. I examined them through Mr. Long on the parable of the Ten Virgins. To all my questions they seemed to answer correctly. The boys are fond of writing on a peculiar kind of reed, which is white one side, or nearly so ; they have also a reed pen with which they write Bengali rapidly. I have sent you one word which was written by one of them while we were in the school ; it is the word "Jesus" in Bengali.

'On our return I crossed to Bishop's College, and dined with Mr. Kay, the principal. He greeted me warmly, and we had many remembrances of Oxford to talk over. He is a great friend of the missionaries, and labours unweariedly for the spread of the gospel in India.'

Two other points of interest to French as a schoolmaster deserve a passing notice. Before he left Calcutta, he was present at the examination in the Town Hall of the Scotch Assembly's Schools :—

'About 1,000 boys, many tall young men, were ranged from one end of the long hall to the other, and came up class by class, some 200 adult natives at least being present. It was remarkable to hear them answer questions upon the Bible and its doctrines as well as, or even better than, any English boys of such a school would, in the presence of heathen, and to think that these very boys themselves were not believers in the truth of what they were repeating.'

One essay by a Mohammedan, which had gained a prize and was recited publicly, made a profound impression upon French's mind ; it gave the reasons why, partly through native lack of energy and the disruption of home ties, partly through hindrances thrown in their way by the bad conduct of professing Christians, they had not courage to embrace with heartiness a creed which yet their consciences approved and their convictions forced on them.

A few days later he visited the Agurpara Schools ; and for

the first time came into close individual contact with the educated native mind.

‘The scholars are from among the gentlemen of Bengal; their intelligence quite astonished us, as well as their burning desire to acquire more knowledge.

‘These young men, evidently with the utmost frankness and sincerity, told us they were persuaded Christianity was the true religion, but their parents would cast them off, and what were they to do? At the heathen feasts, they said, they refused *all they could* to bow to the idol gods; but were threatened with withdrawal from the school altogether if they persisted in the refusal. I was interested in inquiring of them what they found the main difficulties, and what the main recommendations to their belief in Christianity. I told them my own reasons for belief, what evidences were most irresistible to my own mind, and what had led me to come out to India. This opening my heart to them led them to open theirs more unreservedly, and they in their turn catechized me on various points. As we were left alone together we felt more at home. They asked me to explain how it was that the Jews, who were so entirely acquainted with the facts of Christianity, did not believe in them. I could only show them that it had been prophesied before it should be so; that *knowing* the truth was a widely different thing from *embracing* it; and that we yet looked for the time when the Jews should be gathered in. They then inquired how it was that the Roman Catholics, professing to receive the Scriptures which condemned idolatry, yet worshipped images. Another difficulty with them was the dissensions between the Churches—the differences between the Armenian, Greek, Latin, and English Churches; also the breaking up into sects of English Christians. They quite agreed with me as to religion being the main object of education, and one said instantly, “Yes, the grace of God is the chiefest thing in the world to obtain.” I felt deeply interested in them before I left, and tried to impress upon them the necessity of confessing Christ. . . . There are about 230 or 250 on the books. The day was somewhat hot, but very enjoyable.’

French did not again visit Calcutta till the close of the following year, when he came down to meet Miss Janson. The day after her arrival, they visited together Mr. Long’s out-station, and the following Saturday were married from the Palace, in the Cathedral, by the Bishop of Victoria (Dr. Smith), whom French had once thought of following to China. The Bishop of Calcutta (Daniel Wilson) gave away the bride.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY STATION AT AGRA.

Μόνον ἀξίως τοῦ εὐαγγελίου τοῦ Χριστοῦ πολιτεύεσθε.—*Phil.* i. 27.

OF the journey up country there is little to record. The two young missionaries saw much of interest, and examined every higher class school of importance, whether American or British, on their line of travel. ‘It is delightful,’ says French, ‘to find the harmony with which so many sects are enabled to work in so wide a field as India, all gathering in a few, I trust, into the same fold, through the same door.’

On February 13, 1851, they reached Agra in perfect health, after a journey crowned with mercies, five months and three days from the time of sailing.

‘About 3.30 last night we were wakened from sleep in order to pay the toll for the bridge of boats over the Jumna, and on reaching the opposite bank we found ourselves within the splendid fort of Agra. It must have been wellnigh impregnable in ancient days, considering the system of warfare then in practice ; the walls are of immense strength and thickness, the gates massive and ponderous, and other fortifications proportionate. But of the buildings within the fort a large number were in ruins, and as the bright moon shone through the open doors, windows, and crevices, the whole scene was strikingly impressive and harmonized well with our feelings.’

As Agra was the scene of French’s labours for an interesting period of eight years, the present chapter will attempt to give some picture of the place, its life, and its society, and the following chapters will describe his work in the school, his work of preaching, and the more exciting episodes connected with the Mutiny.

Agra is situated in the North-West Provinces, on a bend of the river Jumna, and on the very borders of the Rajput

States. In 1851 it contained a population of some 90,000 souls, a number which, in spite of the removal of government to Allahabad after the Mutiny, is now nearly doubled. The Hindus are more numerous, but the Mohammedans more influential. No city has such noble relics of the Mogul Empire. Here Akbar placed his seat of government and built the fort in 1566, and here his seat of judgement may be seen ; here, after many years spent in more distant conquests, he died in 1605. His son built for him the splendid mausoleum at Secundra, inscribed with the ninety-nine names of God. But Shah Jehan, his grandson, father of Aurungzeb, was the great architect of Agra. Here he resided from 1632 to 1637, and again, after his deposition by Aurungzeb, from 1658 to 1665. The Taj Mahal he built as a mausoleum for his beloved wife Arjamand, known as Mumtaz-i-Mahal, 'the Exalted of the Palace.' Twenty years he lived with her in all happiness, and then she died giving birth to a child.

'Of slaves he had many, of wives but one.
There is but one God for the soul, he said,
And but one moon for the sun.'

The perfect scheme was only half completed ; for Shah Jehan, it is said, designed for himself a second tomb of equal splendour on the further bank, to be connected with the other by a bridge of purest marble—a striking symbol of the thought that death, although it might attempt a separation, was powerless really to sunder love like his.

The wondrous beauty of the monument made a profound impression on the mind of French. He spoke of it as 'indescribable.'

After changing hands successively between the Jats, the Moguls, and Mahrattas, the city was taken by Lord Lake in 1803 ; in 1835 it became the English seat of government for the North-West Provinces. At the time of the Mutiny there was still present one European in the fort who had been witness of its early capture by Lord Lake. Owing to its political importance there were large civil lines ; these lay to the north-west of the fort, and the cantonments to

the south. There were both military and civil churches and chaplains, besides the missionary church in the Kuttra (a compound opening on the chief native bazaar), a Roman Catholic cathedral, a Presbyterian church, a Baptist chapel, a large Government college, and other buildings of importance. The native town lay between the fort and the civil lines. It was six miles from one end of Agra to the other, so great a distance that they had separate midday guns for the cantonments and the civil station.

In the annals of the Church of England missions in the city three marked periods of growing enterprise stand out conspicuously. The first period dates from 1813, when Archdeacon Daniel Corrie (afterwards Bishop of Madras) brought Abdul Masih to Agra. This remarkable man, Henry Martyn's only convert, embraced Christianity at about the age of forty, in 1812: he gave up a high position as keeper of the jewels at the court of Oude, for a catechist's salary of sixty rupees, of which he gave away fully half, being a skilled doctor, and treating his poor countrymen to drugs and medicines free of charge. In 1820 he received Lutheran orders, and in 1825 was ordained by Bishop Heber, who has an interesting notice of him in his Journals, quoted in the appendix to Henry Martyn's Life. In 1827 he died, and the mission work, already crippled by Corrie's departure, fell very much into abeyance. Abdul Masih is described by one who knew him at the time of his coming to Agra as remarkably handsome, with an air of Asiatic dignity, tempered by a sweetness of demeanour which was perfectly fascinating. His character may be illustrated by one striking anecdote from the contemporary records.

‘Moulwi Rauni and Moonshee Mir Ali, with three followers, came in, and after salutation sat down and said they had heard of Abdul Masih's apostasy from Mahomed Kuli Khan in Muradabad, and having come to Agra on business they had determined to ascertain his uncleanness by personal inquiry. Abdul Masih answered, “God bless you who have taken such trouble for a poor sinner like me, who has no refuge but in Christ.” One said, “God has not such a shameless fellow as you on the face of the earth.” Abdul Masih said, “You say true; I am even worse than you describe.”

On a sudden they said, in a milder manner, "How will you answer this to God?" Abdul Masih replied, "It is most true, I know not what I can answer; but I hope in the word that the Lord Jesus Christ Himself hath spoken: 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' I firmly trust that He and not another shall answer for me a sinner. His grace is universal; He casts no one out from His presence, neither will He dismiss me in despair." When they heard this they rose and departed, and said, "God give you understanding." Abdul Masih answered, "Amen."

In 1837 the mission was reoccupied in force, and the terrible famine of that year gave it a fresh impetus. Mr. Moore, the chaplain, so distinguished himself in the relief of the afflicted that he received the thanks of Government. A number of orphans were rescued by the philanthropy of the residents and handed over to the missionaries, to be trained in an orphanage at Secundra, a few miles out upon the Muttra road. By the time that French and Stuart had arrived, many of the orphans had married and got families, and there was quite a flourishing little Christian settlement, under the care of Messrs. Schneider and Kreiss, with a large printing press, under the management of Mr. Longdon, that did all the Government printing, and by its profits could entirely support the mission. There was also an offshoot of the Secundra community in Agra, under the charge of the veteran missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle.

French, in describing a visit to Secundra, soon after his arrival, says:—

'There are about seventy households (of the former children), and the children of these now form the school. They have a neat church and school and parsonage houses, and an imposing building close by, once, I believe, an empress' tomb, but now converted into a printing press on a great scale. All the native Christians are employed there in different capacities. They have the customary Panchayat, or native council of five, which determines all minor points for the regulation of the community. Lately the following question was proposed to it—Have the men the right to beat the women? Some *practical difficulties*, I conceive, had given rise to this inquiry. The council at present is composed of two Europeans and three natives. The conclusion they came to was adverse to corporal punishment, and has created some strong ill-feeling, I fear, in the village.'

It may be added that this settlement was swept away during the Mutiny, but restored again, though on a somewhat smaller scale, after the second famine in the year 1860, and the orphanages are still continuing their useful work.

The third epoch in the mission was the establishment of St. John's College in 1851. This was the work of French and his colleagues, and therefore will be described at length in the next chapter. But the three concurrent circumstances that led to the advance implied by the foundation of the college may be noticed. There was the zeal of local residents who pressed for its establishment, and promised a sum of 15,000 rupees to meet a like grant from home; there was the Jubilee Fund, which enabled the C. M. S. to meet this offer of the residents; and lastly, as a most indispensable pre-requisite, in French and Stuart men had offered well qualified to undertake the work.

The conditions and discomforts of Indian life are now so well known that it is needless to enlarge upon them. French bore the trials cheerfully. The climate from April to June is most parching, but at the end of the first hot season he was able to write:—

‘ You will be glad to hear that I am thought looking very well, and am still able to carry on my work without over-fatigue. Still it would be false to say I have not suffered from the heat—it is almost impossible one should not do so—but on the whole I have escaped remarkably well, and have good hopes of being able long to persevere in the work which we have entered upon. The heat is occasionally mitigated in ways I did not look for—such as by easterly winds, which always blow comparatively cool, and of which we have had perhaps a larger share than usual, and dust-storms, which, however unpleasant in themselves, do certainly make the climate more temperate. We encountered one in returning from Secundra yesterday evening, encircling us in a whirlwind of thick dust so that every object beyond a yard's distance was totally obscured; it penetrated to our skin, and we were in a most uncomfortable state when we reached home, as you may suppose. It is impossible to conceive, from what we know of dust in England, what a whirlwind of it driven from a waste of sand would be. One seems scarcely ever clean, and all one touches has a coating of dust. At the school there are no doors and venetian blinds, and one sits

sometimes by the *hour* with clouds of dust pleasantly (?) blowing upon one; with great resignation, however, because there is no help for it.'

The coming of the rains was a proportionate relief. 'To see the shadows passing over the green fields, after having looked for months upon nothing but arid fields, never enlivened by a shadow flitting across them, is more pleasant than you can conceive in England.' Thus, again, he writes of insect torments: 'The mosquitoes are so troublesome this season. I have to stop at the end of every sentence to drive them off. Happily in India there are no fleas to dance to the music of the mosquitoes, which an Arabic writer says is the great drawback to Saragossa with all its beauties. I was amused at the expression, which I observed this morning.' So he was always able to look on the brighter side of things, and enjoy the beauties of nature—a great help to endurance.

After staying some weeks with the present Sir William and Lady Muir, with whom French formed a life-long friendship, he and his colleague took a house together in an airy situation outside Agra, with a nice garden, and it will be of interest perhaps, especially to lady readers, to learn his house-keeping experience. He never ceased, until his wish was realized, to hasten forward the coming of his bride, which, besides all else it did for him, relieved him in great measure from this part of his responsibilities.

The usual hours of meals were—a cup of tea on rising about 5 a. m., breakfast 10.30. dinner 3.30 tea at 7.30. He found, when Stuart left him, that he could economize time famously by having breakfast at 11, and throwing tea and dinner into one at 7. He rose at 4 or 5 a. m. and usually retired to bed a little after 10. In the hot season he took a further short nap in the middle of the day, of which he was rather ashamed; but it was useless to struggle against physical impossibilities.

The whole of this time, except that on two or three evenings of the week he allowed himself to go out for company, was wholly devoted to work of one kind or another; and of the evenings out, he says, 'There is one comfort,

that the parties are very short, 9.30 or 9.45 being the usual hour for breaking up.'

His exercise was mainly taken in the early ride to school, or out into the neighbouring villages, where he engaged the labourers in conversation to strive to acquire mastery of their colloquial speech and set before them simple gospel truth. 'I get very little exercise except in going to and from the school, and though the drive home is hot, the ride there in the morning is beyond expression exhilarating; and if I start depressed, a good gallop revives me all through.' Humanly speaking, he attributed his health to this strong exercise, but he felt it too bad that he should drive whilst his father walked about the Burton hamlets, and only submitted since 'here it is a matter of life and death.'

From 11 to 6 he rarely ventured out in the hot season, except for very urgent business; but his indoors work advanced steadily.

'I wish you could see me,' he says, 'in my own room; it is filled almost entirely with my own furniture, and Mrs. Muir and others who have seen it think I have made very prudent purchases. It opens on the verandah in front of the house, as Stuart's does upon the other side, the central room being our common room. The verandah has shades made of thick reeds or grass suspended the whole length to exclude the excessive heat and brightness.'

His books had arrived in tolerably good condition, looked like old friends, and created an impression of being at home. Of the Indian bungalow he says, 'I like this style of house better, and think it more picturesque than any I know.'

'I have all the house accounts and household arrangements under my own superintendence; the proper designations of various articles of spicery, fruits, vegetables, oils, &c., I am becoming gradually familiar with. I cannot say I like this branch of my work; but, as Stuart has kindly undertaken the building secretaryship, I gladly submit to the task. . . .

'Our wants are not numerous, as you may imagine. Plantains and melons are our chief fruits, though some things have also been brought which profess to be peaches and grapes; potatoes, the chief vegetables, as in England, though I do not hear that the natives are partial to them. We have a quarter of a sheep brought twice a week, Mrs. S. kindly taking it for us with her own and sending it with

a billet attached, in spite of which the butcher has contrived several times to exchange it for a quarter of goat's flesh, which is much cheaper, and sold his mutton elsewhere. It is dreadful how constantly the effort is made to cheat in the least thing. . . .

'The regular routine is this : first day, chops ; second day, a small portion boiled ; third day, the remainder roasted. Thirst seems to parch one through and through ; for tea we pay about 2s. the lb., and our monthly supply of bread costs us 6s., milk about the same. Butter we do not eat, as it is not fit for eating this weather, except with special appliances¹. . . .

'My monthly stipend is 200 rupees, or £20 ; for servants, moon-shee and pundit, and house rent more than 100 rupees a month is expended, and about 90 remain for every other expense. The school and other charitable objects claim another portion, so that though there is enough, that is all. But I cannot wear light clothes like other people or indulge in any unnecessary purchases. I keep strict account books and cut down expenses in every possible way. I tell Stuart I cannot possibly sit at dinner table alone when he is gone ; but must have a basin of bread and milk brought to my room in the morning, a basin of broth or porridge in the middle of the day, and must drink tea with him and his wife at night.'

Domestic happiness depends so largely on servants that it may be of interest to hear what French says of his :—

'My servants, on the whole, are a great comfort to me. I should think no man in Agra was better served. These seemingly little things I feel to be *great* blessings, and wish to trace them to the highest source.

'The least possible number a single gentleman who lives alone can do with is eight, the annual wages of all these making a total of from £35 to £40. Without these eight one must perform some of the most menial offices for oneself.

'Some things I set my face against which are invariably customary here, such as being dressed by one's bearer, who puts on shoes, stockings, coat, and holds your towel while you wash, and such-like offices. I turn my bearer out of my room while I dress, considering it degrading for a missionary to submit to such a luxury, if so it may be called.'

With the extra men for punkahs and tatties in the hot weather, he soon found servants, of necessity, a far more heavy item of expenditure in India than in England.

It will not be supposed that French could be content to

¹ After seven months of abstinence they got a churn.

superintend the servants, without providing them with any teaching. As early as May 12, 1851, he commenced a simple service—a few collects, the Lord's Prayer, and a passage of Scripture—in his verandah; adding Mr. Stuart's men to his own, about fifteen were mustered.

A caste dispute about a reservoir of water had nearly made him abandon his purpose, but he steadily refused to adjudicate, and told them to settle it amongst themselves or he must part with them all. The reading soon grew to an exposition, with a translation of a portion of the *Pilgrim's Progress* day by day.

'It is an effort,' he says, 'which I rather dread at present, but I could not bear the thought of so many being in constant attendance at our house and no means of instruction afforded them. Week by week I trust to improve and to become more intelligible.'

He also established a little 'home school' for the children of his servants and the neighbouring villagers. It began with twelve children only, but very soon increased. They met four times a week, from 6 to 8 a.m. He appointed a pundit and went in himself to superintend and examine; a little fowl-house, some reed screens, and a little carpet for the boys to sit on supplied the furniture required at the start. In September he writes:—

'I have now about thirty little urchins in my home school—little, rough, untameable beings as ever one could take in hand. They learn both Hinduwi and Urdu, and also repeat by heart some verses of Scripture, usually out of a parable. They will see through the whole in a wonderful manner, as if it were a sixth sense which they possessed of discovering the meaning of parabolical language. My fondness for illustration is of the utmost use to me here. I reckon some of my most useful lessons in Hinduwi the teaching of this little school. They explain in their own familiar way all that I teach them, and thus I can compare my own expressions with the true native idiom. I rejoice to have, as far as is possible, the moulding of their young minds. It will be interesting to see what the effect of training very young children will be. This morning I was explaining the parable of the vessel which was marred in the hand of the potter. You would have been amused to see them throwing about their arms to express the process of making earthenware.

'I was teaching them not long since the parable of the net cast

into the sea. I had only to tell them that the net was the gospel preaching, and then they would of their own accord explain what was meant by the fish, the fisherman, the shore, and follow out the course of the parable with the utmost eagerness and delight. The idea which has most of all perhaps laid hold of their minds has been that of Christ being the Good Shepherd.'

The society of Agra is presented to us in his letters in a very pleasing light. There were always warm supporters of the mission to be found among the residents, both civil and military. His relations with the chaplains were always friendly and often cordial. He frequently preached in the civil lines and found it 'a relief to his mind' amid the foreign work; it was also a most effective method of interesting the civilians in his missionary efforts. With Mr. Jay, the civil chaplain in his later years at Agra, French had a regular arrangement by which he preached once a month a sermon in the Civil Church, and Mr. Jay, in return, gave a regular course of instruction on Isaiah to the senior class in the college.

'The congregation,' French says, 'is a very important one. Except in fashionable places in England you would scarcely meet anywhere with such an assemblage of mind and rank and influence as in the Civilians' Church at Agra. I therefore find preaching to them a more difficult task.'

And again:—

'The civilians here are very thoughtful, and pay the greatest attention to all that is said, but are keenly alive to anything that appears like unreality.

'In regularity of church attendance I should think there were scarcely their like in India; but they make great complaints if the sermons are long and not well digested.

'Their kindness is such as I never could have looked for. One often hears them spoken of as proud, but really it seems as if they went out of their way to be kind and obliging. We have a circle of eight or ten families especially who are unremittingly kind.

'The three judges are all of them friends of our mission, and really seem to have some heart in the work. Then the Lieutenant-Governor and his secretary, Mr. Muir¹, warmly sympathize with us. Mr. Christian of the Sudder Board, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Reid, Inspector of Government Schools, Mr. Thornhill, Inspector of Prisons, besides

¹ Muir had succeeded Thornton in this post.

others I might mention, all help and countenance us in various ways. Mrs. Pearson has had a large box of fancy articles from England, and has given up one room in her house as a kind of shop for the sale of these : this has realized about £70 ; and Mrs. Gubbins, the magistrate's wife, has worked unremittingly with her own hands in aid of our institution.

'There is another thing just started which shows the present favourable feeling towards Christian missions. Some of the leading gentlemen have subscribed towards the maintenance of a native catechist who is from time to time to visit their houses and instruct the native servants. This began some three Sundays ago, with much success in some houses, but in others it has been violently opposed.

'Mr. Shakespeare, the Collector, one of the first promoters, found his own servants come to argue with him against Christianity, and was inclined to give it up. I tried to urge him, without forcing attendance, to be content to let the thing go forward, as the pundits will triumph greatly if they succeed in raising a storm and overthrowing the measure.

'Mr. Thornton, late Government Secretary, has managed the beginning of the thing with more wisdom, perhaps, and the whole of his servants attend without difficulty. Mr. Thomason's patronizing the plan and appointing a room in his own house where his servants might be instructed by the catechist has tended greatly to promote the good work. It has created some little stir in the city, the pundits having circulated a report that the English, finding other means failing, are determined to force Christianity upon the natives, and have offered a reward of 15 rupees to any one who becomes a Christian convert. The idea is perfectly ludicrous. However, the rumours serve the purposes of the pundits, and confirm the people in resistance. There seems to be a strong determination at present to turn the back and not the face to the message of salvation, but let us exercise a little more patience and be more self-denying in our efforts, and we may yet see what we little expect.'

It is a pleasure to be able to give these passing testimonies from a missionary's letters to the conduct of our countrymen in India. Even of those in whom he notes a tendency to free-thinking, he says there is a willingness to listen and a candour and unprejudiced appreciation of consistency. No doubt there is another side to the picture ; there are those so-called Christians whose lives are a real stumbling-block to seekers after truth¹, and sometimes, on missionary plat-

¹ Thus French tells of a native Christian soldier who one Sunday, having forgotten his Prayer-book, asked his officer to tell him the lesson.

forms, the darker side is brought into such prominence that good Christian people get an idea of Indian society as if it were entirely corrupt and worldly. There are, indeed, fewer conventional restraints ; but there is also as true and real religion as in England. At home our great committees owe much of their best power to old civilians and retired officers, and abroad a great deal is done, which is but little heard of, for the work is unpretentious and seldom noted in reports of the societies.

This frequent intercourse with the civilians was also an unconscious preparation for that higher call to the episcopate which came in later years. A missionary who had entirely detached himself from European interests could not have had the influence amongst our countrymen abroad that Bishop French exerted. Yet he was fully sensible of the dangers of mingling too freely in society.

‘I feel it necessary,’ he says, ‘to be very shy of the civilians, as else one’s work would be constantly interrupted, and their style and comfortable (though not sumptuous) mode of living and exclusive spirit would insensibly creep upon me, and lead the natives to feel we did not desire their intercourse. I so dread the intrusion of an unmissionary spirit ; it need not be cherished from any other source than that which is ever feeding it, one’s own heart.’

As a corrective to the lowering spiritual effect of general society, he always kept beside him some work of religious, and most often missionary, biography, ‘to dip into at spare moments, and try to stir up one’s heart to greater devotedness and more devotional feelings.’ Corrie, Martyn, and Schwartz were favourites.

It was a great help to French from the first to have such hearty sympathy from the Lieutenant-Governor. Soon after his arrival he writes :—

‘Mr. Thomason spoke most kindly and favourably (at the examination of the Government boys’ school a few days since) of our new

‘Don’t ask me,’ was the answer ; ‘I never pray.’ ‘At which,’ says the native, ‘I was silent’ ; and French adds, ‘No wonder !’

college. He explained the principles on which he believed the Government acted rightly in not throwing their political influence into the scale of Christianity, but said he was not on that account insensible to the great and inestimable benefits derived to Christians from the religion they professed, its adaptation to man's wants, its powerful and influential motives to holiness, its high and blessed hopes. On these and other grounds he could strongly commend it to their examination. Of ourselves personally he also spoke very kindly. He entered into all our various details of our proceedings at the school with many expressions of sympathy and interest, and made several valuable suggestions. On my leaving he said, in such a friendly and kind way, "Good-bye; *you know* my heart is with you." He is a plain-spoken and sincerely earnest Christian man. One delights to see a son so worthy of such a father¹. It seems his most anxious desire that some one should be led to perfect himself in the science and literature of India who could at the same time give a right and Christian direction to the knowledge thus acquired.'

Sir W. Muir, in sending some reminiscences of French, thus speaks of Mr. Thomason:—

'The Lieutenant-Governor at this time was James Thomason, one of the ablest and best rulers we ever had in India, and he had for French a close friendship and admiration. He died in 1853, and French preached the funeral sermon from Gal. vi., the chapter Thomason was fondest of, and had read to him on his death-bed. It was a beautiful sermon, and would be worth reprinting.'

Thomason was succeeded by Mr. John Colvin, also an earnest Christian man and firm supporter of the mission.

Mr. John Thornton, Thomason's secretary, who invited French to spend the hot season of 1852 with him, was another remarkable man.

'Our first impression of him might be that there was something harsh and repulsive in him, but it needs only a very short acquaintance to show that he is a warm-hearted man. His strong sound sense and active, penetrating, acute mind make him a valuable counsellor, and he does not spare himself trouble to take his share in helping our work. He is full of educational schemes, and thinks Christian teaching might by degrees be introduced into Government schools, not agreeing in this point with Mr. Thomason.'

¹ Alluding to Thomason, one of Charles Simeon's five famous missionary chaplains—Brown, Buchanan, Thomason, Martyn, and Corrie. Thomason's monument is close to Simeon's own in Trinity Church, Cambridge.

French writes of his fellow-missionaries :—

‘We get on very pleasantly with them. They are Germans, and all in Lutheran orders ; three in number now that Mr. Pfander¹ is gone home. He is the first of them in point of talent, being a man of very high attainments. . . . Mr. Hoernle is one of a few, devoted, *able*, and of such a beautifully meek and lowly spirit. He has been also a great many years at work, and has lost none, I should suppose, of his missionary zeal, except that in energy failure of health does not permit him to be what he was.’

He was on friendly terms, too, with the Baptist and American Presbyterian missionaries.

‘The Romanists,’ he says, ‘are making great efforts at present here among the soldiers and the Anglo-Indians ; though amongst the Hindus of these provinces, at least, they attempt nothing. A Roman Catholic missionary, after having laboured some years, the Abbé Dubois, wrote a rather famous work against missions on his return to Europe, which it appears has influenced the Propaganda to abandon its Indian missions almost, if not entirely. They have just established a large library, lists of which are circulated through the station, containing works of general interest, as well as periodicals, tending to support Romanism, especially representing in a light favourable to their cause the present movement in England. Some Protestants, with more zeal than discretion, or perhaps with more love of fun than either, have threatened a Guy Fawkes scene in front of their cathedral this evening. But the Bishop, I am told, gave notice that any such attempt should be forcibly put down.’

¹ He was away on furlough the first two years of French's service ; afterwards they were brought into close association, and French revered him as a master, and on his last visit to England made a pilgrimage to his tomb.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, AGRA.

‘O’er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Faith, Hope, and Patience—these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.’

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ENOUGH has now been said to give some slight idea of social life at Agra as French knew it, but how did he fulfil his definite instructions to found an institution for higher education? There had long been Christian schools in Agra, but hitherto nothing that could bear comparison with the great Government College; the object of the missionaries was to give as good a secular training, with the addition of religious teaching. In the instructions quoted on a former page, wise and large-hearted and loving as they are, this aspect of the matter is hardly brought into sufficient prominence. Nothing but self-interest (in the first instance, at any rate) would prompt attendance at such a school. The training given had a money value; it led to Government appointments, and the religious teaching was tolerated as an understood condition, rather than welcomed as a proof of kindly feeling. This state of mind may be illustrated from an anecdote French tells in a paper he wrote in Calcutta on the Scotch Free Church College. Mr. Mackay, the principal, asked a parent, ‘Do tell me, my dear friend, why you Hindus, knowing as you do that our education is professedly Christian, are willing to send your sons to our schools?’ ‘Why, sir,’ he replied, ‘to tell you the truth, we wish our sons to get Government appointments, and we

know they do not get so good a preparation anywhere else as at your College ; therefore we let them come ; and besides, sir, if it is written in the boy's brain that he is to become a Christian, he will do so whether he comes to your schools or not.' And so, in the Providence of God, the union of fatalism and ambition in the parents affords an opening for the truth of Christ.

French wrote in 1850 to Mr. Frost, his fellow-curate, thus explaining his own aims :—

'I hope to set vigorously to work, first of all to master the languages ; then to labour amongst *the youths* and endeavour to establish a *character* which they can appreciate, if it please God to grant us consistency ; and then to learn to sympathize with them, to make them feel that one is come, not only to *teach* them, but to be their friend, with their best interests at heart, able to love a black or copper-coloured human being as well as a white, and so, by slow degrees, to influence and mould their spirits after the model that we have in Christ and His true and faithful disciples.'

Three years later, when already experienced, he sums up his anticipations thus, in writing of the newly opened college building :—

'The college may be regarded as one of our most advanced posts into the enemy's country. Where the Trident of Shiv and the Crescent of Islam have long been the recognized symbols of popular worship, it has raised the signal of the Cross as the pledge and earnest of the character of its teaching.

'That symbol will bear solemn and impressive protest against any system of instruction carried on within its walls which does not regard the great mystery of godliness as the most profound and most elevated theme which can occupy human contemplation and research. . . .

'As being the seat of government, as probably destined to be the see of an English episcopate, as the central station to which the select youth of other educational institutions in the North-West are annually draughted off, Agra must in all human probability rise in influence and in importance. Amid the colleges growing up around us shall no regard be had to India's Christian future ? . . . Though far from being sanguine in our immediate anticipations, we can nevertheless conceive it as very possible, to say the least, that there may hereafter gather within and around these walls a band of native evangelists, catechists, and teachers, towards whom the founders of native Churches may look for a supply of qualified instructors ; and

often does encouragement arise, in carrying on a seemingly insignificant theological class, consisting of three catechists and six or eight boys, from the thought that this class may hereafter become the most important and strictly missionary branch of our college work, enlarged in numbers, improved in the character and attainments of its pupils, its interest heightened in proportion to the immediate practical results to be realized, viz. the wide diffusion of solid scriptural truth through the ministrations of those young men who are placed under our tuition.

‘I have been told of one of our friends that he never forgets us a single day in his prayers. Could we but believe that there were many such, our hopes would be proportionately raised that showers of blessing would descend upon our infant institution, and though it might never rival the ancient Christian schools of Alexandria, Edessa, Nisibis, in its Platonic reasoning, profound and original thinking, and masterly methods of grappling with Oriental subtleties, still it might become an instrument of extended usefulness, and contribute materially under God to the regeneration of this great people.’

With such an ideal before him French worked on and met the practical problems and difficulties by which he was confronted. From his first landing he had taken deep interest in all educational schemes. One of the first questions to be settled was the language in which instruction should be carried on. Stuart favoured *English*, and French inclined to the *vernacular*. His reason is characteristic :—

‘It seems to me it would be no small advantage if we could enlist for Christianity all the associations connected in the mind of the Hindus with their venerable and beautiful language, gathering out what is pure in the language from the mass of corrupt notions which it has been employed to express¹.’

In such perplexities the words ‘*Solvitur ambulando*’ are often verified. He writes in February, 1851 :—

‘My scholars know about as little of English at present as I do of Hinduwi and Urdu. So we earry on our lessons in a kind of

¹ This longing not to Anglicize the natives at times found somewhat amusing expression. With reference to some very discordant native wedding music, tomtoms, &c., at a festival season in all directions, he says, ‘I am determined to like everything native that is not positively harmful.’

half-and-half language, which must be rather amusing for any other person to hear, especially when, as yesterday, we were conversing on centrifugal and centripetal forces, and the earth being flatter at the poles than the equator, as proved by the comparative length of pendulums. This, which I call my commonsense branch of instruction, the boys appear to enter into very zealously, and take the deepest interest in any new idea.'

French would appear to have been more diligent than his pupils, for about Easter time when the school had already increased to 150, he writes again :—

'On Good Friday about twenty boys came to our house to read the scriptural history of our Lord's sufferings. Those twenty were my two first classes. I read with them Luke xxiii. and Lowth's translation of Isa. lii., liii. My explanations usually take place in Urdu, as they by no means have obtained sufficient knowledge of English as yet.

'I have a new moonshee who comes three days a week for four hours to teach me Urdu and Persian, and a pundit, who comes daily two hours to teach me Hinduwi. Then I have four hours at the school three days a week, besides their occasionally coming to my house. In the evening the three or four young men to whom we are giving instruction usually come, some one or more of them. Then I have what is yet more important at present, my private Urdu and Hinduwi reading, which is cut short from other work far more than I could wish. Though I rise soon after four it is extremely hard to work so as to be at all satisfied with my progress through the day.'

Finally, when teachers and pupils got more at home with one another, the teaching in the upper classes seems to have been mainly in English, in the lower classes wholly in the vernacular.

And here, as teaching and learning are so closely connected, a few words may be said on a subject which, though it is hard to make it attractive to the general reader, must have a special interest for the young missionary who has to acquire foreign languages for his own work. French has a well-earned reputation as a linguist. He was known in his later days as the 'haft-zaban Padri,' or seven-tongued clergyman of Lahore. But it would be a mistake to think that because he had special linguistic aptitude, he was unacquainted with the usual trials of missionaries in mastering the

foreign speech, or that he gained his facility in any other way than by expenditure of hard and persevering effort. He speaks of feeling such a 'useless log' through inability to converse with the natives.

'I generally manage daily ten hours' work,' he writes in the hot weather, 'and after that am fit for nothing more. Most earnestly are my longings after a perfect knowledge of the language; but, like everybody else, now that there is no gift of tongues, I must acquire it by patient labour. Though tongues and prophecies have ceased, if we have charity, fervent love, still given us, we shall be sustained and enabled to persevere unweariedly.

'The attempt to overthrow the mass of immoral and heathenish ideas which the boys have imbibed is something like preparing to dig down a mountain of rubbish, and what is more, till the language is known, it is like digging with a broken spade.'

By May he accompanied the catechists in preaching, and, a lady wrote in August, 1851—

'Mr. French preached his first Hindustani sermon last Sunday to the native Christians in the city, and was thoroughly understood. Mr. Hoernle was taken suddenly ill on Saturday, and Mr. French was only then applied to, and had to write his sermon without any help from the moonshee or native, to preach at sunrise. He was better understood than the older missionaries. It is great progress in six months. Mr. French has completely lost his colour, but both he and Mr. Stuart are in good health¹.'

In his linguistic studies he aimed with energy at being 'understood of the people.'

'All the translations of the Bible here,' he says, 'are for the learned unfortunately. In the Hinduwi Bible there are incessantly Sanscrit words and expressions, and in Urdu Arabic and high Persian, so it is very difficult to pick out a passage to read to the illiterate, and though our main work will be among the more educated, I do not wish the characteristic of Christianity to be lost sight of—"To the poor the gospel is preached."'

To acquire this colloquial he took great pains, in conversation with the simple villagers, to test his book learning upon

¹ At Rugby French was remembered as a 'chubby' or a 'rather stout and florid' boy.

their narrow comprehensions, and he also made a special study of the more popular songs. His energies were spread over so wide an area—no language seemed to come amiss to him—that, of course, he was unable to attain an equal mastery of all. He had a pure accent and a wide vocabulary, but was somewhat indifferent to subtler niceties of syntax and grammar and turns of local idiom. Perhaps no man in India had a better knowledge of pure native expressions for abstruse phrases in theology. The labour which it cost him appears in an amusing recollection of Mr. Worthington Jukes.

‘On our first meeting,’ he says, ‘I consulted him about the study of the various vernaculars, which are enough to overwhelm most young missionaries. I knew I had some half-dozen looming in the distance, and I was doubtful which to attack first. I knew I could not do better than consult him on the subject as he was master of so many. I shall never forget his reply.

“‘You must, of course,” he said, “commence with Urdu or Hindustani, so as to be able to talk with your servants, to help in the services of the church and in the schools. You had better give some six or eight hours a day to that, and also spend two or three hours at Punjabi, to be able to talk with villagers. You should also try and give two or three hours to the study of Persian, which you will find invaluable in the schools, and all your spare time to Arabic, so as to be able to read the Quran.”

It seems, indeed, a crushing order, but if we take the minimum requirements they are hardly above the level of his own actual performances in these his early days.

It is not every one who has the power to become a seven-tongued man, but with the example of a Bishop French before him, and even a fair measure of his unwearied application no missionary need despair of gaining mastery at least of one colloquial.

Native languages were not the only difficulties which lay before French at St. John's College. Other problems which the school presented may be divided broadly into questions of management and discipline, and of instruction and teaching.

The organization was thoroughly successful. The hearty interest of the civilians was well maintained, the confidence

of the parents was won. The numbers rose steadily, till at the time of the Mutiny they reached 330. A fine new college was erected from the designs of Major Kittoe, and through the energetic work of Stuart as secretary of the building fund¹; it was opened in December, 1853, and contained a large central schoolroom 80 feet by 40, and eight class-rooms, four on each side, opening on a wide verandah. A principal's house was built in the compound.

Perhaps the best general idea of the work of the school may be obtained by extracts from some reminiscences of the Rev. J. Leighton, who was French's colleague from 1854 to 1858.

'I arrived,' he says, 'in Agra in December, 1854. It was midnight, and the gari driver had considerable difficulty in finding the house, but after an hour and a half's wandering I was landed safely, and was most cordially received. Late though it was, we did not retire to our rooms without devout thanksgivings to Almighty God for the safe journey, and prayer for and blessing upon the work which we were to labour in together. He introduced me to my college class of young Hindus and Mohammedans at 7 o'clock next morning. The only European assistance he had had during the preceding twelve months was such as a clerk (named Mr. Marsden) from one of the Government offices had been able to give before office hours.

'The college was arranged in two senior classes for English literature and mathematics, the first of which Mr. French took himself; the second fell to my care. On two days of the week we interchanged these classes. Soon after I arrived an English school-master from Highbury joined us, Mr. (now the Rev.) William Wright. The native department was well staffed by able moonshees and pundits, whose classes were brought into connexion with the missionary staff of the college by lessons in the second half of each day. The whole school or college assembled in the large hall for prayers at the beginning and the close of each day's work. The Scripture lesson occupied the first forty minutes every morning. The ages of the students in my class were from fifteen to seventeen; in Mr. French's they would be two years older. Their future livelihood depended upon their success in English studies, as they hoped to become clerks or assistants in Government offices, but their interest in the Bible lessons was quite as keen and eager as in any other.

¹ One of the most remarkable donations was £50 from some native Hindu gentlemen of Allahabad, who were themselves still heathen.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AT AGRA

‘It was a rule in the college that an applicant for admission should be able to read and write at least one language ; it might be either English, Urdu, Hindi, Arabic, or Persian.

‘An entrance fee of one rupee was required, and a further monthly fee of the same amount. In the case of absence without leave for a fixed number of times, the name was removed from the register, and the fee had to be paid again as a fine before the student was readmitted.

‘I greatly admired Mr. French’s choice of text-books for our two college classes. No mere compilation was allowed, but only such original and complete works as were standard and classical in their several departments. Thus Thierry’s *Norman Conquest* was carefully read ; Sir James Macintosh’s *History of England* ; Guizot’s *Life of Charles I* ; a good portion of Herodotus was read in Cary’s translation ; Malkin’s *History of Greece*, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which Mr. F. liked because, as he said, it consisted chiefly of translations from the Greek writers themselves. In poetry Milton was the great book, and interesting it was to hear some of the students repeat verbatim page after page of *Paradise Lost*. Cowper was also read, but it was found much more difficult to the students from its more peculiar English character. . . .

‘Our examinations were long and trying to strength. I have known the senior class be before us six days of five hours each. It was a principle of Mr. F. that the students ought to learn more from the examination than by all that had gone before.

‘The Government College students frequently visited Mr. French. They asked to be taught the Bible in order to understand Milton. Besides other meetings, he had a class for Government College students in his study on Sunday afternoons.

‘Our college work occupied us so closely, that it was only by a resolute meeting for a few minutes during the recess, after three hours’ lessons, that we could say “Good morning” to each other. Petitions and interviews with moonshees and pundits filled up the half-hour. But every Monday was reserved for breakfast together, after which we earnestly prayed together for the Divine blessing on our work.

‘College classes were suspended for a week in March before the severity of the hot weather set in, and in October after the rains had ceased. At Christmas there was a vacation of six weeks¹. The Civil Servants supported our college nobly ; 144 rupees to the Scholarship Fund, and 120 to the ordinary expenses, and perhaps 100 rupees in the collection from the same person were not

¹ To French, as will be seen in the next chapter, these breaks, longer or shorter, were no time of mere holiday.

uncommon. We had frequent visits from eminent men in the country, notably Sir Henry Lawrence, who I think never passed through Agra without looking in and encouraging our students and us, and leaving 50 or 100 rupees for special scholarships or prizes. On the annual prize-giving day nearly all the ladies and officers, civil and military, of both cantonments and civil lines were present.'

The late Mr. Raikes, author of *Notes on the Revolt*, describes two visits to the school:—

'I first saw French about 1850¹. I was the guest of Mr. Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and he proposed to take me to see the new missionary college which was being built in Agra, and the new missionary who was to rule over it. There, in a corner of the rising edifice, with some twenty or thirty little black boys around him, sat the future Bishop of Lahore. The weather was hot, the room small, the subject before the little class a lesson in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The contrast between the highly educated Fellow of University College, Oxford, and his little dusky flock, between the sounding phrases of the poet and the Hindustani patois of the students, was too great for me. Surely, I exclaimed as I went out—surely this is a case of labour lost, of talent misapplied, of power wasted. I was wrong; that tie between master and student, or rather teacher and disciple, which in the day of adversity proved so strong and so lasting, was already formed, and was daily to draw closer the bond of union and love.

'The college grew in numbers and importance until in 1856, when I saw it again, the students were numbered by hundreds, and the institution rivalled the great colleges established by the Government.

'Early in 1857 Sir Henry Lawrence passed through Agra on his way to Lucknow. Pressed as he was by many engagements and anxieties, and suffering as he told me from a dozen different complaints, he asked me to spend a morning with him at the mission college. Mr. French in our presence examined the boys. Their knowledge of the Christian Holy Scriptures, considering they were nominally Hindoos or Mohammedans, was simply astonishing. Sir H. Lawrence and I exchanged the remark that we should be sorry to go through a similar ordeal. But this display of what must be called head knowledge was less suggestive to the Christian bystander than the general spirit of love and respect which prevailed. The boys were evidently devoted to their teacher, and

¹ It must have been 1851.

seized upon every occasion to evince their veneration. The feeling was not only that of loyal obedience, but also of loving discipleship, if I may coin the word; and, as events proved, they were ready to follow their Christian teacher anywhere, and to do anything to prove their love and affection.'

This is a noble record of apparently successful work, but such results were not obtained without many discouragements and disappointments. There was the formidable yet not unfriendly rivalry of the Government College under Mr. Middleton, which was much better manned with mathematical and scientific teachers, and which by a system of scholarships threatened to draw away all the more promising pupils, and necessitated the institution of a separate scholarship fund, which it needed hard work to keep up. There were difficulties in staff and appliances. For a whole year, as has been seen, French was the only European fully employed in his own college, and he had also to struggle against the want of sufficient school-books, the want of a library, the want of a museum. There were difficulties, further, in the mental capacity of his students, both in the way of excess and of defect. He speaks of the mental ability of the youths as inferior to that of the young Bengalis: 'the older boys will never shine, I expect, as they are past the age when the intellects of Hindus, if cultivated so rapidly develop.' He finds them unable to follow any but a very simple argument. At the same time, the school teaching required already 'much mind to be brought to bear upon it through the metaphysical capabilities of the young Hindus.'

Other difficulties arose on the point of discipline. He writes in the first year:—

'The school is not a very encouraging feature in my work, with the exception of the first class, in many of whom I have great confidence. I have taken much pains to bring them into order and teach them respectfulness and obedience, which they have acquired very much to my satisfaction. The second class is undergoing the same process, but there are some very unpleasant characters to deal with, whom only severity will control, and to be won they must first understand what it is to fear. I could wish that this executive department was in other hands than mine, but all the corporal punishment I have at present to administer. Stuart does not like

this department, and the Hindu masters do not at all understand it. They are too apathetic. I shall lay down the rod at the earliest opportunity, and try a system of kindness almost exclusively, but at present they are not ripe for it.

‘Giving marks for good and bad conduct enables me to have the upper boys in much more perfect control. I spare the rod as much as possible; indeed, with the thin linen dresses they wear, it seems a cruel mode of punishment, except occasionally by way of warning.’

There were difficulties through interruptions caused by idolatrous feasts.

‘They have four days’ holidays this week, as it is the great Hindu feast of the year. A great part of their idol abominations is concentrated into this week. Intoxication, scurrilous abuse, and fighting is combined with their most solemn worship, if the word solemn may thus be abused. It is customary to pelt each other, and the Europeans likewise who venture into the bazaar, with earth or anything which presents itself. Processions, with music and dancings, go forward throughout the week. With what sinkings of heart must one receive them back, after a portion of time thus spent.’

The multiplication of such occasions led to a rule that the boys must choose seven days in the course of the year, as festival holidays, no others being recognized. On those seven days French still went down to the school to teach all that would come. The regulation caused considerable discontent, and occasioned several expulsions; but French was firm in carrying his point, and, on the whole, well pleased with the submission of his scholars.

Added to all these sources of perplexity were the constant drudgery of school work in an exhausting climate, and the total absence of visible results in conversions in all the earlier years. It is, therefore, little surprising that at times the courage of the missionaries was very sorely tried. In 1853 Stuart was compelled to leave for Calcutta, owing to his wife’s health. It was always a very special grief to French to part with any fellow-labourer to whom he was attached, and though the Calcutta committee entirely approved of Stuart’s action, he could hardly bring himself to feel that it was really requisite. At the same time, there

was distress, almost amounting to famine, in the district, and his own wife's health was very far from strong. These circumstances must be borne in mind in reading such a passage as the following extract from a letter to the secretary, which exhibits at once the depth of his discouragement and the unshaken strength of his determination. The letter was written to Mr. Knight on August 8, 1853.

‘It is not,’ he says, ‘so much the positive absence of conversions which has so discouraged me as the very trifling spirit of the people. The missionary sets out with a heart full of serious concern for the spiritual welfare of his hearers, and with tidings that are calculated to arrest and melt the heart, but finds his spirit chilled and frozen within him by heartless ridicule and mockery of men who seem incapable of a serious reflection, and jest at the idea of heaven and hell. The hearing of the love of God in Christ seems incapable of awakening one emotion or exciting one desire after acquaintance with God.

‘Doubtless this has been the experience of almost every missionary in the outset, and each in his turn must know the searchings of heart and strugglings with impatience and unbelief which those before him were conscious of. Still, it is not the less trying to each one; and what makes me feel more acutely is this, that Agra has been so long tried as a field of missionary labour, between forty and fifty years, and, except just in the first instance, has always proved the same barren field, so that, were I asked, I should give my advice to transplant the mission almost entirely to fields yet untried or comparatively so, such as Ajmir, Muttra, Allyghur, or even Peshawar.’

A similar tone of discouragement runs through a letter to Mr. Venn, written in the following September.

‘Of itself,’ he writes, ‘school labour is monotonous in a climate and among a people like this, usually passive and indifferent as they are, and not capable of being roused to emotion or action to the same extent as the people of Western nations; but in Agra our mental trial has been of a peculiar kind. We have scarcely been able to avoid feeling that the state of Agra was completely misrepresented; that education—at least, the English branches of it—are very little sought after; that the present demand is amply supplied by the Government College, and at such a moderate monthly cost as that few are unable to avail themselves of the unusually *advanced* and thoroughly *systematic* teaching which it offers. It would seem that the best plan would have been to allow the Government College to do its work first in the way of stirring

up a thirst and inquiry for knowledge, and after that to step in and occupy the ground that had been cleared. Until this has been done the utter unsusceptibility of the people is almost heart-breaking to a missionary. Fifteen or twenty years hence Agra might have become what Calcutta was when the Free Church missionaries entered the field—the centre of a population ardently thirsting after knowledge, and not disposed to find in the Christian character of the literature any barrier or obstacle to their earnest purpose. But at present it is far otherwise; desire has been but very little awakened, and, as far as *we* are concerned, this is almost neutralized by the prominence we give to the Bible. However, though it seems to me the best thing of all would have been to delay the foundation of our institution, *undoubtedly* the next best thing is to *make the utmost effort to sustain and, if possible, to raise it*. It would seem something like half-heartedness and weakness of purpose to abandon lightly what we commenced with so much hope and such extensive preparations. We must not give this triumph to our enemies.

‘I do not think it *very* essential that a second missionary should be sent to the college. The mental trial which a missionary undergoes from finding his best and most precious hours daily, and the most energetic portion of his life, bestowed upon teaching the rudiments of English is such that you must not be surprised to hear of some sinking under it. A school which simply requires *superintendence* is very different, but a *college* requires the daily *bonâ fide* teaching, patient teaching, of the missionary himself. The trial here is that we have to treat that as a college which is only one in name, and that nearly all our teaching might *as perhaps more* efficiently be communicated by a national school-master. I think it right to put the plain facts before you. . . .

‘Whenever you have a thorough *school* man who would prefer such a charge as this, will you bear in mind that I should be ready to enter on any more directly pastoral sphere? But I know you will not readily be able to move me. Therefore I will continue at my post, please God, as happily and contentedly as I may be able in His strength. . . . I feel more and more thankful I have been led to take the part I have in missionary work. I see its difficulties to be more formidable daily, but I trust the Hindus occupy a larger place than ever in my heart. I hope the time of their regeneration is approaching, but *very, very* slowly. The Mohammedans have just issued a large controversial work at Delhi. They are growing in the bitterness of their hostility. I see by the papers that the moulvis of Alexandria are preaching the necessity of exterminating all Christians everywhere. But what joy it is to know that the once lifting up of Christ on the Cross will far more than prevail over myriads of uplifted swords.’

And so French persevered at Agra, and three years later

wrote to Mr. Chapman, the secretary, with reference to the opening of a new mission at Gwalior:—

“I determined that, if all were well, I would not make any effort to get *myself* removed to another station for seven years. Five of these are now completed. Various reasons, specially the more thorough initiation of Mr. Leighton into the college work, and the establishment of the Muttra School, and the completion of some vernacular works which I am preparing, have led me to wish to add another year, that is, to remain three years longer at this post, should God spare my life. After that space of time, my own wish and the very strongly expressed wish of my parents (one of whom has been seriously ailing of late) is that I should pay a visit to England, the expenses of which I should hope, in the main at least, to bear myself. I am by no means what I was; and occasionally a distressed state of head, which makes it painful to fix my attention steadily for a length of time on any subject and induces a strange absence, warns me to be somewhat more careful of myself than I have been. With regard to my after-course, I have a strong conviction that I ought not to return to Agra. . . . Mr. Schneider preaches daily; I preach three or four times a week—increased effort has only seemed for many years to induce aggravated indifference. Yet, on the principle that the children should not be put to death for the fathers, I would not advise (if I may be allowed to use such a word) that the college should be given up, but would rather hope it will be supported in every way; only its chief superintendence should. I think, be entrusted to young men who are acquiring the languages, or those whose call is rather to the instruction of the young than to the direct work of an evangelist.’

To complete the picture of French as a school-worker, it is necessary to see him at work with his own classes, and in actual contact with their minds. His special subjects, beside elementary science, were history and English poetry, moral philosophy and Scripture. All were made to minister to the promotion of the Christian faith. But the main strength was thrown into the Bible teaching:—

‘My most earnest desire is that we may never come to treat the Bible as a school book, but that they may ever observe a marked difference in our manner of handling it from that in which we put all other books into their hands.

‘Though opposition and hostility occasionally are scarcely repressed from exhibiting themselves openly in the remarks which the boys are encouraged to make, on the whole scriptural teaching is well received, and that not unfrequently with a genuine

expression of admiration. The endeavour is to convey such teaching, not by statements made in the outset which shall violently shock their prejudice, and which are in danger of awakening ridicule and disgust, but by a course of instruction which shall be uniformly solemn in tone, and adapted as far as possible to the state of mind and power of comprehension of the pupils. The result is hoped from the bringing to bear upon their minds a sustained and steady influence, and seizing every opportunity afforded by inquiries elicited from the boys themselves.'

The working of these principles may be illustrated by a few incidents, recorded in his letters:—

• One of the boys, prepared, I imagine, by the pundits, brought forward objections to Christianity, raising difficulties as to the scriptural account of the nature of our Lord¹. The boy, who is in the second class, is decidedly one of the sharpest and cleverest boys in the school, very respectable, and somewhat dignified-looking. I endeavoured to meet his objections to the best of my ability; the rest seemed to enter into the conversation with extreme interest, and evidently followed the course of the argument with heart and soul.

• I could not help feeling, when explaining to the boys the early part of Matt. xxiii., how complete a representation of the Brahmin character it was; and in drawing out as far as I could to the life the character of the Pharisee, though I never mentioned the word Brahmin, I think the boys, who are acute enough in this way, could scarcely avoid perceiving the reference. I was showing how the Pharisees exalted themselves into a separate caste; how, when they went through the bazaar, they expected the salaam and other marks of veneration; how, for their own profit's sake, they would not allow the people to become Christians—"neither entered in themselves," &c.; how in the feasts they expected to be seated above low-caste men. One of the Christian² boys said, "Sir, that is just like the Roman Catholics"; and I think the Hindu boys would scarcely be at a loss to whom to apply it.

• The reading of Matt. xv. occasioned a warm discussion on ceremonial purity. They asked, "Will not God the more

¹ The question at this or another time was, Who was Christ's spiritual mother in His pre-existent state before the Incarnation?

² The composition of the college in 1856 was about thirty-five Christians, thirty-five Mohammedans, and the remainder Hindus. After the Mutiny the number, and still more the proportion, of Christians were increased, till they were nearly a third of the whole.

accept a pure heart when it is offered with purity of body?" I could not concede this, but said, though for their own sake and one another's cleanliness was most desirable, yet it was not a matter esteemed of before God. These little ebullitions of feeling produce quite an excitement, and most earnest and animated expression of countenance, and a bending to hear what I have to say, marks the interest excited. The opposition is invariably made by two or three particular boys, who happen to sit together and concentrate all the bigotry of the class. I pointed them to the striking appeal to their hearts and consciences in our Lord's words when He heard that the Pharisees were offended at His saying—"Every plant that My heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up. Let them alone."

'I like the spirit of my first-class boys much better than I did three or four months ago. Then I felt there was a repulsiveness in them—a power of repulsion, I mean, which made me speak with pain. But now I only discover in one the old spirit still remaining. Twice lately I have found him press me hard with questions. Once last week, in reading the account of St. Paul's address to the Ephesian elders, I pointed out the strikingly beautiful features of character which there appear. This boy replied, "Was he not as perfect a character as the fakirs amongst ourselves?" I did not profess to be as amazed at this question as I really was, but tried to show first his superior disinterestedness and freedom from covetousness. This they denied as regards some, at least, of the fakirs. They admitted, however, that they were not engaged in the same laborious and unwearied efforts for the good of others, and that they were much more boastful, and found in their abstinence and self-imposed austerities a great ground of merit.

'Again, to-day, in reading in Milton the eternal torments of the angels owing to their pride, he insisted that God was the Author of their pride, and therefore thought it unintelligible that their doom should be unalterable. The other boys, however, were evidently displeased with him for pressing the point, and so he gave it up.

'The fifth class of little boys seem as alive to every point, though so young, as the boys in the first class. By their questions on one of the discourses of St. John, they led me, against my intention, to the doctrine of the Trinity. I told them they must not ask questions about it, as they were very little boys, and it was a solemn and sacred subject. I begin to find in the bazaar, too, that little is gained by the exposition of these mysteries of our faith. The love of God, the character, work, and words of Christ, the effects produced by the Holy Spirit, seem to be the really effectual topics: others, in which more mystery is involved, lead to such blasphemous remarks.

.

‘I feel I can be now much more bold with them than at first, because they are able to bear more, though I have no reason to believe that one of them has discontinued his heathenish practices. We were reading in an Urdu work of a fakir who, by the force of his asceticism, converted a mouse into a cat, then into a dog, then into a lion. One boy asked, “Was this story true?” “To be sure,” said another; “what may not be done by the power of austerity and asceticism?” I reproved him sharply; one must make them afraid and ashamed of making such statements for mere sake of assertion without proof.

‘I had given my boys an exercise during the vacation to select what appeared to them as the best of the Mosaic laws, and give the reasons which led them to select them. One of them, a thorough Hindu in all his ideas and feelings, took occasion to be rather severe upon me in his essay. He deduced from the Mosaic law the sin of eating meat and the propriety of not killing any bird or beast. He then deduced the impropriety of *reviling any God*, as it was both *sinful* and *useless*. I expect this may have been a little preconcerted outburst of Hindu feeling; the other boys were evidently a little curious to see what I should say to it. I felt much cast down to think how little impression a year and a half’s teaching had made.’

And now it may fairly be asked, ‘And what was the result of all this toil?’ In actual conversions the visible results were very small; but in raising the moral standard of the boys and leavening them with Christian truth, they were incalculably great. In his first year French writes:—

‘I think, in order to become well acquainted with the native character, it will be necessary to extend our work beyond mere school operations, as in these we mould their minds so much after our own fashion, and we scarcely see them as they are. The only plan, I find, is to have small expectations, and endeavour to act as if one had very large ones. We shall see something of our trust after many days.’

Of educational work this is eminently true, as a letter written to French by one of his old scholars, eighteen years after he had left the school, will prove.

REV. SIR,

Allypurr, Jan. 30, 1873.

I hope you will excuse me for troubling you with these few lines. I am your old student of the Holy Bible, was about to be baptized in 1855, but prevented to do so by my mother who is still alive.

But the instructions in (the truth) the Scriptures you gave me before the Mutiny were so well impressed on my memory and conscience, that the knowledge of my guilty disposition and not doing what I was bound to do could not be done away with, until I made up my mind to be in Christ wholly, and was baptized on the 15th of November last.

I am at present employed in the Allygurh Government High School on Rs. 150 a month as second master, and live with my Hindu wife and children just as I used to do before baptism. I abstain from meat and liquor for the sake of the above relations and dear ones, and think I am doing no wrong.

I am, Rev. Sir, your most humble servant,

SHOBHA RAM.

How many cases similar to this there may have been it is impossible to say. Whilst French was actually working there, apparently he knew of but one convert directly from the schools. A young Brahmin, who had received his training under French, was baptized by the American missionaries at Sabathu, whither he went to escape the bitter persecution of his family in Agra. In his last year, French mentions baptizing, at his own very earnest request, a young Moham-medan orphan of fifteen years, who had been some time in the school, but had received his early training, while his parents were still living, in the American missionary school at Allahabad.

Yet, short of actual baptisms, results were manifest. Although duplicity is one main feature of the native character, French could thankfully say, 'My boys give me little or no pain upon this head.' He was never weary of asserting, when pleading for his college in the Civil Lines church, that many of his scholars, though unbaptized, had probably endured more for Jesus than any in the congregation; and in respect to Bible knowledge, he believed that his upper classes were at least as well instructed in Scripture history as the average undergraduates of Oxford.

In 1858, after mentioning four of his best pupils as engaged as masters in Christian mission schools—two at the college, one at Amritsar, one at Peshawur—he adds, 'You see, we are partly answering the purpose of a normal school

for Christian teachers. However, the *native ministry* is the object towards which my views are most earnestly directed.' And again :—

'I have ten boys in my first English class, some of whom have made very considerable progress in literary acquirements, and, what is more, given me cause often to feel very thankful for the improvement of their tone of moral and religious feeling. In two at least (young Brahmins), I see many of those elements of character and principle which would lead me in more hopeful moments to picture them to myself as enrolled at some future time among the native apostles, or at least the Tituses and Timothies of India ! but how often it is proved that the instruments we would select as fittest for doing God's work are not the ones which He is pleased to employ ! The raising up of one such I should feel an overabundant recompense for the seven years' work which I have expended on the college.'

It is a satisfaction to know that this yearning was realized. One student, Madho Ram, obtained advancement to the native ministry. He was baptized by Mr. Shackell, after French returned to England, and became the respected pastor of a native flock at Jabalpur.

This chapter may be appropriately closed with some extracts from his letter to the Rev. J. Leighton, explaining how his friends opposed his baptism and he resisted them :—

'They said, "You have not seen the books of every religion ; when you have, we will let you be baptized. Live in your own house, and we will give you twenty rupees a month, and don't read the Bible." . . . God was with me, I did not fear. I said plainly, "I am a sinner in the sight of God. I cannot get into His presence. Indeed, the Lord is very kind to me in giving me the knowledge of the blessed Saviour, whose infinitely precious blood alone can make amends for our sins. God does not require the money if you will give me millions of millions of rupees. I cannot live in heathenism, because I ought to believe in Him who has given His life for us. I cannot live a single moment without Him." They marvelled at this, and said, "Tell us how Christianity is true." I said boldly, "It changed my heart, and gave me a great joy from such persecutions." Then they said, "What is the use of your being *openly* Christian ? Every one will hate and laugh, and will never speak to you." I said, "Whosoever does not proclaim his faith, is not this caused by his weakness for the sake of the luxuries of this world ? Whosoever will persecute me, or ridicule me, or do me any evil, I will pray for them and will love them, as it is written, 'Love them that

hate you.’” Then they said, “Your parents will leave you.” I said, “If my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up. The Lord is my shepherd: whom shall I fear?” Then some said, “He is mad”; some said, “He is a drunkard”; and some, “He is attacked by the evil spirit.” Afterwards they did not let me go from my house. . . . I was baptized on the 10th of last month¹. Praise the Lord! Pray for me that I may be humble, prayerful, and watchful, and may be a true soldier of Jesus Christ.’

¹ A week later than he had intended.

CHAPTER V.

PREACHING IN AND AROUND AGRA.

‘The man, whose picture this is, is one of a thousand. He can beget children, travail in birth with children, and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips, it is to show thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners, even as thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men. And whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head, that is to show thee that, slighting and despising the things that are present for the love that he hath to His Master’s service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward.’—JOHN BUNYAN.

THE instructions given by the Society to French and his colleague Stuart, whilst mentioning ‘the usual missionary preaching in the bazaars and in the native villages,’ are careful to add : ‘You have been appointed, however, not to take part in these operations, but to introduce new measures.’ All, therefore, that will be recorded in the present chapter lies outside French’s definite commission as a missionary agent of a society, though not outside his larger and more wide commission as a minister of Christ. ‘There was ever,’ says Sir W. Muir, ‘a strong though latent spice of romance in his soul, leading him, like St. Paul, to yearn after the further field’—perhaps it might be rather said, the Apostolic motto, ‘*Vae mihi si non evangelisavero,*’ was so imprinted on his heart that to him the missionary impulse was irresistible. And so, although he put the school work first, he could not be content with that alone. He had, as has been seen, begun with teaching his own household and testing

his book-learning upon the simple villagers close round him ; then he had joined the catechists in the bazaar of the great town ; and all this was in weakness and in fear and trembling. Never at any time a naturally fluent speaker, meeting in 'an unfamiliar language new disputants upon an untried field,' conscious that his best energies were often paralyzed by what he felt to be the devil's whisper that all his toil was vain, still he must persevere. The further he adventured the bolder he became. While into all his work he threw his whole soul's energy, there is no doubt that this one work of preaching became continually dearer to his heart, and with it were connected at once his deepest pleasures and keenest disappointments.

The present chapter will explain how the two forms of missionary effort were adjusted in his daily practice, and give some details of his preaching, both in the city and neighbourhood of Agra and on his longer tours.

He feared at first that street-preaching might destroy his dignity as a master and so prevent his usefulness in school, but soon he found it was a help and not a hindrance.

'It is curious to see,' he says, 'when I am preaching in the city, how the boys of our own school will seem to take our part and to stand by us, as if we were all bound together and had common interests.

'It may be my own fault, but school work without preaching would, on account of its deadening and dispiriting effect, be almost insupportable. Catechetical labours with my boys supply me with subjects for preaching, and from preaching I return with quickened spirit to the task of catechizing. Standing among the people, I realize the privilege of being an evangelist and an ambassador.'

More than this, he soon found his boys themselves an actual help in his work. He commissioned one, his head boy, who had gone for a holiday of twelve days to Attair, a little town he had visited for preaching purposes, to inquire if the books he had left there had been read. The boy returned with cheering news, that the books were read, and that he himself had been engaged many hours in explaining the Scripture parables to various inquirers. The boy was still a heathen. Thus there was double encouragement ; the

distribution of books and the teaching in the school were neither of them found to be in vain or useless.

When, in the height of the Mutiny, two new labourers, Shackell and Fynes-Clinton, were allocated to Agra, French was delighted to think there might be an opportunity of carrying forward on a larger scale than hitherto the itinerating work. He thought the influence upon the boys of seeing the missionaries go forth and return would be most healthy, and hoped that some ambition for like labours might be awakened in them.

But perhaps the most definite scheme he ever put forth for the combined prosecution of preaching and of education is found in a letter to Mr. Venn bearing date May 2, 1852. How far the scheme might be found practicable now, with a sufficient staff of workers, is uncertain, but it is certainly of interest as throwing light upon the character and the convictions of the writer and the relative importance he assigned to the two works:—

‘Looking at what has been the result in Calcutta and Benares, and what may be the probable result in Agra, I feel very strongly persuaded that it will not be found to answer well that the strength of the society should be spent on schools and such-like institutions.

‘Many of the Indian periodicals begin to cry out against our too easy and stationary methods¹, of our not rising up to meet the crisis and making a steady but vigorous onward movement. I must say that I quite coincide in this view, and, however valuable and desirable such institutions as ours at Agra might prove for occupying the earlier and almost unemployed years of missionaries, I think that those who have worked four or five years in them, have mastered some of the native languages, and learnt something of the native character, might with great advantage be sent forth to pave the way for fresh missions, to report the most promising and

¹ This outcry was occasioned by the publication of a book by a certain Madame Pfeiffer. She had stayed with French’s friends, the Pfanders, at Agra, who had brought out their tinned meats and special luxuries for her use, and then she returned and wrote a book accusing them of ‘revelling in cakes and custards’ and ‘reposing on rich divans.’ She was a true type of a small but still existent class of supercilious travellers, ready to waste the missionary’s time and prey on his resources, and then return and vilify his work.

important openings, more especially to discover in what cities the Lord had a people to be gathered out ; but such a plan as this would require a preconcerted and well-digested scheme.

‘At present every missionary takes his own excursion without consulting any one, or, if he does, it is only as a matter of private advice. He goes to a large city, it may be stays for two or three days at the outside; leaves a few very vague and indistinct impressions—for how can they be more, though communicated by men of the most powerful minds?—awakens prejudice without having time in any way to impart enough to conciliate ; meets with little opposition, it is true, because the pundits see it to be the wisest plan not to interrupt, as they know they shall have a year or two to undo all that has been done ; has none to leave behind to instruct further those who may desire instruction ; and returns with no other consolation than that he has done his best under the circumstances, and has met with some attentive audiences.

‘This is what we appear to be all of us doing, and I cannot see how we can look for any adequate or really encouraging results. Meantime we continue stationary in a city where the gospel has been heard for many years, and, with some few exceptions, is only preached to be held up to ridicule and reproach. Surely we have no precedent in the history of missions for thus continuing to force Christianity on those who will not receive it. It seems contrary to the spirit of the words, “Depart and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning Me.” If, instead of this, such a plan could be adopted as the following (adopted of course with many modifications and alterations), might there not be more hope and something more cheering and rousing to the spirit of the missionary, which is apt to get damp and chilled by seeming to be ever trying to enter where there is no door?

‘Suppose, then, for two or three years some four or five of the men in future to be sent to Northern India were to know their destination, and to be preparing themselves especially for it ; supposing also that on the spot we were endeavouring for the same space of time to prepare labourers, whether native or other, then what should hinder us to set forth in small bands to make at once for the large towns in Northern India, of which there are many where the gospel has seldom, if ever, been preached, to stay there two, three, or four months making a determinately aggressive effort upon the forms of Hinduism and Mohammedanism most prevalent there, not having all to begin afresh and make many blunders from inexperience and ignorance, but able to maintain the antagonistic position from the very commencement ; thus doing the double work of giving the advantage of our experience to those just arrived, who might be trained up for awhile under us whilst engaged in the most direct missionary work?

‘After having sufficiently tested the state of feeling in any particular place, and the possibilities of a mission being advantageously planted, we might leave one or more of the new labourers, putting, if possible, the more intelligent of the new converts into *responsible* situations. For this is a point in which it appears to me we have not taken full advantage of the elements of good which the native character does possess. They seem capable of responsibility. It is notorious how faithfully a servant will keep a trust confided to him, though the temptation to break it be overwhelming. Why should we not attempt to entrust those whose capacities might seem to warrant us in so doing, with the higher and holier trust of watching over their native brethren, and more materially assisting the European labourer?’

‘I believe this plan of aggressive movement would arouse bitter enmity and persecution. I have little doubt that the missionaries might be driven out of some cities, but this, awakening attention, and giving prominence to our work, not suffering Christianity to speak with its present weak and subdued voice, as if it were afraid to be heard. I do not say it *will be* an effective means, but is it not one which the history of missions from the Apostles’ age to our own represents as the most likely to be an effective agency, when the instruments engaged are really strengthened to endure afflictions with the gospel, and endued with the spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind, working not for self or for party, but *Christ*? Were such a plan to be contemplated for two or three years, and made known in the universities or elsewhere, might not some be stirred up by the thought of this more arduous and hazardous missionary enterprise, who have imagined that the work of missions in India has assumed a more peaceful and parochial character—just village preaching, interchanged with schools and bazaar addresses, under the shelter of a body of European residents? . . . A sketch of the Jesuit Missions which I read some six or eight months ago, and have been endeavouring to digest in my mind ever since, would give you some idea of what might be effected by some such plan, if God blessed us by giving us, as Schwartz says, “a simple aim, honest hearts, faith and love.” I picture you to myself as smiling at this, which perhaps you may truly designate a crude and ill-digested scheme. But I am very fully and deeply persuaded that some such steps must be taken if we hope to see adequate results. . . . Our own nothingness seems to be forcibly impressed upon us by the failure of repeated efforts, but yet how needful *ever afresh* to be reminded of it. If you should tell me, after reading this letter, that I have *still more need to know it*, I trust I shall learn the lesson willingly. I trust that your family are well, and that you are still able to carry on your arduous and distracting duties without failure of health, strength, and courage.’

French’s general view of the weak points of missionary

preaching, as at present practised, is perhaps explained sufficiently in the foregoing extracts; the difficulties which confront the preacher must next be illustrated in their full detail.

Among the very poor, pre-occupation with cares of this life was the greatest obstacle. 'The Kisan-log (poor people) have to think of getting something to eat,' was constantly thrown in his teeth. This is a difficulty met with in English parish work, but in India it is aggravated, not merely by the greater and more prevailing poverty, but by the openly expressed contempt of the more educated classes, who hold that a book-religion is nothing to the ignorant. His very first experience in preaching made this plain.

'I was talking to a very poor ragged fellow the other day, close to a small building which I thought a temple. I inquired of him what it was. He said it was commemorative of a Sutte, who had suffered herself to be burnt with her husband, and that periodically presents were brought to this building for her as a kind of poojah or inferior worship rendered to her. I was trying to point him to the true object of worship, when a Mohammedan came up with some state, and, pointing to him with supreme contempt, asked me on what subject I was talking to such a man as that. When I told him, he seemed quite to scoff at the idea of one's taking the trouble to talk to such a man, and quoted two lines, the purport of which was that there were four sacred books with which the common people had nothing to do—the Toret or Old Testament, the Koran, the gospel, and another. We debated this point at some length. I never felt so thankful for this characteristic of our religion, "To the poor the gospel is preached." Before we had done five or six other poor Hindus had come up and quietly seated themselves (Hindus will never stand when they can sit) to hear the issue. As the Mohammedan took the opportunity of attacking the Divinity of Christ, I had the opportunity of explaining to the best of my power the plan of redemption. I might almost reckon this my first native congregation, but it was, as you may perceive, a very humble one—five or six poor men by the roadside, but these were just such as our Lord and His Apostles often taught.'

In dealing with Hindus the chief difficulty was the danger of the inevitable cooling of missionary ardour through constant contact with indifference and impassivity. Violent opposition was comparatively rare. Now and then

a 'fakir' would be abusive and tell the missionary some 'home truths'—"Strip yourself of your clothes. Give all your money to the poor. Go to your books and then come and teach us"; but as a rule resistance was inert. It was so even with their metaphysical objections.

'Some of the most commonly entertained religious views,' French remarks, 'are not often mentioned in English writers on missions, especially that all human actions and all the course of events in the world's history is a kind of chess game for the amusement of the gods, or rather a kind of legerdemain or sleight of hand, having therefore no reality beyond this. What a miserable source of consolation! Thus in one of their popular mythologies, that of Krishna, called the *Prem Sugar*, Ocean of Love (a title worthy of a better subject), it is written, "It is not wise to dwell upon sorrow or joy; for these are vain delusions. As the dolls are made to dance in a puppet-show, so is man made to dance at the will of the Deity. So that there is neither sin nor virtue, nor joy nor sorrow, in truth; it is māyā, an empty show."'

To a pure monotheism the objection of the pundits simply was, 'Your stages are too long for the people,' i. e. your doctrine too troublesome to understand. Thus there was little sense of human individuality, less of responsibility, and least of all of sin, to work upon. There were many who thought that at death the soul was mingled with and lost in the universal air, as the body in the dust from which it came, though this last opinion was the result of the Bengali literary societies rather than undiluted Hinduism.

With the Mohammedans the case was different. Hostility was open.

'And whilst,' says French, 'Mahomet's recognition of Christ and of the gospel affords a point of vantage to the Christian advocate, his followers evade it by entrenching themselves behind the citadel of reason. "Prove it from 'ukul,' reason, as well as prove that it is written." Now to prove from reason the doctrine of the Trinity is impossible; all that we can show is that it is not diametrically opposed to reason. So here we fall out to begin with.'

Rare instances of courtesy were met with. Here is a picture of one very polite village moulwi:—

'He occasionally turned aside to address a few remarks to his own people, remarking especially that *we* had our views of God, and

they had theirs, and perhaps all were true. I tried with all my might to disabuse him of this idea, maintaining that Christianity and Mohammedanism were as distant as earth and heaven, and could not possibly be both true together. The Mohammedan was most imperturbable, and did not display the least violence : he must be more of a sceptic than most of them.'

As a rule, moulwis (or priests), city gentlemen, and village headmen were alike most bitterly antagonistic. Here is a picture of a native village. French had been preaching to a dozen villagers, who said, 'Here is the moulwi coming ; now there will be a battle.'

'The moulwi, who was a reverend-looking man, with a long grey beard, advanced into the middle of us, and seating himself on a bedstead, which by day performs the office of a chair, prepared himself to listen to what I had to advance. I told him what I had been saying on Christ as the Mediator between God and man. He asked me whether I had the New Testament with me. Upon my producing it he begged me to read Luke xxviii. I told him there was no such chapter. Then he asked for the same chapter in Matthew, which I handed to him, and he began to read. This was not, however, what he meant. He had no intention of reading anything tending so much to the exaltation of Christ. So after reading on aloud (which I was very glad he should do) the best part of the chapter, he said he meant the twenty-seventh, which was the account of the mockeries and indignities to which our Lord was subjected. I therefore took the Bible and read nearly the whole of the twenty-seventh chapter, the moulwi looking full of delight whenever any account came of any ill-treatment of Christ, and giving the impression that of all things he should have liked to bear his part in it. He could not conceal his delight at the conduct of the disciples in forsaking Christ at the last. At the end I had the opportunity of addressing a few pointed appeals to his conscience, and we parted friendly.'

Here is a city gentleman. French was preaching in the fort close to the fruit market with its 'incredible' pile of melons. The catechists stood in turn on a stone near one of the gates, and he among them. It was an anxious post, as the place was very public and larger numbers gathered to hear a 'sahib' preach. The audience was especially attentive, when an aged respectable Mohammedan drove by in his chakri (a native vehicle of strange construction) and stopped awhile to listen.

‘He sent,’ says French, ‘his servant, begging me to take some flowers which he had of a particular kind, only used for offerings to idols by Hindus. He meant to express, I suppose, what he afterwards said very plainly, that I was teaching idolatry by telling the people there was a Son of God. I tried to reason with him, but it was hopeless, for he became to the utmost degree violent, tossing himself about as if he would throw himself out of the carriage, and making all kinds of contortions. It was a pitiable sight, specially when one considers that it arose from a mistaken zeal for God—in part at least, for I fear it is their political animosity which excites such a bitter, rancorous spirit against the Christian religion.’

Through such little skirmishes, trying to the spirit as they often were from the abuse cast on the name of Christ, French was led on to take a part in a pitched battle, a stated controversy in a public hall, in which he acted as assistant to the well-known Mr. Pfander. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Pfander has already been referred to as the leading missionary in Agra, and a man ‘of very high attainments.’ He had with great abilities, a sterling character, in which courage, meekness, perseverance were the salient points. He devoted forty years to the study of the Mohammedan controversy, and took infinite pains in the production and perfecting of a few great controversial works, of which the *Mizan-ul-Haqq*, or *Balance of Truth*, is perhaps the best known. These at the time of his death had already had a circulation of over 30,000 and been the means of the conversion of several leading Mussulmans. Sir W. Muir spoke of him, in 1854, ‘as the most distinguished Christian opponent of Islam that has yet appeared.’ French very much concurred in this opinion. Preaching at Cheltenham in 1869, with reference to the proposed Divinity School at Lahore, he said :—

‘The late Dr. Pfander, though not equal to the beloved Henry Martyn in acuteness and subtlety, was yet a master of practical, straightforward Christian controversy, and far out-topped all the missionaries of his day as the Christian champion against Islam. He has passed away, but the stir and movement he excited has not passed, and he has left an imperishable monument of his life’s labours, and bequeaths a rich legacy to other ages of the Church, in his clear, strong, unembellished statements of Christian truths and

refutation of Mohammedan error. . . . It was no small privilege I had in being the disciple of Pfander in my youth, a worthy successor of the heroic Martyn.'

It is the more pleasant to quote this extract because Dr. Pfander's own modesty was so great—one might almost say, so excessive—that he would not hear of any memoir being published of himself. From Agra, he was moved to Peshawur; and later, in 1856 when his wife's health seemed almost to compel his transfer to a milder clime, there was much correspondence with a view to French succeeding him. However, Pfander held on through another year, and all through the excitement of the Mutiny (with the intermission of two or three days at the most) used to go down, with his Bible under his arm, and preach in the bazaar to the fanatic Mohammedans, as if no danger were astir. French, when it was decided that he should stay at Agra, characteristically wrote to the committee: 'You have no doubt been rightly guided in your decision as regards Peshawur. . . . I am conscious of wanting intrepidity for a post of such peril; yet I did not like to mention this while the question was pending.'

But to return to the discussion. Pfander describes it thus:—

'Some of the learned Mohammedans here (at Agra), in connexion with several of their friends in Delhi, have been for the last two or three years hard at work in studying the Bible, reading the controversial books we have published, and searching out our commentaries and critical writers, not indeed with any view of learning the truth, but only to obtain materials for refuting it. . . . The first-fruit of these united labours is the publication of two books written by a young learned moulwi, Rahmat Ullah, of Delhi. . . . In January last, 1854, during my absence, the moulwi came to Agra to consult with his friends here about the publication of those books. During that time he called several times on Mr. French for conversation and discussion, and expressed his regret at not having found me here. Soon after my return he sent one of his friends to me to propose a public discussion. I could not do otherwise than accept the proposal, although I was well aware that generally very little good is done. After mutual propositions and concessions, it was at last arranged that the discussion should take place at our old school-rooms in the Kuttra compound; that it should be carried on, on the

part of the Mohammedans, by the moulwi mentioned above, assisted by his friend, the native sub-assistant surgeon, Wazir Khan, and on our side, by myself assisted by Mr. French; and that the points to be discussed should be the abrogation and corruption of our Scriptures, as asserted by the Mohammedans, the Divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and Mohammed's pretended mission and the Koran.

The discussion was carried on for two successive days, lasting two hours each day, and was attended by most of the learned Mohammedans of the city, as also by a number of our friends and others. The native assistants were the first day about 100, and the second more than double that number.

The second morning the discussion was opened by me, with putting the question whether the Gospel spoken of in the Koran was that now in use among the Christians. This point the moulwi denied, saying that the passages did not refer to the Gospel which was now in use among the Christians, but to that which had received no additions and alterations, and which contained nothing but Christ's own words. When asked to produce the Gospel he was speaking of, or to mention the time when it had been altered into its present form, he declined both the one and the other, and asserted that the "various readings" which existed in the original copies, as acknowledged and stated by our own writers, as Horne, Michaelis, and others, were a sufficient proof that the Gospel is not now what it originally was¹, but that great alterations and additions had been made to it. This deduction we denied as false, because not proved. To this the moulwi had no other reply but his old assertion. He was then asked to agree to one or other of the two following propositions: either to assent to the fact that the contents and doctrines of the Gospel are unaltered, and therefore allow truth and force of argument to all those passages which should, in the progress of the discussion, be brought forward in support of our Christian doctrines; or, if not acceding to that, should produce at our next discussion proofs showing that the doctrines, commands, and facts, as now contained in the Gospel, are different from those contained in the copies that existed before Mohammed. He declined both, upon which I told him that he had thus made it impossible to proceed. The moulwi was quite willing to consider the discussion as closed, and the meeting then broke up. The Mohammedans on this claimed to have won the victory. . . . We hope, if spared, to avail ourselves of the opportunity this movement affords of making more widely known "the truth as it is in Jesus," and, as soon as our opponents have published their promised works, of writing such replies as may best secure that end. Mr. French

¹ It was in this portion of the controversy that French, with his Oxford scholarship, came more especially forward.

has gladly agreed to take an active part in these labours¹. I feel confident that however much the Mohammedans, or at least some of them, may boast against us in their ignorance and presumption, God, in His own way and in His own time, will bring much good out of this stir, and that the inquiry thus caused will yet bring many from among them to the knowledge of the truth.'

This anticipation was at least in a great measure realized. Of the minor assistants on the Mohammedan side, two certainly became devoted Christians—one Safdar Ali, a Government official of position, the other Imad-ud-Din, who has become a writer on the Christian side, and for whom French, when Bishop of Lahore, had the pleasure of obtaining a degree as Doctor of Divinity from Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury².

Before attempting to describe his missionary journeys, a few words may be said on the great variety of French's labours in Agra and its neighbourhood. At one time he converses with a single aged blind man of eighty, explaining about the vessel marred in the hands of the potter, and awakening a desire for Christian truth; at another, he gathers round him a group of children to catechize in the street, and when a Mohammedan seeks to drive them off, causes amusement by patting them upon the head and calling them 'his own.' At one time a party of young men returns with him, begging him to act as President of their Deistic literary club; at another he tries what can be done by sitting down before the doors of the houses, and talking with those of the inmates who were willing to converse on religious subjects. Again, his pundit comes to him and

¹ French writes to Venn: 'In entering on the task I desire to be of the spirit well expressed by Justin, *ὁ ἄνθρωπος Ἕλληνας εὐχόμενος τῷ θεῷ ἐμοὶ μὲν ὑπάρχειν τὰ δέοντα πρὸς ὑμᾶς εἰπεῖν ὑμᾶς δὲ τὰς προτέρας ἀφεμένους φιλο-νείκίας ἐλίσθαι τὰ λυσιτελοῦντα.*'

² Imad-ud-din draws attention to the fact that Rahmat Ullah died at Mecca within a fortnight of French's own death at Muscat; and suggests that French had gone thither determined to follow up his old antagonist, Bible in hand, even to Mecca itself. This is an Eastern fancy, not the sober fact. French was moved by higher motives than the hope, which very probably never occurred to him, of meeting Rahmat there.

asks the loan of his pony that he may go to the great mēla or fair at Secundra. French had not meant to go, as four other missionaries would be preaching, but on getting this request replied that his pony would not understand carrying a Hindu to his idol festival, and he set off himself, that his pony might have the privilege of carrying a Christian. He thus describes the scene:—

‘The first part of the day’s religious ceremonies consists in bathing at a particular village in the Jumna, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Secundra. By the river’s brink is a grove in which are several temples to receive the throng of worshippers which assembles on that day. I found the catechists had arrived very early, and, when I came up at 6.30, were already preaching close to one of the temples. The scene was very strange. The discordant cries and shouts almost deafened one: fakirs and Sunyasis, or devotees, were clamouring loudly for alms; others shouting in concert, “Jai Ram! Jai Vishnu!” (“Victory to Ram! Victory to Vishnu!”); others performing their devotions. Before each fakir was a kind of garment spread on the ground; each by-passer threw a kowrie, a shell (of which about sixty-two go to a farthing), on this cloth, especially if a fakir seemed to have gone through a long course of penalties and austerities. In another place, seated on the ground, were parties of men preparing colours, with which each worshipper had his forehead tintured, in order to bear the marks of his favourite deity. Near these were the sellers of garlands, chiefly made of a white flower, worn as necklets and fillets for the head, reminding one very much of the Greek custom of coming crowned with flowers to the sacrifice, and the “oxen and garlands” wrought by the people of Lystra. I preached on the “ministry of reconciliation,” appealing to them, as they returned from the day’s ceremonies, whether they had really found peace of mind or any assurance of reconciliation with God.

‘Uncle Anthony seems to fear that by preaching I am hindered very much from the study of the languages, but the fact is I always spend from three to four hours in the *direct* study of the languages daily, besides what I gain in teaching others and conversation in the bazaars. It is essential to a *thorough* knowledge of the languages that they should be learned in this *practical* way, and even if it were not so, surely if any work is a missionary work it is that of preaching. One’s mind often revolts from the public manner in which it must be carried forward, but I am more and more persuaded that schools must follow rather than lead¹.’

¹ In another letter he says, ‘We much want preaching-houses like the rayats in Burmah. They should contain inner apartments for discussion

In this conviction, that preaching was the most important work of a missionary, he utilized vacations for tours, and sought his relaxation only in change of scene. His very first cold season he began with three weeks' journey in the Rajput States, among the sandy ravines beside the river Chumbul, and the level plain above, dotted with villages amid their groves of trees. He describes with much enthusiasm his first preparations, the camels and the tents, the famous shawl, the round of beef that was his stand-by, the three or four servants, and the patriarchal catechist who sat upon the ground, and ate his food with both hands in *primaeval* fashion. 'The relief,' he says, 'from the burden of school work is intense, the climate delightful. I trust to return thoroughly invigorated.' Even in this first essay he did not lack encouragement. At Dholpoor, the capital of a small raja, one man who seemed particularly inattentive at first was gradually attracted by the things he heard, and at length 'gave me himself,' says French, 'a very succinct account of my address, alluding especially to what I had said of Christ being come to give deliverance to captives.'

"Hitherto," he said, "I have been living in darkness. I had no light. I had gone astray, but now I will return to God. I will throw away everything else and come to Him. Christ must unfasten my hand, He must unfasten my feet; then I shall be free." "Yes," said another, "He must unlock my heart also. Surely the gospel is the stepping-stone to heaven."

At Jitawer, the *jamadār*, a Moslem, the chief village officer, paid great attention, and said:—

"You have told us that we must come *soon* to Christ. In what way shall we be able to come *soon*? No one but yourself has ever come to teach us these things. We have seen Lord Sahibs and

and private exhortation, and a public space for direct preaching in localities neither too crowded nor too unfrequented. I have not yet seen my way to the selection of any such place, but I continue to look about me.' [I believe the Cambridge Delhi Mission has recently acquired such a hall. It is of interest to see the plan so early advocated.—ED.]

Correl (Colonel) Sahibs, but none ever told us such a word as this, and what shall I be able to do with my book alone? If there were a hundred like you who could come among us we might understand. But what shall we do left to ourselves?" The poor man spoke quite pathetically. I endeavoured to explain to him how the Holy Spirit is promised to be our Teacher, and encouraged him to write to me.'

In the summer, though warned that rains would make the roads impassable, he returned with indomitable ardour over the same ground, dispensing with camels and tents, trusting entirely to country fare, and taking three ponies only, one for himself, one for his catechist, and one for bedding and two bags. In subsequent years the shorter tours were taken eastward toward the Ganges, and the cold season excursion was prolonged to six or even eight weeks when the college was well manned, reaching as far as Gwalior, Ajmir, Jaipur, and Tonk.

At Jaipur, he had an interesting conversation with the raja, who bewailed the decay of strict moral principle, and suggested the necessity of some great helper against lust. This gave the opportunity to speak of Christ. The raja's secretary was annoyed, but French replied with dignity, 'Your Highness has quoted from your books, and I also from mine.'

About the same time, it is mentioned incidentally that French was engaged in daily correspondence with a niece of the king of Delhi, whose interest had been awakened in Christianity. After a while, he succeeded in obtaining a single interview, and finding her answers satisfactory, admitted her to baptism.

Mr. Leighton, who often accompanied French upon the shorter tours, has thus described the work:—

'We shared the same tent, and read and prayed together every day; it was amazing to see the amount of labour he would go through, and I particularly learned the great pains he bestowed upon preparation for bazaar-preaching even in the villages. Our route generally lay through Hattrass towards the Kali Naddi, Akberabad being the furthest point we reached. The patience and labour with which he delivered his message and dealt with the people were a lesson to be ever remembered. It was not a mere address, however earnest and

careful, to a crowd standing by, but after the address he would sit on a charpoi in the village square for an hour and a half, talking with a few men, and impressing upon them gospel truths, and urging them to accept Christ Jesus. I sometimes got the benefit of remarks made to him when he returned to the tent. On one occasion, I remember, he had sent on our horses to make the latter part of the journey when the sun was less burning, and we made the first part sitting or kneeling in an ekka, a one-ponied, two-wheeled vehicle, if it could be so called, with hardly room to cling together, no springs, wooden wheels, over rough roads perhaps three miles an hour, sun burning hot, and only a curtain of red canvas to shield us. We passed our tents on the road, and arrived at our destination about 10 p.m., hungry and worn out, with no shelter, however, till the tents came up; and at last, when we had our charpoi to rest on, we were summoned about midnight from sleep with the khidmutgar's notice, "Sahib khana mez par" ("Sir, the dinner is ready"). Who but Mr. French could accomplish such work without speedily breaking down?

Again (as of the college work) the question may be asked, What visible results were there of all this toil? In Rajputana strong anti-English political feeling was a great obstacle to the gospel.

'This is one of the most barren and least cultivated soils in India. These warlike Rajputs, as is natural, are partial to the warlike deities Ram and Hanuman, also to a particular form of Shiva-worship under which that deity is regarded as helping his worshippers to infatuate and destroy their enemies. They do not seem to have in the least possible degree that sense of sin, thirsting after righteousness, and desire after salvation which *a priori* would commend the gospel to them as the glad tidings they needed. Bloodshed and rapine persisted in through so many centuries seem to have blunted and dulled every moral and religious sensibility. Yet perhaps as little could any good have been expected of the New Zealanders fifty years ago!

'The extreme unwillingness of the educated people to receive our books strikingly contrasts with the determination the Chinese literati exhibit to obtain them. . . . We go on our way weeping. Nowhere could a darker picture be presented than in Rajputana of men alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them. Even the religion they have has rather a *political* than a *religious* hold upon the people, though substantial and highly decorated temples are scattered in profusion through towns and villages, and nearly a third of the Jaipur raja's revenues are expended in supporting religious (so called) mendicants and ascetics. . . . What grieves me more deeply is that a missionary, let him show

what amount of love and sympathy and disinterestedness whatever, can do but little to dispel the ill impression the rapidity of British conquests, or, as they would have it, British oppression, not unreasonably creates. The Bible in one hand has no attractiveness when it seems to them to be accompanied with the sword in the other. But longer acquaintance with the missionaries will help to give them the needful discrimination. It is somewhat hard to be made part and parcel of every proceeding of one's Government, whether to be reprobated or no. Medical missionaries would be scarcely less useful in these parts than in China. I much regret my utter ignorance of medicine.'

Again, in a letter to Mr. Venn, February, 1855, he writes from Dholpoor:—

'Except in one or two instances, I fear I have only met with way-side hearers, though God only knows, and I have borne in mind Justin Martyr's beautiful and scriptural expression—*ἐλπιδι οὖν τοῦ εἶναι που καλὴν γῆν λέγειν δεῖ* (one must sow in hope of good ground being somewhere). The ground has been as yet almost unbroken. Occasionally one and another has been brought within the reach of the gospel at distant mēlas, but the lack of interest displayed by the majority is *appalling*, and I have been filled at times with something not far short of *consternation* at the gulf which has seemed to separate my hearers and myself, arising from the abandonment by priests and people of all serious belief in a God, such as is the God of the Bible, in sin and holiness, heaven and hell. Being alone, too, I have been more strongly possessed with this feeling than had I been accompanied by a brother missionary. I am more and more persuaded of the importance of joint labour in such a sphere.

'However, in lack of other help, I have been constrained to cry to Him who is the missionary's best friend and counsellor, who alone can settle and ground them in His faith, multiply their seed sown, and increase the fruit of their labours. I have spent much time too in the preparation of sermons, testing by actual experiment the relative suitableness of various passages to the state and circumstances of the people, inventing fresh illustrations, and thinking out more forcible modes of appeal. I have just been four or five days at Gwalior, where the state of spiritual deadness is almost inconceivable. To the inquiry, Can these dry bones live? what remains but to reply in acquiescence and submission, and at the same time with implied fervent intercession, "O Lord God, thou knowest"? It has been a great relief to my mind to be able to occupy so long a time in direct missionary effort. You know how greatly I feel the importance of energetic widely diffused preaching of the Word, incessant aggressive efforts on the great bulwarks of Satan, who is far more fertile in renewing his defences and repairing what he has lost than our enemies at Sebastopol.'

Towards the Ganges, in British territory, he had more encouragement. Two instances will suffice, although more might be added :—

‘Village Nundowlie. An old man of pleasing and respectful exterior, one of the headmen of the village, brought with him a copy of Luke and the Acts in Persian, also a tract containing an account of the life of the Saviour. He said he had other Christian books also, and that his whole dependence was upon them : in them alone he had found peace. This he said really with tears of joy. . . . He said that people reproached him, but that he was not discomposed or disheartened. He told me he often talked to the people of his village (a large place of 1,500 inhabitants) and tried to persuade them to join in religious worship according to Christ’s rule. Half the villagers, he says, abstain from all idolatrous practices and worship only one God, but without any set worship whatever. Half the people persist in idol-worship. He said none had ever done for man what Christ did ; of this he was fully persuaded. This he said with a warmth of feeling that might have spoken powerfully to the heart of the most hardened sceptic. I read with him in St. John. The fifteenth chapter delighted him much, especially the parable of the Vine Branch, the pruning-knife of affliction, &c. I tried to persuade him to assemble some of the people for regular Christian worship. At the same village I preached morning and evening to quite a throng of people, who listened with an anxiety which I do not remember to have seen equalled at any place at which I ever preached.’

The second instance is the case of a poor darzi, or tailor, whose story is collected partly from Mr. Leighton’s reminiscences, and partly from the letters of Mr. French. French was going alone past a wood near Jilaisar, when a native came out of the wood, running to him with his hands together in respect, saying, ‘Oh, sir, I know you who you are ; you are the Lord’s servant.’ Mr. French asked, ‘Whom do you mean by the Lord ?’ (for in India there are lords many and gods many). ‘I mean the Lord Jesus Christ,’ the man replied. Mr. French then asked him how he came to know the Lord Jesus Christ. The man said that some time ago a preacher (a native) had visited his village and told them about the Lord Jesus Christ. At the close of the address he gave a tract. The man who received it tore it up and threw it on the ground. The darzi picked it up,

put it together, and learned to read it. The result was that he talked to his friends about it, and a number of them considered themselves his disciples. The man asked Mr. French to visit him, and when he went he found the darzi's courtyard filled with men whom he had gathered as inquirers. Every time he travelled that way he paid the darzi a visit, and several times the darzi came to Agra for instruction. At last, in the course of one of his journeys, Mr. French baptized him in some water by the wayside, as Philip had baptized the Ethiopian eunuch.

'These villages towards the Ganges are, on the whole,' he says, 'the brightest point of my work. In one there lives the youth baptized last year. He resides with his master, a pious Anglo-Indian landholder, who tells me that he is quite different from other youths, and that he trusts him with everything he has in the world.

'The youth is a kind of family priest, most diligent in instructing the Hindwi-speaking members of his master's family.

'In another I find a Hindu soldier, retired, who seems to have a very hearty love to Christ, and spends a good part of his day and night in the study of the Scriptures. In the same village, the chief village native officer places his whole trust in Christ, and is also a student of the Scriptures. About sixteen miles east of this village is another where a mahajan (money-dealer) has been evidently impressed to some extent with the truth, and is searching for it in the Bible. This will show you that there are oases in this desert, but for the most part it is a dreary waste.'

Besides his public preaching in town and neighbourhood French had a most continual succession of individual inquirers. Many came from the mere desire to perfect themselves in the mastery of English, others with real curiosity about Christianity as a philosophy or a religious system, but without any sense of need. About men of this class French was the reverse of sanguine; but he did not think it right to turn any away. Some came from interested motives, and these were very disappointing. For instance, he records many interviews with a certain wakil, or pleader in the courts. He professed to have been brought to a sense of need when he was very ill and 'death stood opposite to him.' He said that money was no consideration to him; that, if he had it, God could take it in

a moment; and he declared himself much distressed by the evil practices which it was impossible to keep clear of in his profession. Altogether he seemed, though French rejoiced with trembling, not far from the kingdom of God. But when, through the missionary's influence, he had obtained a post that he was seeking, for eight months nothing more was seen of him, and when he was met with again his zeal had disappeared. French says of this: 'One wishes always to be kind as well as earnest, but the character of the people does not develop itself favourably, and I fear that the sympathy which will last out to the end must be of a higher kind than mere natural sympathy.'

Others were true seekers, but put back by various difficulties, some intellectual and more practical, from openly confessing Christ. One such, a young man who, as French believed, had in the year 1852 endured more persecution for Christ than any other person in Agra, and yet was not a Christian, said to him, 'My heart is as yet *kuchcha* (unripe); if you teach me more, it will become *pukka* (ripened). I am now neither of your caste nor of *mine*, but between the two, by-and-by I shall understand.'

'Evidently,' says French, 'the fear of losing his reputation weighs strongly with him, and at this one can scarcely be surprised, as he tells me his family belongs to a class of Brahmins, higher than all others in Agra, and that everybody does *pooja* or worship to him. His very mention of such things as worth retaining shows how difficult it is to eradicate early impressions.

'I have been reading the baptismal service with him this evening, especially the promises and vows he will be called upon to make, and have also set before him the losses he must be prepared to submit to, and the sacrifices he must make. All else seemed of no account to him till I told him of the loss of caste, eating with Europeans, and calling *no* man common or unclean. This roused his Brahminical feeling strongly at first. He would never eat with any man, always would eat by himself, but in his heart would believe in Jesus. Afterwards he got so far as to be ready to eat with those who came from England or Scotland, as he himself said, but not with lower castes of Hindus, coolies, Chunars, who are reckoned the lowest, or even with the native Christians. At length he would consent to eat with all who did not eat unclean food, as rats and other vermin, like the Chunars. His father will not even give him his clothes, or Bible, or Prayer-book, but tells him to go

to Jesus Christ who will give him all, and turns him thus out of doors.'

The last mention of him in French's letters is this: 'Ranjit has been severely afflicted with leprosy of late. I more than ever believe that his dependence is upon Christ, but the victory over fear and shame is not yet completely gained.' Was it ever?

Here is another case of one 'almost persuaded':—

'Last evening I had a very pleasing young man with me from the Government school, of considerable abilities. Like so many whom we meet with from time to time, his whole delight for the present is in the New Testament. Stuart had given him a copy, and he came to me with various pages marked down, and various passages on which he could lay his finger in an instant, which he asked to have explained. He also reads with much attention Whately's small *Manual of Christian Evidences*. I tried to impress upon him a truth of which the Hindus seem to have no notion whatever, that "death is chosen rather than life by him who, knowing the truth, through fear of shame or love of reward, dares not follow it." This sententious mode of putting a truth forward suits the Hindu mind, and is in accordance with the writings of their own books. Short, pithy, dogmatic sentences from their own poets stand as unquestioned authorities with them. This boy asked with much seriousness what were the steps by which a Hindu renounces his religion, but was quite silent when I told him the chief barriers to be removed as they occurred to me. A convert has indeed an inexpressibly bitter struggle to pass through.'

And yet there were some ready and willing to take this last step and make this last great sacrifice; but even among these there were some disappointments.

French, unlike too many modern supporters of missionary efforts, always took a most keen and lively interest in the conversion of the Jews. The first catechumen he baptized was Benjamin Cohen, the son of a Jewish Rabbi in Bokhara. No statistics are recorded of the baptisms that followed, but of the last year at Agra, which was the most encouraging, he says:—

'The year has not been altogether a barren one. I have baptized seven adult converts myself, and Mr. Schneider has also some indi-

vidual cases to record. Two of the converts are moonshees of considerable ability and attainments, and are entrusted with the leading Persian and Arabic classes in the college, which is a source of great satisfaction and thankfulness to me. It may please God eventually to make use of both of them as evangelists or pastors in His Church. They have paid very great attention to the vernacular theological and scriptural lectures which I have held twice a week through the greater part of the year, and are now sharing in the daily instruction which Paul¹ is receiving from me preparatory to ordination. The regularity of their attendance at all Christian ordinances and intelligent appreciation of the word preached is really edifying. A third moonshee of less powers and acquirements is also about to take charge of one of the lower classes in the college. The whole of these have forsaken all for Christ, and have suffered very bitter reproaches for His Name's sake. I saw the letter received by one of them from a mufti, to whose daughter he had been betrothed in early life. In reply to his request that his conversion might not preclude the intended marriage, the mufti writes: "Instead of Fatima, I send a curse upon your understanding. In my opinion all your family and kinsmen are, because of you, as good as dead." Another has just been over to Bhurtpore, where his family resides, to endeavour to make reconciliation with them, but finds them all inexorable. One brother of his only, a havildar in the Bhurtpore raja's service, is more disposed to examine the claims of Christianity; he has consequently left a New Testament with him, which the man reads.'

It would be easy to multiply incidents, perhaps of equal interest to any here related, but enough has been said to show both the nature of the work and the spirit of devotion in which it was conducted. One branch of labour, however, remains still unrecorded, the labours of the pen.

Amidst his various outward activities French was a student still, and the acquisition of foreign languages did not entirely absorb his student-time. His letters home, circulated amongst friends at Oxford and elsewhere, did much to quicken missionary interest. He was a useful member of the Agra Tract Committee. He entered on a study of the Sanskrit philosophy, which he reports to be 'as hard as Aristotle' and perhaps a dangerous pursuit, only some few missionaries must be acquainted with it. Perhaps

¹ A most interesting convert and catechist from Meerut.

the taunt of the fakir, 'Go to your books and learn, and come again and teach us,' served as a stimulus.

He kept up his patristic studies, and some choice volume of the Fathers formed no scant item in his mean camp equipage. Writing from his district in 1856 to his friend Mr. Frost, he said :—

'The daily preaching strains the mind very much. . . . My taste would be to think rather than to speak, and what I say is sometimes elicited with a painful degree of shrinking and reluctance, especially in the beginning of an address. I mentioned to you before, I think, that I usually have in reading during each journey some fresh work, as original a one as possible, to reinvigorate and strengthen the mind; for another defect of mine is that the force with which I say anything is in the inverse ratio of the number of times I have to say it, and I have therefore to labour considerably in excogitating fresh illustrations and new aspects with which the truth may be presented. . . . I am enjoying *Irenæus* at present. The writings of the early Fathers do always appear to me like waters drawn fresh from the very fountain, and to contain far more simple and natural expositions of the very living word of Scripture than any modern divine, almost without exception. To mention one point which is very prominent with them, but somewhat put out of sight in modern divinity, the peculiar character of Christ's work in drawing men to *the Father* might be adduced. Even a work like Rutherford's, excellent as it is, seems to fail of being the exact counterpart of scriptural doctrine in this—*the Father* being too much lost sight of; the thought resting too exclusively on Him who draws, not so much on Him to whom we are drawn. I may, however, be wrong here, and do not speak dogmatically, but I feel to breathe more freely and more in the atmosphere of Holy Scripture, when I meet with the large broad views of the whole of the blessed work of redemption, which the earlier Fathers seem to have entertained. From the teaching of catechists the people of these parts have learnt to count Christianity as the worship of "Isa" (Jesus), and to suppose we merge the whole of the Godhead in Him. Not that by Him we have access to *the Father*; that we restore the knowledge of the one true God, the *Pārām Brāhm*; that so our great end and object is the same as that of the sects which have arisen to regenerate Hinduism, as Dadu, Nanuk, Cabir, &c.; only that we are not working in the dark, but in the light, with means thoroughly sufficient to so vast a work, knowing not only wherein the Hindus err, and how to confute those errors, but having a glorious message of mediation, redemption, sanctification, and final glory. The Dadupanthis ought not in strict truth surely to encounter us with the statement, "We worship God, you worship Isa." Far, very far would we be, I trust, from detracting one iota from the work of Christ as the α and ω , the King of kings and

Lord of lords ; but it does appear to me that there is often a confusion in the statement of doctrine, that the Unity of the Godhead is not insisted upon in our addresses to idolators as a prime and essential article of teaching as well of St. John and St. Paul as of Isaiah.

‘If you have any doubt as to what I here state, pray do not let it go beyond yourselves, as it is difficult to explain clearly in writing, and I might be supposed to be infringing the glory of the Saviour’s Divinity, which shines bright as a sunbeam from the pages of the Bible, the glory which I do trust the preaching of us both endeavours to exalt.’

Besides these private studies, he laboured as an *author* in the native tongues. In May, 1855, he wrote to Mr. Frost:—

‘I am trying to embody all the notes I used in preaching during my tour in a tract, which may be entitled, perhaps, “The Mirror of the Character of Jesus Christ¹.” It will be an attempt to illustrate the character, offices, and disposition of our Lord, from the *prophecies* of Him, the *titles* ascribed to Him, the nature of His *teaching* and of His *works* ; from the main *types* of Jewish history, the *character* of converts to His faith, and generally the *effect of His Divine truth in the world*. These, and a few other points, I am trying during the hot season to express in as simple form as possible ; but four hours in school to begin with, every day except Saturday, affects the mental vigour to some extent, and I sit poring for hours over half-written pages.’

This work¹ was published in 1856, together with a shorter tract upon the visitation of the cholera. Such were his varied occupations, when, like a bolt from the blue, there came the outbreak of the Mutiny.

¹ *Sri Yesu Christ Charite Darpan*. He also published, at his own cost, five hundred copies of a little book, *Shir-i-tiflân wa Talqin-i-Haqq-i-Joyân* (‘Milk for Babes and Instruction in Truth for Youth’), which were speedily exhausted. It would have been well, says Mr. Leighton, to have had five thousand.

CHAPTER VI.

AGRA IN THE MUTINY.

‘But when ye shall hear of wars, and commotions, be not terrified : for these things must first come to pass, but the end is not by and by.’—*St. Luke* xxi. 9.

‘Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.’

PHILIP PUSEY (from the German).

ON May 3, 1857, French, in some weakness of body but in full vigour of mind, earnestly urged his missionary pleas, apparently entirely unconscious of the impending storm.

MY DEAR MR. CHAPMAN,

I am sure we owe you a great many thanks for your efforts to obtain us a mathematical master. It is a matter of great regret and somewhat serious concern that, as yet, these efforts have been unavailing. Leighton has been laid aside for a few days, but is now able to return to a part at least of his labours. I feel the climate tell on myself, more than I did, in the way of severe exhaustion at times, as it is impossible in any way to remit one's efforts, and we have no sanatoria in these parts where we can recruit without expensive journeys to the hills.

However, I still hope that for another one and a half years I may bear up against the strain of mind and body, which the climate and a rather large share of work requires of me. I think of seeing Mr. Colvin this week, and obtaining, if practicable, an additional 100 rupees a month for the mathematical master, which would bring the annual income up to £480, and might make the post more sought after. I heard lately that a very high wrangler is coming out to India in connexion with our Society. Would it be impossible for him to devote at least six months in the year to labour in the college here, while the rest was spent in itineration?...

We all feel that the Society does not give us a proportionate share of its resources. The time surely seems come that, after so many mournful reports have been presented to the public from Agra, so many sermons preached in the streets and lanes, discussions held, inquirers entertained, with such grievously meagre results, our plan of action should now be changed, and—that which some of us do long for I trust,—the true missionary and evangelistic work should be entered upon. Do let us have in our turn some of your very best men, now that Peshawur, Calcutta, Tinnevely, &c., are so well supplied, at least for the present. The Society has not presented itself in a boldly aggressive and missionary aspect in this part of India. We need do no more than look at the reports for the last fifteen or twenty years to discover this. My annual visits to Rajputana are not by any means of an unmixed disheartening character, but they impress me with the sad conviction that what is done as yet is all but play-work, not amounting even to ‘scratching the ground.’

I know I shall not be able to say half what I would wish to say when I visit England, as I cannot boast of any fluency of speech, and my mouth usually lags far behind my heart; but I think there is cause for what I have said, and I feel thoroughly ashamed, for the gospel’s sake, that so wide a district, where so much of learning and knowledge is spreading in an extraordinarily unprecedented ratio, should not receive its due share of attention. If the tenth wrangler goes to Southern India, I hope you will be content to allow our claim for the next wrangler or man of ability and force of intellect in whose heart the love of Christ and of souls is ever the stirring and ruling principle. We had the pleasure of seeing Col. Edwardes¹ a few days since when he passed through Agra; he gave a very earnest and striking address to the senior youths of the institution. The Government College has been gaining in force of every kind lately, and I fear, until we are reinforced, that the school will gradually decline, though we do our utmost to sustain it. The Muttra School wants funds and an English master. There are 120 pupils. . . .

T. V. FRENCH.

A week after this letter had been penned, the garrison at Meerut, 130 miles from Agra, mutinied. The news reached Agra on Monday, May 11. The missionaries heard it thus. Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, had promised a donation to their new school-house at Muttra; the chaprassi was sent to ask for it, and returned with a sorrowful face—‘all the sahib log were together, the doors fast, and no one was admitted.’

¹ Afterwards better known as Sir Herbert Edwardes.

Perhaps this was the war-council of Wednesday, May 13, referred to by Mr. Raikes, in which the Lieutenant-Governor was beset with suggestions and advice of every kind, and warned against the danger of assassination.

It issued in the resolution to patrol the station with volunteers, and not to retire to the fort except under supreme necessity. The weeks that followed were an anxious time¹. Over a space of 100,000 square miles, some 90,000 native soldiers, skilfully trained by ourselves, sooner or later threw off their allegiance. In all India there were but 40,000 British troops to cope with them, many at quite unavailable distances for any speedy service, whilst the time was the hot season, which doubled the fatigue of every march and action. Many important stations were wholly unprotected by British troops, and in a vast number of smaller district-centres little knots of our countrymen, encumbered with women and children, were face to face with an infuriated soldiery, who, in their turn, were reinforced by every lawless element in a population that was at no time genuinely loyal or adequately civilized. The Cabul disaster had shaken our prestige; it was one hundred years from Plassey, and rumours were in circulation that our 'raj' was doomed; the annexation of Oudh occasioned bitter discontent; and, finally, Hindus and Mussulmans were joined in brief alliance, through crafty appeals to their religious prejudice—it was said that the cartridges served out were greased with beef-fat or pork-fat, as occasion served, the first an abomination to the Hindu, the second to the Moslem. Yet, though a native Moslem ruler was proclaimed as Emperor at Delhi, the population as a whole was neutral, save for those lawless elements at all times ready to turn all disasters of others to their own personal advantage. Amid

¹ Comparatively few of French's letters of this period have been preserved. I am therefore thrown largely on current records of the time. My chief authorities have been:—Malleson; Kaye; Raikes, *Notes of the Revolt*; Mrs. Coopland, *A Lady's Escape from Gwalior*; Sherring, *The Indian Church during the Great Rebellion*; Keene's *Handbook to Agra*; and C. M. S. Reports.

the general defection, many of the country villagers and still more of the native servants gave marked proof of fidelity in face of danger. Some of the soldiers, too, continued staunch. Such were the salient features of the contest as a whole; how much it involved of harrowing anxiety, of bloodshed and suffering, of treachery and fear, of toil and exhaustion, and effort of the heart and mind and body, even the detailed records of the time can only dimly indicate. The story is a dark one, but relieved by deeds of glowing virtue; and Cawnpore, Delhi, and Lucknow are for ever associated in the minds of Englishmen with names that have shed lustre on the British race.

The part, too, played by Agra in this great tragedy, though its fame in the remembrance of most men has been eclipsed by scenes of more dramatic interest elsewhere, was not an unimportant one. Two battles were fought under the shadow of its fortress, and the European population endured a blockade of months which none of those who shared in it is likely to forget. In the following pages the course of history will be traced only so far as it affected French and his missionary work.

The day after the council of the 13th instant at Agra, the troops were paraded in cantonments and Mr. Colvin addressed them.

‘He told the 3rd Europeans to feel no distrust of their native fellow-soldiers, whom they should consider brothers-in-arms (our honest fellows looked as if they would, nevertheless, like to have a shot at their brothers). He added, “The rascals at Delhi have killed a clergyman’s daughter, and, if you should have to meet them in the field, you will not forget this.” Then came the sepoys’ turn. The Lieutenant-Governor said that he fully trusted them, and asked them to come forward if they had any complaints to make, and offered to discharge on the spot any man who wished to leave his colours. Prompted by their officers to cheer, the sepoys set up a yell; they looked, however, with a devilish scowl at us all.’

And so things went on through the month of May. In the Civil Lines, the Candaharie Bagh, a masonry house

¹ Raikes.

belonging to the Raja of Bhurtpore, and occupied by Mr. Morgan, was held as a kind of fortress, and many slept there at night. 'In the city,' says Mr. Leighton, 'we lay down without undressing, a small bundle of clothes by our side, and horse and gari ready at the door to fly if possible to the fort'; 'in the cantonments,' says Raikes, 'the young officers of the native regiments rode, swam, and played billiards with as much gaiety as though they had not nightly to sleep in the lines amongst a set of ruffians thirsting for their blood.'

On May 20 the troops at Allygurh, but fifty miles from Agra, mutinied. They had appeared most loyal, and of their own accord delivered up men who came into their lines attempting to seduce them. One such, a Brahman, who had formed a plan to seize the treasury, was tried by a court-martial of native officers, condemned and executed in the presence of the troops, who allowed the cart to move from under him, and gave no sign of disaffection, till one more bold than the rest stepped from the ranks, and pointing to the dangling corpse, exclaimed, 'Behold a martyr to our holy faith.' Then all was in confusion—the officers were dismissed without bloodshed, but the station was plundered and the men marched off to Delhi. From Allygurh Lady Outram escaped into Agra, walking some miles barefoot under the burning sun.

Next day there was a panic in the city, and a general rush to the Candaharie Bagh, in which some hundreds of Christians hastily assembled. What happened at the college Mr. Leighton and Judge Raikes shall describe. Mr. Leighton says:—

'One instance of the alarms which were prevalent may be given, as it brings out both Mr. French's care for others and his own calmness in danger. He came to my class-room one morning, saying that a report had been brought to him that a body of rebels was crossing the bridge of boats, and that soon the whole city would be in an uproar. He recommended me to go home and look after my wife, as my house was at least two miles distant. I could do nothing but act on this advice.'

Shortly afterwards Mr. Raikes, who had been patrolling with his volunteers, and supplying the Candaharie Bagh

with ammunition from the jail, rode to the college, and this is what he saw :—

‘I must here pause to record the impression made upon me by the calmness and coolness of Mr. French. Every Englishman was handling his sword or his revolver. The road covered with carriages, people hastening right and left to the rendezvous at Candaharie Bagh. The city folk running as for their lives, and screaming that the mutineers from Allypore were crossing the bridge. The budmashes (men of bad character) twisting their mustachios and putting on their worst looks. Outside the college, all alarm, hurry, and confusion. Within calmly sat the good missionary, hundreds of young natives at his feet, hanging on the lips which taught them the simple lessons of the Bible. And so it was throughout the revolt. Native functionaries, highly salaried, largely trusted, deserted and joined our enemies ; but the students at the Government and still more at the Missionary Schools kept steadily to their classes ; and, when others doubted and fled, they trusted implicitly to their teachers, and openly espoused the Christian cause.’

On May 25 Mr. Colvin put forth a proclamation, offering free pardon to all mutineers who had not done actual violence, should they surrender their arms and return to their allegiance ; for he believed that many had merely been carried away in the stream of revolt through fear rather than personal disloyalty. The wisdom of the proclamation was much canvassed. At any rate, it proved too late to be of service. On May 30 the troops at Muttra, where French had established his new mission school, broke out into rebellion. Muttra, thirty-five miles from Agra, was garrisoned from one of the two regiments quartered in Agra itself. These were the men who had listened to Mr. Colvin's harangue, and amongst whom his proclamation had been freely circulated, nor had they been in contact with any other troops.

The gravity of the crisis was very evident, especially as it became apparent that the contingents of the native rajas were not reliable. At the beginning of the outbreak Colvin had promptly applied to the Rajas of Bhurtpore and Gwalior (Sindia) for help. It was granted. But Sindia warned the resident (Macpherson) that he could not trust his own troops,

which were recruited from the same ground as the sepoy. Now the Bhurtpore contingent holding the road between Delhi and Muttra might have easily cut off the Muttra rebels. They chose, instead, to dismiss their own officers and to make common cause with them. It became clear that sterner measures were required. On Sunday, May 31, the two native regiments in Agra were brigaded and disarmed. The Candaharie Bagh was changed from an elegant garden pavilion into a rough, uncouth-looking fortress; a permanent guard was organized; biscuits and beer were supplied in plenty from the stores of Government, hundreds of large water-vessels ranged around the outer verandahs, sandbags piled, the twelve o'clock gun dragged from its wonted site and placed in position to command the entrance, grape-shot extemporized at a neighbouring coachmaker's shop; and, 'in short, we prepared ourselves,' says Mr. Raikes, who was in command, 'to hold out in case of sudden attack either from sepoy, town mobs, prisoners, or the revolted regiments from Nusseerabad, which we knew were marching upon Agra.' Meanwhile, in the military lines, the native regiments were drawn up on parade, a battery of artillery under Captain d'Oyly, and the 3rd Europeans under Colonel Riddell, in a position to enforce obedience. 'The word "Pile arms" was given. There was a moment of hesitation, a look of discontent. The officers sternly reiterated the order. Silent and sullen, the sepoy obeyed, piled their arms, and were marched off the lines. The 44th and 67th Regiments, whose colours had waved from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, were no more ¹.'

On examining the muskets many were found loaded with ball. It was afterwards well known that on this very Sunday morning the sepoy had conspired to overpower the European regiment when in church, to rush upon the guns, and then to shoot, plunder, and burn from one end of Agra to the other.

This decided action in some degree cleared the air, but

¹ Raikes.

from all surrounding districts fresh tidings of disaster kept coming in. On June 14 the Gwalior contingent mutinied, and fugitives arrived in the course of the week following with harrowing descriptions of massacre and of privation. The whole country on the right bank of the Jumna had declared against our rule, and Agra was cut off completely from its communications, an isolated stronghold in a belt of fire.

‘We have heard of little else,’ says French, writing on June 17, ‘than risings and massacres lately. The fall of Delhi’ (incorrectly reported when he wrote) ‘has been a bright spot in the general gloom, and particular friendly acts of natives, who have favoured and aided the escape of Europeans doomed to destruction, have given things a more cheering aspect occasionally. It is vain to dwell on these (massacres), for, the posts being closed, we have very little accurate idea of what has occurred. The European troops and many of the English gentlemen appear to have behaved with great bravery, and, on the whole, as prudent measures seem to have been adopted as the case admitted of. Meantime, we strengthen ourselves in the Lord our God, and have great comfort in committing ourselves, with all that concerns us, into His hands. It is delightful to see how thoroughly those who conduct affairs in Agra are possessed with this spirit. Mr. Colvin and Mr. Drummond both express their full conviction that there are manifest signs of God’s hand, of His overruling Providence, in the events which have occurred.

‘Whilst acting on this principle, they act with great promptitude and decision, and there is no failing of heart. We hope yet to see things righted in a few days or weeks: our distance from England requires of us to exercise patience, which this present trying of our faith will, I trust, work in us. Last week Mr. Leighton and myself conducted a prayer-meeting with a few private friends. We shall only hold it two evenings of the week, the military chaplain having established evening daily service. The plot which is now being carried into execution seems of two years’ standing at least, and time continually reveals its widely extended ramifications. In God’s good Providence the plan must, in part at least, have failed at its commencement, or effects far more disastrous would have followed. Since I last wrote we have had no occasion to stir from our house by night or day, though many, from perhaps unnecessary precaution, have done so. There are several fortified posts in the station, to which a number of volunteers from among the East Indians and others are attached; and there some people sleep. After school in the morning, I am able now to make good progress with my preparations for the work I wish to write, and can get on

with languages also, besides catechists' classes; so that only the preaching department of our work is absolutely closed. Inquirers are, of course, fewer. This will show you that we still enjoy a very large measure of peace and quiet in the station, and have done so, indeed, since the disbanding of our troops on May 31. We have had but a small share of actual danger, and of our civil and military officers only one life has been lost.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy tabernacle" has been an unspeakable comfort: the future is in His hands. May we be enabled to glorify Him in all and for all! The movement, though a religious turn has been given to it in order to enlist the more supporters, is yet in the main political, and seems to have been greatly fomented by female intrigue, which accomplishes so much in Asiatic courts. . . . These proofs of the world's uncertainty make one more than ever shrink from too eager anticipation of anything earthly. I am sure we ought to hold fast to more unchangeable things—"God, our dwelling-place from one generation to another," "Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," and "the city which hath foundations."

On July 2 authentic news was brought that the rebels from the Rajputana States, who were known to be marching on Agra more than 2,000 strong, had reached Fathpur Sikri (the Versailles of Agra), but 23 miles distant. This news precipitated the revolt of the native contingents from Kiraoli and Kotah, who till this time were nominally faithful, and made it plainly impossible to defend a large and scattered station with the scanty European force remaining. Mr. Colvin is reported to have said, 'The wrath of God is upon us if we retire to the fort'; but the pressure of necessity was on him, and he gave a reluctant consent. On the 3rd he had a threat of apoplexy, which compelled him to resign authority to a commission of three—Brigadier Polwhele, Mr. E. A. Reade, and Major Macleod; but, after a single day of complete rest, he resumed the reins of government. Meantime, the Christian population had crowded to the fort, and the enemy was reported to be advancing on Shahganj, a village four miles distant. The question for the brigadier's decision was, whether he should abandon the station as defenceless, or march out beyond it and strike at the rebels in the open, in the hope of turning them aside. He had at his disposal one European regiment of infantry, about 580

strong, one battery with 69 Europeans and 54 native drivers, and about 100 mounted militia and volunteer cavalry. The enemy had been reinforced until they numbered some 6,000 men, or at least eight to every one of their assailants. Still bold counsels prevailed, and wisely so. On Sunday, July 5, at 1 p.m., the English marched out to Shahganj, and found the enemy intrenched at Sassiah, a village one mile beyond.

The battle began with an artillery duel, six English guns against eleven; the enemy's were strongly posted behind shelter. The General was anxious to spare his infantry as much as possible, knowing them to be the only English troops between the Bombay Presidency on the one side, and Allahabad on the other. Unhappily, the practice of the mutineers was very good; three of our ammunition tumbrils were exploded, and Captain d'Oyly mortally wounded while gallantly fighting his guns. At last, too late, the infantry was ordered to advance to the assault. The village of Sassiah was taken, but with great loss of life. The rebels still held the outlying houses, and there were no guns left of use to push home the advantage. It was impossible to hold the place with infantry alone. The enemy soon found that there was something wrong, and that our ammunition was expended, and they recovered heart, and threatened the communications with Agra, and attempted to carry off our silent guns with masses of their cavalry. A little troop of eighteen volunteers gallantly charged them, and arrested them in this design; amongst them was a Frenchman, Jourdain, the leader of a circus troupe, who had volunteered, as he said, '*pour l'honneur d'alliance*,' and fell in the thick of the fray. The order to retreat was given. One gun was left upon the ground disabled, but recovered two days afterwards, and the troops marched into Agra in good order, surrounded by clouds of the attacking cavalry, and carrying their sick and wounded. The rebel artillery and infantry moved off to Delhi. Polwhele had struck and failed. He may have made errors of judgement, but he was a brave and thorough soldier, and paid dear for his ill-success by

being superseded in command. We lost, out of 800, 150 in killed and wounded.

The course of the battle had been anxiously watched from the fort. There Judge Raikes had been granted, owing to his rank in the service, good quarters in the tiled barracks.

‘We had,’ he says, ‘three rooms, each about 14 feet square. No windows, but a wooden door to each, and a verandah on either side. Our party, besides Mrs. Raikes and myself, consisted of two families—the Rev. Valpy French, his wife, and two children; Major Raikes, Mrs. Raikes, and one child. There were also two nurses and three women-servants. One room served for the gentlemen at night, and for our dining-room at day. The other two rooms were given up to the ladies and children. It was hot and uncomfortable, as may be supposed, but not intolerable. We put up punkahs, and hired little Christian boys to pull them. Many of our friends had much more confinement to bear.

‘From my sick bed’ (he was down with fever), ‘in the afternoon of Sunday, July 5. I heard the cannonade, which lasted for nearly two hours. There was a commotion in the verandah, and my wife came in to tell me that Mr. French, who had watched the battle from the ramparts, reported our discomfiture. The English, surrounded by clouds of cavalry, were retreating slowly towards the fort, ever and anon facing and firing volleys at their pursuers.

‘Then came the rush of weary soldiers to the canteen, which was close to our room and in the same barrack. Bloody, thirsty, covered with dust and with smoke, the soldiers clamoured for drink. Beer, tea, wine, and water were hastily given them by the ladies of our party. I could overhear their remarks. “Ah, my chummie, my townie!” said one, whose comrade had been left dead on the battlefield. “Faith, and the major” (Major Thomas, who was mortally wounded in the assault on the village) “went at ’em grand,” said another. The long string of hospital litters passed through the fort gates. The gallant d’Oyly was carried in to die. . . . A line of fire in the cantonments showed the course of the retreating enemy. Barracks, private houses, bazaars, all were in a blaze.’

While the ladies of the party were engaged in ministering at the canteen, Mr. French had gone to the fort gate to watch the further course of the day’s history.

The native Christians at Agra had been admitted to the fort the day before, but the Secundra Christians had yet to be provided for.

One of them soon afterwards wrote to Mr. Hoernle, who

before the outbreak had gone to the hills at Landour for his health:—

‘The Lord, in His great mercy, has saved us all until now, but the Mussulmans are only waiting for an opportunity to cut us up. Last Sunday we had no divine service. We were anxiously waiting for Mr. French, who was to administer the Lord’s Supper to us, but instead of him news came—“No service; fly for your lives, guard and save yourselves.” We then took refuge in the Press. For three days¹ we had no work. During the day we went to our houses, but at night we stayed with our families at the Press. Mr. Longdon having procured arms for us from the magazine, we have armed ourselves, and kept a regular guard over the place. Horrible rumours sometimes quite discourage us, but our hope is in the Lord; and when we take up our Bibles, especially in the Psalms, we find great consolation and rest for our alarmed minds.

‘The Mussulmans tell us that the jihad (religious war) is now commenced. They are gnashing their teeth at the Christians, wishing to abolish Christianity from the face of India. Some of them said in our presence, “We shall hang your padris first, and then kill you all.” But they cannot do this. The Roman emperors wished the same, and they persecuted the Christians of the first centuries very much; but they never gained their object, much less will the Mohammedans now. . . . Kind father, do not forget your flock before the throne of grace. Never take rest till the enemies are put to shame and confusion. Do what Moses did when the Israelites were fighting with the Amalekites—lift up your hands for us.’

Mr. Schneider, writing July 21, takes up the story thus:—

‘Our Christians have lost their all; they had been removed from Secundra on the 4th and 5th instant to a place in the city called Hamiltongunj, under the guns of the fort. For some time our endeavours to procure for them admission into the fort proved in vain. Then, at the last hour, when the wounded and troops were returning from the field of battle and entering the fort, our poor Christian families were standing before the gates imploring the guards to let them in. Mr. French and myself took advantage of the time when the troops entered, and brought in the children and women to the number of about 240; the men entered afterwards. I cannot describe to you the scene I witnessed when we thus brought in our native Christians.’

¹ This refers, it would seem, to the three preceding days.

The story of what happened next is mainly derived from Mr. Leighton's reminiscences:—

‘Our native Christians were still outside the fort, certain of massacre if they spent the night there. Mr. French made one more effort: all authority was now in the hands of the military officers. Mr. French obtained leave to bring them in, from whom I do not know—probably from the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin; but the authority was verbal. I was with him at the fort gate, bringing in the native Christians and taking from them their swords and muskets as they entered, when the commandant of the fort, Colonel G., and his aide-de-camp, Captain N., appeared, and, with no little roughness, stopped them, demanding Mr. French's authority. The commandant refused to listen, as there was no written permission. Mr. French said, with the greatest dignity and earnestness, “I am an English clergyman, and claim to have my word taken.”

‘It was in vain, however; the direst confusion prevailed. At last’ (but not, it would seem, till French had declared his unalterable purpose to stay out with them if they were refused) ‘the aide-de-camp drew Mr. French aside, and told him to get a written order from the brigadier. He went, and returned with it, and the native Christians then went in. About forty of them immediately volunteered to go out with me to a bungalow, about half a mile distant, to bring in a large quantity of medical stores. It was now night, but the blazing bungalows on all sides gave all the light we needed; fire-arms were let off, and seemed close upon us, but no one was hurt. We all took our share, day and night, in nursing the wounded in the hospital.’

Such is the plain, unadorned narrative gleaned from contemporary sources. Many highly coloured versions were soon current, which French himself was forward to deny. Most likely he fell asleep that night, thankful that he had done his duty, and that the native Christians were admitted, but quite unconscious that he had done an act which should enrol him ever afterwards among the foremost rank of missionary heroes. The military have been blamed, but their one failing, so far as is apparent in the narrative, was some asperity of temper, very excusable upon the night of a lost battle. It was a time when men had need of caution, and many thought (though the opinion was mournfully belied by the events that followed) that natives as such ran very little risk, whilst their admission as Christians might tend

to inflame passions by presenting the conflict in the light of a religious war. This may have weighed with some; with more there was the plainer risk of overcrowding in the fort.

It is satisfactory to know that the Christians, when they were admitted, proved of the greatest service. Mr. Schneider says:—

‘All the heathen and Mussulman servants had fled from the fort during the battle, and the applications from the most respectable parties in the fort, the Lieutenant-Governor not excluded, for Christian servants were far more than could be procured. From two parties I had applications, each for 500 men for public service. The burden upon me for the first three days was beyond my strength, and on the fourth day Mr. Loughdon was appointed superintendent of all the native Christians, and I have now only to care for the thirty-five orphan children, for whom I cannot even procure a place to live in. Oh, what anxieties and cares, which the Lord only can help to bear!’

For two days after the battle, the wearied soldiers were confined to quarters to recruit their strength, and confusion reigned in the station. The prisoners, some 4,000 in number, had been before the battle taken across the river, and there released as a precaution against any outbreak in our rear. They now returned, and with the help of the disloyal Mussulman police, too largely trusted by Mr. Drummond, the magistrate, burned and plundered Agra from end to end, proclaiming the King of Delhi emperor in all the public places. On the third day, a better-class native gentleman, named Rajaram, conveyed a message to the fort that the town was only held by a rabble, and a demonstration would suffice to restore order. Mr. Drummond at once acted on the suggestion, paraded the town with a small body of troops, and re-established British rule in it. The ruined buildings he could not repair.

And yet even here the Providence of God was manifest, for had the station not been so completely gutted, many civilians would probably have been tempted to return to their houses before it was safe to do so, and much loss of life might have happened in the subsequent surprise of Colonel Greathed's column on October 10. As it was, the rabble killed

all the English, and the native Christians and Eurasians (some twenty-two in number), still found within the city. Mr. Hubbard, professor of English literature at the Government College, who had lingered too long in the town, was shot while driving to the fort. His body was never seen again, and his buggy was thrown into the college compound. He had two missionary brothers, one of whom also perished in the Mutiny. Amongst the natives murdered was old Thakur, the convert of Bishop Corrie, who well remembered the capture of the fort in 1803 by Lord Lake.

Thus, amid blood and fire, was ushered in the dreary six months' leaguer of the fort, which gave cramped refuge to the fugitives. It will be well to introduce the story with some more full description of its buildings.

The impression made on French by his first moonlight drive, on his arrival, through its half-dismantled palaces has been already quoted. Not long afterwards, he spent one of his rare real holidays within its precincts. Here is his picture of the place in peace : —

‘The fort is on an eminence commanding the Jumna, and a very fine prospect it has, though very flat. The river is here seen to advantage, as all Indian rivers are when swollen by the rains. The Taj, which also commands the river at a little distance, looks truly majestic, and its beauty is such, and the exquisiteness of its proportions so striking, that one can scarcely take one's eyes off it. Large parties of Hindus swimming, or rather carried down upon floats, occasionally came in sight, shouting and singing, some of them at the highest pitch of their voices, all with their turbaned heads just appearing above the water, which had a very droll appearance. The fort is considered too hot a place for the soldiers to reside in. The whole marble pavements are painfully bright and glistening in parts.’

Now not merely soldiers, but women and children, had to reside within its walls; and the sight that greeted them in the stream was not droll turbaned heads, but tables and chairs and sofas, the wrecks and ruins of their furniture, floating and sticking by the banks.

The fortress is massive in appearance, but really powerless against modern artillery, the walls being merely rubble faced with stone. They are, however, 70 feet in height, and

crowned with beehive crenellations, and they are one mile and a half in circumference. Before the main Delhi gate, upon the landward side, is a large *place d'armes*, and beyond it the famous Jama Musjid, or Great Mosque, built for Jehanara, Shah Jehan's lovely daughter, who shared and lightened the years of his captivity. She lies buried at Delhi, in a white sarcophagus carved with flowers and encrusted with gems, while in the centre blooms a spot of fresh green turf, and an inscription records that, by her own desire, only flowers and grass, things frail and evanescent mark the last resting-place of 'the perishable pilgrim Jehanara.' The close confinement of our countrymen was very different in outward character from the magnificent detention of old Shah Jehan, but all alike were 'perishable pilgrims.'

The first portal of the fort leads by a steep paved incline to the main entrance, crowned with three domes, and flanked by two octagonal red-sandstone towers. Within, there is a strange admixture of ancient and modern buildings. barracks, gun-sheds, arsenals, mosques, palaces. The centre of the space was occupied by the far-famed Pearl Mosque, or Moti Musjid, which owes its beauty to its exquisite proportions and simplicity, and to the snowy polished whiteness of its marble. It stands on a raised platform, faced by a court and cloisters. In any distant view of the fort its three pure domes look like soft soap-bubbles resting upon the solid sandstone walls, as if they might be blown away by any wind. Within, there is a triple arcade, and the floor marked out in spaces for 600 worshippers, with room for their prostrations. This building was, at a later date, converted to a hospital. 'The spacious corridors,' says Raikes, 'were filled with sick and wounded men. Dr. Farquhar requested Mrs. Raikes to preside over the hospital arrangements. For weeks that the ladies watched over their charge, never was a word said by a soldier which could shock the gentlest ear.'

In the far angle by the river were the royal palaces, principal centres of accommodation, with their large halls and courtyards. The leading buildings are the Diwan-i-Khass.

or hall of nobles, and the Diwan-i-Amm, or hall of public audience, and the zenana, with its noble Shish Mahal, a spacious marble bath-room with roof adorned with myriads of mirrors—its tasteful pavilions, with dainty Oriental decorations, elaborate and fanciful, that overhang the Jumna,—and its dark passages beneath, where many frail offending beauties met an untimely end.

The allotment of the quarters is thus described by Malleson. The civilians of Agra were lodged in the small apartments ranged along three sides of the beautiful garden near the Diwan-i-Khass. For others, fugitive ladies and children, huts, separated from one another by grass screens, silky, strong, and flexible, were arranged in the stone gallery, 12 feet wide, the roof supported on arches, which runs round the Diwan-i-Amm. To the senior officers and their families were allotted small tiled houses near the Moti Musjid. Separate houses were also made over to fugitives of distinction. For officers of lower rank tents were pitched on a large green plot near the mosque.

The Roman Catholic archbishop and his ecclesiastical staff were similarly accommodated. To the nuns and their numerous pupils were assigned sheds and storerooms where the gun-carriages had stood. One was converted with much skill into a chapel. The Protestant chaplains had comfortable quarters; the missionaries lived in the palace garden. To the unmarried soldiers were assigned one set of barracks, to the married another. These latter had saved their furniture and lived in comparative comfort. Merchants and shop-keepers erected small grass huts on archways and the tops of buildings; Eurasians had to go ‘anywhere.’ The Europeans numbered nearly 2,000 (about 900 women and children), the natives and Eurasians nearly 4,000 more.

Of these, some were questionably loyal. A baker was hanged for plotting to poison the bread; pictures of Feringhis blown up and scurrilous inscriptions were found upon the walls; so no precaution was omitted, and all magazines but one were banked over with earth and doubly guarded. The defences were all strengthened, and the neighbouring

buildings outside, including the Great Mosque, mined ready for emergencies.

The place was provisioned for six months, and though there was some roughing it, and it was like a shipboard life on a large scale, a market was ere long established just outside the walls, and most so-called necessities, and even many luxuries, could be procured. Mr. Raikes describes the little beleaguered colony in graphic terms:—

‘Not only was every part of our British Isles represented, but we had unwilling delegates from many parts of Europe and America. Nuns from the banks of the Garonne and the Loire, priests from Sicily and Rome, missionaries from Ohio and Basle, mixed with rope-dancers from Paris and pedlars from Armenia. Beside these, we had Calcutta baboos and Parsee merchants. . . . The circumstances of the multitude were as various as their races. There were men who had endured more than all the afflictions of Job; who had lost, like him, not only their sons and daughters and everything they possessed, but who also mourned over the fate of wife, mother, and sister. Reserved, silent, solitary amongst the crowd, they longed either to live alone with their grief, or to quench the fire within by some hurried act of vengeance or despair. Some few there were, on the other hand, who rejoiced in the troubles of the Christian race, who fattened on their spoil, and waited only to betray them if opportunity should offer.

‘The mass had lost their property—the householder his houses, the merchant his money, the shopkeeper his stores. Part, however, was saved. You could buy millinery or perfumery, but not cheese, beer, wine, nor tobacco.’

The leaguer lasted with more or less of straitness until the end of the year. On September 9 Mr. Colvin died, and was buried within the fort, as his predecessor's tomb had been desecrated and rifled by the rebels. Anxiety had crushed him before he saw the triumph for which he had prepared. French attended him in his last sickness, and preached his funeral sermon. He referred in terms of warm appreciation to his character, his uprightness, his thoroughness, his liberality, his warm support of missions, his kindly interest in native Christians, his continual acknowledgement of God:—

‘We have much reason,’ he said, ‘to rejoice with him, and to praise God in his behalf, in that, in the near prospect of death, he

could appeal to all those before whom his public character had made him prominent, that he had not shrunk from bearing the burden which God had called him to sustain, and to the utmost of his power and ability, and in the performance of his duty, had, as far as in him lay, exercised himself to have always "a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards man." . . . Yet let it not be supposed that the consciousness of integrity and honesty of purpose was the pillow which supported his dying head. . . . The only apprehension, remaining in his case, was lest the consciousness of freedom from gross vices and correctness of outward moral deportment should prevent his having that just appreciation of sin, and that sense of its demerits, which, as he said, he felt most of all to become the sinner in approaching that God against whom he has sinned. It was therefore the atonement and the "perpetual priestly intercession" of Christ that he found to be an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. These words, emphatically repeated, were some of the last that escaped his lips.'

On September 20 Delhi fell; but this brought no relief at once to Agra. It rather increased the peril, as some of the dispersing rebels set their faces thither, and Sindia's contingent, long kept in check through Macpherson's influence with the raja, was known to be marching on the town. Accordingly, urgent appeals were sent to Colonel Greathed, who had started with a column 3 000 strong from Delhi to clear the Doab. He arrived at Agra by forced marches on October 10.

Raikes' diary records his arrival :—

Saturday, Oct. 10.—We went to the Shah Boorg (Royal Bastion) this morning to see Colonel Greathed's moveable column cross the bridge. . . . From the bastion we went down to the Delhi gate. The Queen's 8th passed within three yards of us. "Those dreadful-looking men must be Afghans," said a lady to me as they slowly and wearily marched by. I did not discover they were Englishmen till I saw a short clay pipe in the mouth of nearly the last man. My heart bled to see these jaded, miserable objects, and to think of all they must have suffered since May last to reduce fine Englishmen to such worn, sun-dried skeletons.'

Hardly had they settled on their camping-ground in the parade, about the selection of which there had been some prolonged discussion, as the fort authorities, pitying their labours, had wished to give them a more shady though less tenable position, when a fakir, clothed in white and playing

on a tomtom, came dancing up, and, whipping out his sword, cut off a soldier's head. This was the signal for a general attack. Through some fatality or fault of some one the rebels, unobserved, had reached the station. Greathed had trusted the authorities at Agra that they were still some miles away. His men were bathing and cooking and quite unprepared; but four months of campaigning had inured them to alarms, however sudden, and, after a brief moment of confusion, in which some valuable lives were lost, they got together and soon repelled the onset. Cotton, now in command at Agra, pushed forward the pursuit with fury with his unexhausted garrison, and the enemy's camp and treasure were captured, and some 500 of his troops put *hors de combat*. For the enemy, on their part also, were utterly surprised. They boasted that at noon they would fire their first shot at the fort, and that in three hours it would be theirs. They thought they had only the garrison to deal with. It was indeed a special providence that Greathed arrived when he did.

This was the last event of public importance at Agra during the blockade. Only nine days later, on October 19, Mrs. French gave birth to her fourth child, who was christened shortly afterwards by the name of Alfred Henry Lawrence. It will surprise no one to hear that (seeing all she had passed through) the mother's health was greatly shattered; for days her life was despaired of, and it was long before she quite recovered strength. On French's thirty-third birthday, January 1, 1858, he moved out of his long confinement to the ruined college buildings; and early that year he took the first opportunity of escorting Mrs. French and the children to Calcutta¹ on their way

¹ One little girl had been sent to England already, being in weak health. I may mention here once for all the names and dates of birth of the whole family: — Ellen Penelope, January 29, 1854, died August 31, 1892; Cyril John Valpy, May 22, 1855; Lydia Marian Dillwyn, September 25, 1856; Alfred Henry Lawrence, October 19, 1857; Agnes Sarah, December 21, 1860; Basil Peter William, January 8, 1862; Edith Catharine, March 16, 1864, died January 16, 1885; Wilfrid Thomas, January 3, 1866.

towards home, returning himself for one year more of effort as a repairer of the breach and a restorer of the paths to dwell in.

And now, having followed out the course of events, it only remains to present some fragments of French's correspondence, and give some account of his ministrations in the time of trial, and his labours to renew again the interrupted work. To Mr. Frost, his friend, he wrote on August 27, 1857:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

It was indeed reviving to my spirit to see your handwriting again. You have indeed been passing through much affliction, but your song seems to be, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me! *All* the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth.' The state of things previous to this outbreak was so growingly unsatisfactory, that even the storm which breaks the serene uniformity and monotony of our work seems full of hope to me for the future, and I do trust we may yet see the earthquake and the tempest succeeded by the still small voice of peace and love in the gospel. Here we have been in or near the fort of Agra of late, shut out very much from all opportunity of missionary effort.

Our college was only closed for a fortnight. On the Saturday preceding Sunday, July 5, we broke up for the holidays; Sunday, the battle here took place, after which we were more or less prisoners, yet without enduring any straitness, without in fact being besieged at all, strictly speaking; and had our houses not been all destroyed, or at least so damaged as not to afford shelter, we might very soon have ventured out of the fort walls. It seems clear a massacre was *intended* here as elsewhere, from which the great mercy of our heavenly Father has delivered us. Some seven or eight missionaries, at least, seem to have perished in this part of the country, besides three chaplains—Coopland, of Gwalior, one of these latter. Three of the S. P. G. missionaries, four of the American Board of Missions, and one Baptist missionary are known to have fallen victims. We have nine missionaries of different denominations in the fort¹: on Friday evening we meet for a prayer-meeting, to ask counsel of God, and deliberate what should be our conduct, spirit, and principles under this dark dispensation. At present

¹ They were—T. V. French, F. C. Schneider, J. Leighton, C. M. S.; J. Parsons, Baptist; Evans, from Muttra, Baptist; Fullarton, Ullman, Scott, American Presbyterians; Glen, an ex-missionary of the London Society, who died in the fort.

dark clouds hide God's purposes from us, yet occasionally we can feel the light of the promises shine through them. By this mail the tidings reach me of an old college friend, Fynes-Clinton, having been accepted as a missionary and designated for Agra. Thus, while we are mourning our losses in one place, God in another is supplying them by calling forth others to be repairers of the breach, *restorers of paths to dwell in*. I conclude you will not be able to execute your design of itinerating in the cold season. My head class gives me much satisfaction at this time by their friendly attention and willingness, in spite of popular outcry, to continue daily their religious studies. May you be much refreshed by finding something of congeniality of heart in some few of your students. I propose (D.V.) at the end of next year to visit England.

Your very affectionate friend and brother,

T. V. FRENCH.

With reference to this good will of the college students, Mr. Wright also says:—

‘Most of the senior boys manifested an attachment to us throughout the Mutiny. Some of them, not without risk to themselves, visited us in the fort. Others employed themselves in searching beside the road for books belonging to the college or our private libraries, and this when the danger was so great that no European was allowed to leave the fort. Mr. Wood, a teacher in the school, when ill, and no other servant could be procured, was attended to night and day, in and out of the fort, by a lad of his own class.

‘A boy at present in the class under my charge was chiefly instrumental in saving the lives of an Anglo-Indian lady and her children. His father, a *bajan* (clothman), got Hindustani dresses made up for them and hid them in his own house, and fed them gratuitously till they could go with safety to the fort.

‘For this service the boy, Brij Ballab, has just obtained an appointment in the accountant's office, with a much higher salary than his present attainments might entitle him to receive. Whenever, soon after the battle, I was able to visit the college, four or five of the senior boys were always straggling about round its ruins. A boy in the sixth class in our school oftentimes, before the Mutiny, urged me to commit to his keeping my most valuable things; I shared, however, in the general infatuation of thinking that nothing would happen. A friend of mine, more wise than myself, gave this lad the most valuable of his furniture, and it was all delivered to him again when peace was restored. This lad, Ballab Ram, was often threatened by neighbours for protecting property belonging to the *sahibs*.’

On December 2, 1857, French wrote to Mr. Knight:—

MY DEAR KNIGHT,

Your letter dated August 27, I think, reached me only about a week since, but was cheering and gratifying as a mark of the sympathy and interest with which you have accompanied me in heart through the late struggle. To me personally, the fort has proved rather an occasion of relief to an overwrought mind than a trying and harassing sphere, though ministerial labours within it have brought me in contact with sorrow of the bitterest and most afflictive character, and I have had to pass myself also through a lengthened period of suspense during Mrs. French's extremely dangerous illness. I thank God she has rallied far beyond what I could have looked for. . . . It will be more pleasing to tell you at least of what we have *commenced* in the way of repairing the ruins than to describe, however graphically, the ruins. I have a great deal of work carved out for next year, if God gives me strength and requisite perseverance.

The claims of Christianity will surely seem now to many a Mohammedan mind more deserving of inquiry and attentive consideration than they did in the anticipation of its speedy overthrow. . . . We are trying hard to rally our students, but without any adequate success. My own first class is the only one which remains entire, and in proportion to the influence our teaching *as a whole* had gained over the minds of the youths instructed, was a better spirit exhibited towards Government and more sympathy exhibited with our cause. Though we have reduced our establishment materially, yet it is an anxious and difficult matter to meet the current expenses, and nothing, humanly speaking, but the allowance of our claim to compensation can place us again on the same solid basis on which we once *seemed* to stand. However, you have granted us the most effectual succours possible in sending us the men of whom Mr. Venn's note to my dear mother contains notices. You can scarcely tell how cheering and reviving this 'good news from a far country' has proved to our hearts. This is the vanguard, I trust, of a missionary phalanx, destined to pull down some of Satan's strongholds in North-Western India. It is our earnest desire here to have a real 'moveable column' of itinerant missionaries and evangelists, whose efforts may mainly be directed to publish such glad tidings as are contained in 1 Cor. xv. 47-49, among the inhabitants of the large cities, towns, and villages in these provinces. . . . No plan for the future seems so to commend itself to my judgement and inclinations as joining our lately appointed missionary brethren in steady and well-directed effort to reclaim the long-neglected wastes of Rajputana. Yet all this must be said with submission to a Higher and Holier Will than ours, and with the unfeigned feeling that to any adequate fulfilment of such a design, a very large and

specially increased measure of the Holy Spirit's effectual help will be required.

'Secundra has to be altogether abandoned, as the Press is taken up by the Government and removed to other premises. Surely we shall be allowed some liberal compensation?'

A fortnight later he wrote to Mr. Chapman:—

'Our work has received such providential hindrances during the last six months, that I experience more than ordinary difficulty in attempting the annual letter. It is not pleasant to have to tell of institutions less thriving, converts less numerous, flocks partially scattered, and the diminishing to such an extent of the means and apparatus which were at our disposal for the furtherance of our mission-objects before the outbreak took place.

'As far as my own private feelings go, indeed, I am full of hope and confidence for the future; but I feel that outwardly the aspect of things might, with some show of reason, suggest ground of serious doubt and despondency to many who, up to this time, have been our active supporters. . . . The college had been steadily advancing before the Mutiny till we had reached the number of 330 students, and we had enlarged our staff of masters as far as possible proportionately. . . .

'We occupied for a couple of months an old ruined school-house in the immediate vicinity of the fort, and for the last two months have returned to our college buildings in the city. We were the last to cease operations and the first to recommence them of the various institutions within the city and station. Though all portable property of every description, even to doors and windows, was carried off or broken to pieces, yet less deliberate malice was shown in the treatment of our mission buildings than was exhibited towards the Government College and many other edifices belonging to Government, which was pleasing in so far as it led us to hope that our motives and intentions were to some extent appreciated.

'Our difficulties are very great in maintaining an adequate staff, even after a general reduction of salaries and the dismissal of some of the less trustworthy teachers. Fortunately we had a balance in hand at the bank, or we should have been brought to a standstill. The destruction of the whole Secundra works, which was our mainstay and staff, deprived us at one blow of half our monthly revenue. At present we have not collected much more than one-third of our former numbers; it seems probable, however, that by slow degrees we shall recover confidence and rally our fugitives. . . .

'Mr. Leighton and Mr. Wright have been steadily and assiduously co-operating with me. There is a heartiness and a zeal in their efforts which it does one good to see, though Leighton has suffered in his head at times from the straitness of fort quarters.

'Our Muttra Institute, with its hundred pupils so hardly

assembled together, has come to a close. Failure of resources made it absolutely necessary. Leighton and myself spent a week there at the beginning of April last, both preaching and organizing the school, which then bade fair to become a flourishing spot in our mission field. We now need to accumulate all our means and energies for the reviving of our central institution in Agra. . . .

'Schneider has had very severe attacks of fever, and has been otherwise a good deal broken down, which has left me partly in charge of the native Christian population in the fort. I formed also a small congregation of Anglo-Indians within the fort, who, living as they do in one quarter, are far more readily accessible to pastoral ministrations than heretofore.

'The sick, wounded, and bereaved have also claimed a considerable share in our sympathy and attention. I have been also very thankful for the opportunity which health and leisure have afforded me of making progress in Sanskrit and Arabic, especially the latter. Of course I could not afford a pundit or moulwi, but am now sufficiently advanced to dispense with their services. Though debarred, therefore, from much outward missionary work, I have been endeavouring to store up a stock of such learning and information as may be serviceable in the future.

'I sincerely trust that the impetus given to female education may not receive a serious check through late events. That it will be a lasting and decisive check it is difficult to imagine, but it may take years to recover the blow.

'The Government are pausing in their educational schemes; whether they intend to recede or advance seems doubtful. Mr. Stewart Reid wishes to make over the Government colleges in Bareilly and Delhi to the missionaries.

'For my own part, I do not look favourably on this plan. For the present, at any rate, the absolute necessity which would be thus imposed on every English-trained youth to study Christian books would act ill, and would place them in a necessarily disadvantageous position for the impartial examination of Christian evidence. However, the miracles of God's goodness in this war have been so manifest that, if we will but wait and pray, I believe He will teach us and all His servants to turn to the best account that superior position which He seems thus to have enabled us to occupy for the promotion of His blessed cause. . . . We have sustained very serious losses in the death of some of our most liberal supporters, especially Mr. Colvin, Sir H. Lawrence, and, I fear, Mr. Gubbins¹, of Lucknow. Nearly a fourth of the annual income of my college was derived from these three sources. But I derive my comfort from

¹ Mr. Gubbins happily survived to write an interesting record of the mutinies in Oudh.

the thought which I made my text on the occasion of Mr. Colvin's death, "The pillars of the earth are the Lord's."

These extracts will give some idea of the labours carried on by French in his last year at Agra; but before passing onward to his journey home something must be said of his ministrations within the fort.

His first published volume of sermons dates from this period. It was dedicated to his father and entitled *The Lord's Voice unto the City*.

The mottoes prefixed to the volume are eminently characteristic of the spirit of the writer and the times:—

‘Ο νωθὸς καὶ παρειμένος δοῦλος οὐκ ἀντοφθαλμέϊ τῷ ἐργοπαρέκτῃ αὐτοῦ¹.—CLEMENS ROMANUS.

Δεῖ δὲ τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς ἄνδρας ἐγχείρειν μὲν ἅπασιν ἀεὶ τοῖς καλοῖς, τὴν ἀγαθὴν προβαλλομένους ἐλπίδα, φέρειν δ' ὅτι ἂν ὁ Θεὸς διδῶ γενναίως².—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona*.

Three extracts from a single sermon on Isa. lviii. 9-12, preached in the marble hall of the fort, on September 20, 1857—the very Sunday Delhi fell before our arms—will give a sufficient glimpse of the character of exhortation, and illustrate successively his boldness in reproof, his sympathy with suffering, his lofty principles of public life.

The first extract, founded on the passage, 'If thou take from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity,' deals with an evil—the treatment of native servants by some Europeans—that was very real, and had been brought before him in connexion with the native Christians. The Rev. J. L. Scott, the American Presbyterian missionary, thus describes their case:—

'After the native Christians came into the fort, they were put to a severe trial. They were allowed to remain only on the understanding that they should make themselves useful as servants, gunners, &c. This was, I suppose, right; but as many of them

¹ 'The slothful and slack bondsman meets not with frankness his task-master's eye.'

² 'Good men at all times must attempt all honourable actions behind the shield of a good hope, and nobly bear whatever God may send them.'

had never been accustomed to service of that kind, it is no wonder that they did not give a great deal of satisfaction. There was a great outcry against them, and they were very unpopular for a time. I believe, however, the fault lay partly in their masters, who expected too much from them. I remember that I sympathized with them at that time very much, and thought in my own heart that should they turn rebels it would be no great wonder.'

So much of preface seems to be needed for the proper understanding of French's words.

'Some of the points included in the prophet's rebuke are such as are deemed very light and pardonable offences in the world. Oppressive exaction from dependants was one of these. There was a one-sidedness of view which looked only to the making of the most of another's services; a presuming upon one's power over another, which amounted to an abusing of it, whereby men too often came to think of their fellow-men as existing only for *them*, as created to serve *them* and to minister to *their* ease and gratification, as men whose duty it was to sacrifice every other object of life to the one object of pleasing and obeying *them*. We need not look to slave states to find instances, in our own days, of this feeling. Practically the prophet's warning would apply to not a few of us in this country. It were hard to say that any went so far as to regard their dependants as beings without souls, entitled to none of the common rights of men. But still there are families, not a few, of which the dependants are regarded as forming no integral part, are not thought of or considered, not felt *with* or felt *for*; that which can be commanded or extracted from them being the only measure of the service required.

'By over-bearing, contemptuous treatment their feelings are alienated, their moral character and self-respect weakened, and all the hard selfish passions of our nature fostered and developed to an incredible degree. The prophet urges to a course of conduct the reverse of this, to a thoughtful, temperate, considerate mode of dealing with others; firm, but conciliatory; maintaining ascendancy by weight of moral character, rather than by outbursts of passion, or uniformly harsh and repulsive demeanour. For, indeed, there is nothing more weak and degrading, nothing more unmanly and unchristian, than the petty exercise of tyranny over those that are weak; nothing more despicable than to deride those that are in our power, who cannot, it is true, mock us before our faces, but despise us not the less they will, and abhor the Christianity which they make answerable for the fruits of its unworthy professors. "If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity." It is clear the text has precisely in view such scornful and contemptuous treatment as that I have alluded to. God resented the wrong done to His *creatures*, His

children. "Therewith," says St. James, speaking of sins of the tongue, "curse we men, that are made after the similitude of God." That likeness you may think scarce discernible, almost clean effaced from him. Yet, whosoever thou art that judgest, look to it, and see how far *thou* representest Christ; how far God's image is reflected in *thee*! Art thou to him a "God upon earth," as the early Christians called the heavenly-minded, loving, God-like spirit?'

Here is his comfort to the sorrowing:—

'To how many is a night of gloom, dejection, and despondency appointed! How many may be described as "walking in darkness and seeing no light!" Their spirits are crushed as with a load, from beneath which they cannot rise; and friends visit them, and address many well-meant words of consolation, which only reach the surface of the grief, and leave its depths all unhealed. We all know that it was so with Job. We know, too, that the arm which lifted him above the dark waters that "had gone in even to his soul," was that hope, which was the only unshaken thing he possessed. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Many glimmerings of light there are in the world, sparks of our own kindling, but Christ is the only noonday of the soul.'

His principles of public action appear in the following words:—

'The third division of promises concerns the building up and repairing of the broken building—the filling of the breach.... Certain it is that the course we thus propose is one of no ordinary difficulty. We cannot commence afresh without experiencing sensibly a certain diminution of the ardour, zeal, alacrity which characterized the former labour. The impulsive principle which carried us forward before the check was received, needs especial strengthening. The nerves need to have a fresh tone imparted to them. It is hard to bear the taunt which is no less likely to be directed against us than it was against the Jews when they would rebuild their city and temple.

'What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they sacrifice? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out the heaps of the rubbish which are burned? Yet, withal, the work before you has an intrinsic honour and dignity which God's promise has conveyed to it, such as no accidental taunts and mockeries of men can divest it of. "Thou shalt be called a repairer of the breach." There is a work before you from which some, no doubt, will shrink back as hopeless and insupportable; and yet thrice blessed are you if you are called to it, and continue in it! . . .

‘It is easy to say why should we spend our pains any more on these ignorant and misguided men, who have spilt some of our best blood in return for the attempts made to secure their happiness, both material and moral? Were it not better to leave them alone—to let the ruins remain unbuilt, the breaches unfilled?’

‘But it were more Christ-like surely to say, “Not even so have they forfeited all claim on your charity. Not even yet are you released from the duty of striving to improve and reclaim them.” Loud as the cry of vengeance is that proceeds from the dishonoured remains of many dear to us by ties of common kindred, common country, common religion, and common toil; yet there is a point where *vengeance* is satisfied and ceases to cry for blood, though it must be long, very long, before the bitterness of *grief* can be soothed. Yet grief is not, like vengeance, a destructive principle. Grief, Christian grief, may, by prayer and effort, draw down large blessings on those that have caused our grief. Happy are we if, as the tones of the cry of vengeance are gradually dying away, we hear this still, small voice proceeding from the Divine Oracle:—

“Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord;
And be strong, O Joshua, the son of Josedech the High Priest;
For I am with you, saith the Lord:
And be strong, all ye people of the land, and work;
According to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came
out of Egypt,
So my spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not.”’

In this faith French himself laboured, and with large blessing and success, through the ensuing year. Of his return to Agra from Calcutta he writes, March 31, 1858:—

‘It was very affecting to me, as I passed through the Kuttra this evening at dusk, walking behind the gari, to be met by all the native Christians, who came to bless me in their simple way for having helped them, in various ways, at the time we went into the fort. It makes one feel Wordsworth’s words:—

“But ah! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.”

Then my first-class boys, too, all met me, so full of love and affection. It goes to my heart to feel the gap which yet separates them from me.’

At Agra, on his return, he was lodged with Fynes-Clinton and Shackell and Leighton, each in one room at the four corners of his house. In April, Leighton was transferred to

Amritsar, where later in the year he had the pleasure of welcoming his old chief, now homeward bound, on his first visit to the Punjab.

The year was a busy one. There was much lost ground to be recovered. Owing to Mr. Schneider's ill-health, the care of the native congregation fell chiefly on French; his inquirers occasioned him great labour and anxiety, being more numerous than ever. The English sermons and native treatises were pushed on through the press.

Bazaar-preaching was carried on with earnestness. Of the latter he writes to his wife:—

‘I have a light black cassock in which I now preach in the bazaar. You know, I have long been disgusted at preaching in lay dress: one's exterior and interior seemed so at variance as to be constantly a source of pain to me. . . .’

Another innovation was preaching ‘extempore’ in church, which, on the whole, he thinks was an improvement. The chief events of the year were a little visit to Landour in the hills in the heat of summer, and a successful tour in Rajputana in the autumn. Another object of interest was the raising of a Native Pastorate Fund as a memorial to Bishop Daniel Wilson. French was very anxious about it, and threw himself heart and soul into the work. It involved an immense correspondence, and he succeeded in enlisting the interest of the new Bishop of Calcutta (Cotton), and in raising a sum of £1,000 as a beginning of the fund.

More of his inner life appears in correspondence with his friend Frost, who had suffered some severe bereavements, and whom he was most anxious to visit on his homeward route.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

October 29, 1858.

You will be at this time looking for the arrival of your dear partner, and I heartily congratulate you on the relief you will thus have from your solitude. I think and talk of you continually with my two dear colleagues, Clinton and Shackell, on whom the Agra Mission will now devolve, as I expect to be on my way homewards in the course of two months. I sincerely regret leaving, but I feel my head now requires the change,

and you can doubtless bear with me when I say that a year's absence from one's wife is a sufficient trial to begin with, though I believe you were contemplating a more prolonged separation. . . . I have been suffering from the Agra dysentery, and was a good deal pulled down by it till I went out into camp, which has wonderfully set me up, and I might, perhaps, have managed another year or two without breaking down, had other circumstances favoured. It truly puts one to shame to think of the *very, very* little which it has pleased God to accomplish through my instrumentality; and I feel the want of thorough self-surrender to lie at the root of all failures. . . . My great hope would be in returning to India to get a few promising youths to journey with me, and thoroughly to initiate into the work of an evangelizing ministry. But one rarely finds here youths of the same determination and resoluteness of character which Bombay seems to produce. The fact is, they must see the thing better instanced and exemplified in ourselves before we can look for them to renounce all and spend and be spent. What would Timothy and Epaphras have been without Paul? We need more repentance of the genuine and self-corrective kind for our past grievous failures as missionaries and deceitful doing of the work of the Lord! Oh that we would feel this more, and talk less of mysterious providences! My present idea is to come round by Lahore and see the Northern Mission. You will, of course, not stay at home for me, if you are planning a lengthened itineration. I do not believe *you* would do this.

Yours, &c.,

T. V. FRENCH.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

November 21, 1858.

It is Sunday, but I *must* write, for I can only send one or two notes a day, having bandaged eyes, in consequence of an awkward fall from my horse. I dare not attempt to offer you a word of comfort in your bitter sorrow, for my *mercies* have all been in mercy's guise, and have not yet for me been arranged as chastisements. . . . From the few words you breathe on the subject, I can see that some rich and very high sources of consolation have been opened to you. . . . I am earnestly hoping to see you, and shall stand out against Mr. Cuthbert's decided wish that I should go by Calcutta and assist in the examination for Orders of two natives. Nothing but a peremptory order will induce me to abandon my present intention of visiting you (D.V.) in Lahore and Karachi some time in February. I hope to sail by February 23, steamer from Bombay.

Pray say nothing to others about my coming. I have nothing but my failures to talk about, and what I hope to do in the future.

The accident here alluded to was of a somewhat severe

character. It occurred at the end of October. He writes to his wife on November 7:—

‘I have been confined to my room all the week, and cannot talk freely, owing to stitches inside the mouth, by which Dr. Playfair thought it necessary to close up the flesh round an exposed artery. The accident happened near home while it was quite dark. I was able to lead the horse home, my mouth bleeding profusely, and with senses scarcely recovered from the stunning effects of the fall.’

He was confined to the house for about a fortnight, and pushed on his literary work; then his eyes gave way, and he was forbidden to read and write, but used to instruct his classes and inquirers, leaning back in his chair, and have the Bible read to him in German, as he hoped to return home by Trieste and Dresden. When readers failed:—

‘You would have been amused,’ he said, ‘to hear me during my hours of blindness carrying on imaginary conversations with myself in German. After all, the little I know will be a very sorry means of communication, I fear, between our German brethren and myself, but I hope to make a desperate attempt.’

He recovered sufficiently to take his full share in the December examinations, though still much troubled with an affection of the throat and ear. And then he started for home.

‘It was astonishing, the ingenuity with which people contrived to discover that my hour of departure had almost arrived. When the carriage was at length packed last evening, both windows were beset with troops of boys and masters, wishing me all conceivable blessings. Knowing the readiness with which these issue from the lips of Orientals, you will be able to set a due estimate on these expressions of affection and regard, not but that it is better to be attended by blessings than curses. But still, it was painful to think that I found them Hindus, and left them so, and much as I sympathize with them, I can, of course, set no value on friendships not based on community of interest in Christ and His salvation. With some of them the final visit has given me an opportunity of speaking more pointedly about closing with the Gospel offer, but I have the painful conviction with regard to most that the truths I have tried to teach them have been but “the savour of death unto death.” . . . The effect of this painful absence of fruit bows me down under a sense of unworthiness, and in some

degree gives birth, I fear, to a rebellious and murmuring spirit, which by degrees I hope more completely to quell.'

On this journey he first saw Lahore, the city that afterwards became so closely linked with his name, and at Lahore he saw the Lawrences, Richard and his wife, and Sir John, with whom he had half an hour's conversation at his office.

'He was agreeable and kind, evidently thoroughly shattered and longing for rest, which he will be well off if he gets in England, for people will be ready to adore him. I had often heard of his being a stout, strong-built man, but did not expect so fine a countenance—not unlike the Roman stamp, and bearing unmistakable marks of greatness, dignity, and surpassing talent. He must have been a very handsome man in his time. We talked chiefly of the crisis before Delhi, and of the education minutes, which have created so much conversation.'

From Lahore he travelled by military cart to Multan, taking one meal per diem at the single halting-place, and journeying, as he describes it, in great luxury, with chopped straw under him, a good rug over him, and plenty of books round him at the bottom of the cart.

From Multan he went on by boat, and suffered a good deal in his hands and feet. He put it down to rheumatism, but is obliged to write from Karachi: 'The doctors attribute my want of thorough power in hands and feet to over-taxed brain, and order tonics and cessation from any hard reading or fatigue of any kind.' Thus, though he was not coming home on medical certificate, it was high time that he should have a holiday. The Indus journey was vexatiously delayed by sandbanks, so that he only just caught the Bombay steamer, February 15, 1859. Another trial still awaited him. At Bombay he learned for the first time that his wife's mother was almost hopelessly ill, and he determined at once to hurry home by Marseilles. After all, as he feared, he was too late to receive her parting blessing, and so twixt joy and sorrow he reached home at the end of March. Almost his last words from the quarantine station at Marseilles were these: 'Do

beg people not to think of asking me to undertake any meetings or other head work too soon, for I *do* feel I want rest. I long to know my two *unknown* children.'

Thus he completed his first term of missionary service.

'It is vain to think,' says Mr. Leighton in his *Reminiscences*, 'what might have been the blessing upon his work had he remained in the North-Western Provinces. The influence which he exercised through St. John's College, combined with itinerations, was felt from east to west of that great belt of historic India. He has left an example which, by its lofty excellence and incredible labours, almost depresses ordinary men. Yet there are those who, at whatever distance they follow, are thankful to have been associated with him.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLIFTON CURACY AND THE CALL TO THE DERAJAT.

‘Seize the moments bright and fleeting,
Seize the joy too quickly gone!
Scarce we taste the bliss of meeting
Ere the parting pang draws on.

‘Soon will ocean’s waves divide us,
Many a plain and many a hill;
But the soul, whate’er betide us,
Meets its kindred spirit still.

‘Gladly, then, to God we yield ye,
Safe beneath His wings to dwell;
He shall comfort, guide, and shield ye;
Christian brethren, fare ye well.’

HANKINSON.

ON his return from India, French made his head-quarters for a time at his father-in-law’s house at Walthamstow, and was soon, despite his Marseilles protest, involved in a vortex of meetings, which, he says,—

‘I will not call religious dissipation, because I do earnestly desire to turn these occasions to good account, and, if it please God, both to get and do good. The tone of the meetings I have hitherto attended has been spiritual, though there is too little desire to know what is the actual state of mission work in India, and a regard to the showy and attractive rather than to the solid and practical. I try, however, to avoid being carried away by the tide, and to set myself the task of giving as plain and unvarnished a statement as possible of what is actually being done, or not done, in the great field of our foreign labour.’

The foregoing extract is from a letter to Mr. Frost, in May, 1859, describing meetings in Frost’s town of Hull.

In September, he wrote to Leighton from Aroma, Lake Maggiore, where he was taking holiday with his two sisters and youngest brother :—

‘I did not expect to find the amount of indifference which exists as to the progress of missions, and the suspicion which rests on our statements. Most men seem to regard a missionary as the most dishonest and narrow-minded of beings. I say to them sometimes from the pulpit, “Perhaps you doubt the truth of what I have asserted, but it is true for all that.” Sometimes one has encouraging assurances that prejudice is removed and wisdom justified by even the *little* we can tell of manifest success and fulfilment of Divine promise, but otherwise I am disposed to be cast down by the apparent uselessness of a missionary in his capacity of deputation. However, I know that others shine much more in this department than I can ever hope to do. My head has been, I feel, terribly shattered in India; it has been completely overwrought, and the knocking about I have had since my return has not done much towards recruiting it. A year’s quiet in a rural parish would, perhaps, be as successful a mode as any of obtaining rest, or a year’s sojourn in the wilderness out of reach, as one supposes, of life’s turmoil; and yet, after all, there is rest nowhere but in the secret of *Thy presence*, and that, whether in earth or heaven, is the fulness of joy, the abundance of peace. May we, dear friend, be more and more hidden there. . .

‘I wish you could enjoy with me to-day the soft smiling beauty of this lake, though, alas, religion seems a thing practically banished—the Sunday, a day for diversion and amusement, and that, too, so near the scenes of Ambrose’s labours, and Augustine’s holy conversation with many other saints departed in the true faith and hope of a simple, unadulterated gospel. I think a Mohammedan country could scarcely present a more painful appearance than this does, full though it be with churches and oratories and shrines.’

A few days later, writing from Milan, the city of Ambrose, he says :—

‘All this part of Italy is full of the intense joy of newly recovered liberty; festivities and demonstrations are the order of the day. . . . Would that poor Italy may enjoy the only durable and perfect freedom of which our blessed Lord said, “If the Son therefore shall make you free”! It is, however, a pleasure to see the burst of enthusiasm which the sudden recovery of a long-usurped possession and deliverance from an ancient grinding yoke seems to produce.’

In March, 1860, instead of the desired year’s rest in

the country, French accepted the position of curate at the parish church of Clifton, Canon Hensman, the much-respected vicar, being incapacitated through old age.

Here he continued to labour till the October of the following year, and seldom has it been given to a man, in so brief a ministry, to form so many links of strong enduring love. To the close of his life Clifton was ever to the forefront in supporting his various schemes of missionary enterprise. French's colleagues in the parish were Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Mather, both of whom are now installed as canons. It does not often happen to a vicar to have three curates at the same time all of whom are afterwards promoted to cathedral dignity. Canon Mather has kindly written some brief reminiscences of the period.

'As a preacher,' he says, 'his sermons were always much valued by thoughtful Christian people, though they were not much appreciated by people in general. He was a great reader at all times, and his sermons were frequently founded on some of the newest utterances of representatives of divers schools, showing his full grasp of the subject. He was at the beck and call of all who wanted him, so that his private ministrations were very laborious; indeed, he never seemed quite to overtake his work. He was very fearless in the enunciation of his opinions, which were by no means invariably in accord with those about him, and his way of expressing them generally made a deep impression. At the same time there was a winning affectionateness in his manner which put every one at their ease, and a depth of sympathy in his nature which was specially valued by those in trouble.'

The life of a devoted parish clergyman must be similar in all places, and does not call for any long description. One or two details will, however, show how far he was from looking on an English cure as a pillow of rest. Every week in summer he preached in the open air in some part of the parish; on Sunday, besides his ministrations in the church, he used regularly to visit certain invalids, whatever the weather might be, and read and pray with them. His visiting was generally arranged in the evening, that he might find the men at home. He was often at his sermon from 10 to 12 p.m., and then again would be up early and at work. He had the knack of winning children's love, and

some of his addresses to them were beautifully simple and full of illustrations. A volume of sermons which he published on leaving, entitled *Remember how Thou hast heard!* contains many noble passages.

He bade farewell to Clifton at a meeting for the Irish Church Missions, held at the house of the Rev. J. T. Mansel on October 30, 1861. He had at this time resolved on going back to India, but was ordered three months' rest at Brighton first. The decision to return was not reached without painful questionings, as will appear from the following letter to his friend, Mr. Frost:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Burton-on-Trent, Sept. 5, 1861.

You are often on my mind, and glad should I be had I the leisure from heavy parochial duties to keep up the correspondence which I once promised myself should never be broken. I have been looking with great interest over your map of visitation. It reminds me of a passage I read in St. Bernard not long ago—'We have laboured all we could against the common enemy, and if the result obtained has been less than we hoped, still the fruit of our labour remains with Him with whom no good attempt ever goes unremunerated.' Your letters and reports in C. M. periodicals often give me great encouragement, and in general my own feelings harmonize much with yours, though we have all our eccentricities of feeling and opinion. I have been enjoying Dr. Krapf's journals the last two days. He is certainly one of our few modern apostles. St. Paul himself could scarcely have gone through more perils, and, like yourself, his delight was to dive deep into Scripture. . . .

You will be surprised to learn what difficulties I have had in coming to the conclusion that I ought to return to India, or I ought rather to put the matter in this way—it has been difficult to me to prove conclusively to others that I *could* not abandon the work without a further trial of it. My poor wife has undoubtedly been a great sufferer, and our family is large (a sixth expected), and I have probably expended twenty-five years of strength in the eight years I have lived in India; *yet* I do feel it is a sad discouragement to Christians at home to see missionaries soon disheartened, and my wife is now certainly greatly improved in health, and I feel myself to possess considerably increased vigour. I feel, too, that we must be prepared to suffer and to risque¹ something.

'I will show him how great things he must suffer.' Surely this

¹ This was his almost invariable spelling of the word.

has a meaning for us all in our measure! It will be an unhappy time for our missions when it becomes the fashion to go out for seven years or so in the romantic days of youth, and then to return and live upon the credit of past efforts! To accomplish as an hireling his days must not be the spirit of a Christian missionary. I most feel the objections of my father-in-law, who has most right, I confess, to feel interested in the bodily health and comfort of his daughter. Spite of difficulties, however, it is now settled that I return (D.V.) some time next year. As I must stay till February or March under existing circumstances, I am thinking of studying medicine for a few months at some university, but I know not whether this long-cherished wish of my heart may be accomplished. It would be valuable as a source of illustration, valuable in my own ministry, and to the native catechists who might journey with me. Dr. Pfander wishes me to visit Constantinople *en route*, and see a little of Islam as it is in Western Asia. Meantime, I continue my curacy at Clifton till October (D.V.). It will be ever deeply endeared to me as a place of cheering Christian sympathy and interest in our missionary work . . . but I don't consider the Church of England alive as yet upon the missionary subject—so little readiness on the part of parents to dedicate their children. When I think of my occasional heartlessness in India, I feel as if I were a child upon which the mother's weakness is entailed. I mean our English Church so little rises to its high office, is so below its privileged position in labour. . . . May you be abundantly sustained, and have the arms of your hands made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob, and find the waters of the sanctuary daily deepening around you. So prays for Mrs. Frost, and you and yours,

Your attached friend and brother,

T. V. FRENCH.

The last weeks in England were spent at Brighton, and there he did to some extent pursue his medical studies, although he never became a qualified practitioner. A few months later, he wrote from the Derajat that the house surgeon at Brighton would have been amused at his first case—a poor man who complained of pains in his stomach, and whom he treated with a few drops of chlorodyne in the ditch-water by an Indian wayside.

The enterprise to which his missionary efforts in India were next to be directed broke entirely new ground.

The year 1861 was one of great financial depression to the Church Missionary Society; but, whilst pressed with anxieties and forced to make retrenchments in some other directions,

they were summoned, through the liberality of Colonel Reynell Taylor, to a new venture of faith in the wild frontier district of the Derajat.

Few missions have been started under nobler auspices. Reynell Taylor himself was one of a thousand, a man without fear and without reproach, perhaps the best swordsman in India, and certainly one of the most outspoken, manly, and simple-hearted Christians¹. He had been much struck by the astonishment of a frontier chief when, at Sealkote, three hundred miles from the frontier, he first discovered that we Christians had places of worship.

It impressed him with the idea that the Derajat might afford a field for the missionary, and he determined to mark his retirement from the district by doing something to benefit the wild races with whom he had been connected for so many years. He decided, in short, to establish a mission, and for this purpose, though possessed of a very moderate income, he offered to make a donation of £1,000, and to supplement it by a subscription of 100 rupees a month during such time as he remained in India. For sixteen years Reynell Taylor continued to pay his subscription, and on one occasion he is known to have insured his life and raised the money on the policy to enable him to do so. More than twenty years after he had left the Derajat, the Rev. R. Clark wrote of him :—

‘His deeds of prowess are still spoken of on the frontier, where his name is a household word for skill and courage. The only person who knows what he did, and is silent respecting it, is himself. And yet, so gentle, lovable, and beloved was he, that the natives used to say there were two *ferishtas* (angels) among the English in the Punjab; that they were so good that, if all the English had been like them, the whole country would have been Christian by seeing them and witnessing their actions, without the aid of any missionaries at all; and that these two *ferishtas* were Sir Donald McLeod and General Reynell Taylor.’

Taylor was well backed up in India by Montgomery, one of that noble trio who passed from the playgrounds of one

¹ I am indebted for my account to his biographer, Major E. Gambier Parry.

small school in Ireland to guard and guide the destinies of our great Eastern Empire. He promised to subscribe £100 per annum as each successively of three stations was opened—Dera Ismail Khan, Dera Futteh Khan, and Dera Ghazi Khan.

‘We have held the frontier,’ he wrote, ‘for twelve years against all comers, and now, thank God, for the first time we are at peace with all the tribes. Now is the time to hold out the hand of friendship, and to offer, through the missionaries, the bread of life. It is not the duty of the Government or their servants to proselytize; this is left to those who have devoted their lives to the work. I rejoice to see the missions spreading, and the Derajat is a fitting place for the establishment of one.’

At home the appeal was ably seconded by Sir Herbert Edwardes and Colonel Martin. A letter of the former reveals the nature of the country and the character and the importance of the work, and contains, perhaps, one of the most striking illustrations of the value of the *Pax Britannica* to be found in our literature. It was addressed to Mr. Venn, October 15, 1861:—

‘The Derajat is that long reach of the Punjab frontier which lies between the east bank of the Indus and the eastern slopes of the great Sulimanee range, which separates British India from Afghanistan. It extends from the Salt range, which is the southern limit of the Peshawur division, to the north-east frontier of the province of Sindh, and may be more than 300 miles long by 50 or 60 broad.

‘The name Derajat means literally “the camps,” and arose from the conquest of the country by three chiefs, Ismail Khan, Futteh Khan, and Ghazi Khan, who parcelled it out between them. They were evidently nomads, for their resting-places were called “camps,” or, in scriptural language, “the tents of Ismail, Futteh, and Ghazi.” Gradually the wanderers took root. Houses replaced tents, and towns grew up, but the whole tract embraced by the occupation of these invaders is still called “The Derajat.”

‘Dera Futteh Khan is the central one, but it has been eclipsed in importance by the other two. Dera Ghazi Khan and Dera Ismail Khan are each the head-quarters of a British district, and derive their commercial importance from the fact that each stands opposite mountain passes on the border, through which the products of Central Asia are passed down into the Punjab and Hindostan,

and the products of Hindostan and of England are pushed up into Central Asia.

'The carriers of this track are among the most remarkable people in the world. . . . They are the Lohani merchants of Afghanistan. There are several tribes of them, and for generations it has been their business to do for Central Asia and for India what Englishmen have been doing for nations on the world's seaboard. It was no easy task. They had to come and go between the lands of snow and sun, and in both to carry on commerce under every conceivable impost and extortion. Midway on their route they had to traverse the mountains of Suliman, which owned neither the laws of Delhi nor Cabul. Here taxes ceased, but it was no respite for the Lohanis. Between them and the Wuzeeris (the proudest mountaineers of Afghanistan) a blood-feud reigned, and no quarter was given on either side. From the moment that the Lohani caravans entered the Wuzeerian defile each march had to be made in battle array, and desperate were the contests through which they pushed their road, losing here a camel, there a bale of goods, a sturdy comrade, a footsore wife, or a stray child. You may suppose that they came out of such wars a very battered set of fellows, and no one can fall into their company without being struck with the number of their scars and wounds. Yet undaunted they go on from father to son, and, almost as certain as the wintry frosts, the hardy Lohani merchants, with their wiry little camels, make their appearance on the plains of the Derajat.

'Here they are in British territory, the land of law and order, and most striking must the transition seem to them. At once precautions cease, arms are laid aside except when pasturing the camels under the skirts of the Afghan hills, the loads are opened out and exposed for sale in the bazaars of the Derajat, and the whole company of the caravan enjoys a peaceful rest within the Christian border.

'But the mass of their goods have hundreds of miles yet to go, and, after a few days' rest, the onward march towards Hindostan (by Mooltan and Bhawalpore) begins. The English magistrate who saw the Lohani caravans debouch from the mountains into the district with an advanced-guard, rear-guard, skirmishers, and well-primed jizails, has now a reward for his daily labours in cutcherry. He sees one or two Lohanis deputed by their comrades to take charge of a long string of camels laden heavily with merchandise, and conduct them through the whole length of British India, with a staff in their hands for a weapon, and a dog at their heels for a guard. I have myself seen them thus within a march or two of Calcutta, with their hill-cloaks piled upon their heads to protect them from the fiery sun of Bengal. The main body of the Lohanis remains throughout the winter in the Derajat, pasturing their camels, and awaiting the return of their

friends from Hindostan with Manchester goods and indigo for Central Asia. You will see, then, that for several months these enterprising merchant-tribes, to the number perhaps of 2,000, are every year encamped in the Derajat and brought within our influence for good or evil, then leave, and carry their experience of Christians into the distant strongholds of Islam—Cabul, Ghuzni, Candahar, Herat, Balkh, Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan.’

Sir Herbert proceeded to describe the settled inhabitants; the strange blending of languages and races; the wondrous pacification of Bunnoo under John Nicholson, so that, during the last of his four years of office, there was not a single attempt at highway robbery or murder in a territory of which it might have been justly said when we got it, ‘If there be a hell upon earth, it is this, it is this.’ Where the civilian had been so ploughing should not the missionary now begin to sow? He strengthened his appeal by urging that the people had shown their loyalty by twice supporting us in warfare, in the attack on Moolraj and in the Mutiny; and he ended with this stirring invitation:—

‘It cannot but strike your committee as very remarkable that this proposal to found a new mission comes from one who is responsible for some three hundred miles of the furthest and ruggedest frontier of British India, and he who bids the proposal “God speed” (Sir R. Montgomery) is responsible for the province whose manly races helped the English to reconquer India in 1857 to 1858. The Punjab, indeed, is remarkable for two things—the most successful government, and the most open acknowledgement of Christian duty. Surely it is not fanaticism, but homely faith, to see a connexion between the two? So long as the Punjab is ruled in the spirit of Colonel Taylor and Sir Robert Montgomery, a blessing will surely rest upon it.

‘As one whose lot is cast in with theirs, I felt thankful even to read their letters and to carry such plans before you; but I am doubly thankful to your Committee for yielding to their appeal in the midst of your world-wide difficulties. Even during the hour that I was with you, I was struck at hearing appeals from the heart of the Sikh country, from Rajputana, from Sindh, from North-West America, from Japan, and from several other places, while a falling off was reported in your income. May these difficulties be lessened, not increased, by your answering this call from the Derajat. Walking by faith and not by sight, may you be followed into new territory by the increased sympathy of all who know whose inheritance the heathen are!’

In a letter to Sir H. Edwardes, dated Sheikbooddeen, August 14, 1861, Taylor said:—

‘The kind of man I picture to myself as likely to do good is one who should be well acquainted with Mohammedan history, creed, &c.; one who could say, “Come, I have got a story to tell you which is well worth your hearing!” He would certainly get hearers, as the whole community are idle enough; and if the speaker be equal to telling his tale with all the force that belongs to it, and his telling be blessed, there would be results sooner or later, but whether in our time in India or not it would be hard to say.’

Meantime, French had offered himself again to the Society to go wherever they might wish, and he readily accepted this new and weighty charge. The parting instructions were delivered to himself and the two young Islington students, Soans and Cooper, who were to precede him to India, at the C. M. College, on January 24, 1862: the Rev. Daniel Wilson presided at the meeting. After a special eulogy of French’s self-denial, the Secretary, in recounting the circumstances of the mission, said:—

‘Not only have the means been provided to equip and maintain the additional missionaries needed for this new venture of faith, but the Society’s general funds are reaping the benefit. Then again, the Committee have the more confidence in enlarging their missions in the Punjab, because that province has been from its very first annexation consecrated to the Lord. Even before it became a part of the British Empire, Bishop Daniel Wilson, as he sailed down the Sutlej, stretched out his hands towards the west bank of the river with the words, “I take possession of the Punjab in the name of the Lord.” And this sentiment was carried into immediate practice by that great and good man to whom the rule of that province was first confided. “Them that honour Me I will honour.” Words cannot be more distinct and express; and these words were the motto of that gallant band of Christian statesmen who laid the foundation of missions in the Punjab contemporaneously with the commencement of British rule there. “He who brought us here,” said Sir H. Edwardes in 1853, at the establishment of the Peshawur mission, “with His own right hand will shield and bless us if, in simple reliance upon Him, we try to do His will.” What has followed is a matter of history. From the Punjab came our national deliverance. Not a hair of any missionary’s head has been touched there, fierce and fanatical as are the mountain tribes. There is no mission of equal age that presents a more

encouraging aspect; and the Committee feel assured that, while they have seen these Christian statesmen raised to honour and distinction before the world, the dearest desires of those good men's hearts will also be granted to them, a special blessing will rest on missionary labours in the Punjab, and they will see one more series of victories in that country — the conquests of the Prince of peace.

The Committee have full confidence in their veteran and experienced missionaries, of whose work and spirit they know the proof. They feel that their function is rather to support and succour them than to coerce them by stringent regulations. They appoint you, Mr. French, as it were their plenipotentiary in this enterprise. And whilst they would beware of putting their trust in man, however worthy of their trust, they feel assured that your appointment will be welcomed by the Society's friends throughout the country, no less than by your future fellow-labourers and those warm-hearted Christian laymen who have invited them to this new field, as a pledge that they are determined to press onward vigorously in the name of the Lord.

Our final words to you shall be those of the Lord of the harvest: "Verily, I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting"¹.

In reply, French referred to a motto on one of the tombs in Exeter Cathedral with which he had been much impressed. It was simply, 'This man put his hand to the plough and never looked back.' He also mentioned as a text that gave him special comfort, 'We see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus crowned.' The thought of the glory of Christ, he said, should sustain us to labour and suffer for Him.

Such was the spirit in which the mission was begun. The work shall be described in the ensuing chapter.

¹ A full report of this meeting is found in the *C. M. Intelligencer*, February, 1862. French wrote concerning it: 'I was half amused and half angry at the *parade* made altogether about the Dismissal, not to speak of the spoiling of my speech, which was certainly (though imperfect) better put together than — has done it for me.' These words are quoted here because the *parade* of Dismissals has not diminished since, and, perhaps, is often felt by the outgoing missionaries as something of a *grievance*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECOND JOURNEY OUT AND FRONTIER WORK IN DERAJAT.

‘The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand.’—*Ps.* xxxvii. 23, 24.

‘It is uphill work at first, but you have all Central Asia before you if your voices can reach the people there.’—SIR R. MONTGOMERY.

‘What do we hear? A cry, a sad cry of solitary watchers calling piteously for reinforcements.’—BISHOP WESTCOTT.

ONE of the greatest trials in India (though it is not exclusively a missionary’s trial, but one belonging also to civil and military life) is frequent severance of close home ties. Some may think the claims of family are paramount, and assert that the missionary ought either not to marry, or not to enter upon spheres involving long separation from his home. The missionary never wants his critics; but in this matter at least it may be said, ‘Who art thou that judgest another man’s servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up.’

French felt that he had Scripture behind him in the course that he had marked out for himself. He did not embark on it rashly, but had fully reckoned the cost—witness the following short extract from his journal:—

“‘Let a man deny himself.’ The whole life of Brainerd is a comment on this. There are no foolish ideas about self-annihilation, such as we find in the schools of mysticism, yet there is what is more scriptural and more difficult of attainment, the regulation of self, the subordination of self, the expansion of self from being a piece of hateful, grovelling earthliness to a generous and heavenly feeling which has but one desire and aim, that God may be glorified.

Brainerd remarks, "I had as quick and lively a sense of earthly comforts as ever I had, but saw them infinitely overmatched by the worth of Christ's kingdom."

So French wrote, and no one could read his home correspondence during this period of severance (letters written on every available occasion, and breathing the same spirit throughout in almost infinite variety of tenderness) without being convinced that the words described a personal experience. It is a point which can be but very lightly touched. 'It is not our ambition,' he says to Mrs. French, 'that all that we write should be readable or intelligible to everybody'; and yet the picture of what he was as a missionary would be incomplete, without some hint of what he was as a man, a husband, and a father. The greatness of his sacrifice can only be gauged by the tenderness of his affection for his home.

The sad parting took place at London Bridge Station on February 7, 1862, and he wrote from Paris next day to his wife:—

'The more I was borne away from you, the more did my thoughts travel towards you, and dwell upon the sad and desolate home at which you would arrive on reaching Brighton; for sad it would be spite of the bright little faces to cheer you. I shall ever cherish the precious memories of which our late, as well as our early, years have been so full. Your love is a treasure to me, over which I do increasingly rejoice, and for which I praise more than ever our good and gracious God.'

To his friend Frost he wrote a little later, on board the ship *Jeddo*:—

'I feel very unfit to write, as the rough sea to-day thoroughly overpowers me, but I must write to tell you how much I regret the impossibility of meeting with you, as I am for the present directed to proceed to the Derajat to initiate the proposed mission there. My route, therefore, will lie by Karachi, Hyderabad, and Multan. This was entirely a new proposition made as I was upon the very eve of starting, and as Agra is for the present full, and Meerut in no particular and immediate need of help, I readily acceded to the arrangement, with some doubts, however, how far the selection of the post is wise or judicious.

'I desire, however, to be "bound in spirit," and I have experienced

so much of lovingkindness and gracious direction in the past, that I feel I must unreservedly leave the future also in my Heavenly Father's hands. I never felt myself more craving help and light and *strength*, and a more worthless vessel for those high services to which, by the title of our office at least, we are set apart. . . . We have a large party on board, but I cannot find one of the gentlemen who has any real sympathy with our work, or any belief in the possibility of its progress. I am, therefore, thrown back upon God and His promises, and I believe them fully equal to bear the strain which our weakness and instability of faith lays upon them.

'I forget whether any one wrote to tell you of the birth of our third little son, Basil by name, which took place about four weeks before I left England. My dear wife was sufficiently recovered to go up with me to Walthamstow for three days before the painful separation from her took place. She behaved like a heroine, suffering intensely, but determined to strengthen and comfort me to the uttermost. I fear it will be nearly two years before we can hope to meet again, but it is an unspeakable source of thankfulness that God has permitted me such a treasure, though the present enjoyment of it is sometimes denied. Six little infants are no small charge upon her hands, and I feel that her time will have to be shared between me and them for the next six or seven years, after which the loss of strength we have both experienced will not allow me to think seriously of our remaining in India, supposing our lives to be spared till then. But the disposition of our times and seasons must be left with Him who knows the end from the beginning, and who has said, to our infinite comfort, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; yet shall not the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."'

Writing from Multan, after hearing of some home troubles that had given him a sleepless night, he said to Mrs. French:—

'I never so thoroughly realized the anxieties and harrowing perplexities which a family entails, and the load of which I might be suspected by some of having too readily thrown upon your shoulder, and yet God knows how thankfully I should have accepted the duty and responsibility which, jointly with my beloved wife, attaches to me as the head of a family had God in His providence opened the way. . . . So far from shrinking from the load, it is one I should have loved to bear. . . . I trust the sacrifice we thus make of some of life's happiest years, the years when joy is intensest, may be graciously accepted for His sake, who alone can put any worth into our poor maimed offerings.'

With regard to the children, his thoughts were very full of them, and the arrangements for their education, or

anxieties about their health and happiness. From time to time he paused, in his letters to his wife, to describe in simple terms some little thing that would amuse or interest them, and occasionally he entered on yet higher holier ground, though very anxious not to 'force' them in religion.

When he heard his eldest boy was ill with whooping-cough, he wrote: 'Tell him I wept to hear of his sickness, but papa would shed many more tears if he heard of his being a naughty boy, not trying to do his duty and please his Saviour.' A little earlier, when all were well, he wrote:—

'I am delighted with the account of my precious little son H. L. I am so thankful he is doing well. Dr. Tait's sad family affliction always continues in my remembrance as a check against the over-great joy which a healthy little family might naturally excite. Yet I do feel also as if God would have us rejoice in His gifts, and not have a morbid fear of evil before it comes. "Rejoice in the Lord alway" surely should lead us, as far as we may, to live above gloom and presentiment of calamity.

'I thought so much of the dear children when walking through the Catacombs. . . . You walk through long winding roads by candle-light, though it is broad day up above; nothing but tombs, tombs, tombs, little and great. You look into them and see only dust, for the bones in so many years have become thin, soft dust. Then there are a few of the pictures still left (I write all this for the dear children, of course). One of them is of the Good Shepherd. He stands beckoning to the sheep and lambs to follow Him to the fold; and one looks up to Him lovingly, and another is seen already setting off to follow Him; another turns its head another way as not caring to go whither the Shepherd leads, and another goes on eating such grass as the wilderness yields and thinks it quite good enough. The dear children will be able to explain all this. On another tomb is an anchor painted; on another a ship tossed with waves but still sailing on; a Christian refusing to sacrifice to idol gods, while a Roman soldier stands threatening him in vain, and then he is led away to be crucified, or otherwise put to death, and the martyr's crown is above his head. It is very instructive and touching to see the Catacombs in immediate contrast with the heathen columbaria, the little interstices for the vases full of ashes brought back from the burnings of their dead. How vividly and happily is one thus impressed with the bright joyousness of the Christian's hope! Oh to realize it as St. Paul did, and in the strength of it to count present trials as lighter than vanity!'

So again on the Indus:—

‘I thought how I should have liked to show dearest Ellen and Cyril the strange and funny way they have of fishing in the Indus. An earthenware pot is floated on the water, on which a man rests his stomach, lying flat; he paddles with his hands and feet at one moment, and at the next he flings abroad a net over the surface of the stream. He collects thus a number of fish and throws them into his earthenware pot, after which he throws forth his net again. They look the most singular figures, these men, oftentimes only the head and neck being seen above water, with a small portion of the large red earthenware pot and the uplifted staff to which the net is attached¹. . . . I have seen no crocodiles to tell the children about: only one firefly. That was last evening. How I should have liked to send it home in a letter, but it seems only to give light when it pleases, and when it pleases it looks like any other little fly. I hope the dear children will be like a bright firefly, always liking to give light, i.e. to set a good example, and that when they are asked to do or say what is naughty they will say like Nehemiah, of whom I preached this morning, “So did not I, because of the fear of God.” I cannot say how much I love them, and think of them, and talk to myself about them, and talk to God about them, that He will be a God and Father to them; and that, like Enoch, they may have God walking with them in their walks, and may talk with God as Moses did, telling Him what they would like to be and to do, and trying to please Him in all things.’

This little sketch of home interests may be concluded by quoting the prayer he wrote for his children on this journey, to help them in talking with God:—

Prayer.

‘O Lord, suffer me to come to Thee in the name of Jesus Christ Thy dear Son. May His precious blood cleanse me from all my sin. Give me Thy Holy Spirit to take away the heart of stone, and to give me a heart of flesh, and to renew me day by day in the likeness of Jesus Christ. Make me so strong by Thy word abiding in me that I may keep myself, and the Wicked One may not touch me. May I always speak the truth. Make me gentle and lowly, loving and obedient, hearty and diligent in business, and holy in word and deed. May I try always to do the thing that pleases Thee, and to remember that Thou, God, seest me. May I be found ready when Jesus comes, that I may see Him and serve Him for ever and ever in heaven. *Amen.*

¹ French took great interest in these men. Though he was not a draughtsman, there is a quaint little sketch in his journal of one of them using his fishing-pot to serve as an umbrella!

This sometimes.

‘Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth amongst Jews, heathen, and Mohammedans. Bless the missionaries who preach to them, and grant that Thy Word, spoken by their mouth, may have such success that it may never be spoken in vain.

‘Bless my dear parents and grand-parents, my brothers, and sisters, and cousins, and the minister who preaches to us, and all our teachers.’

On his journey out French spent three happy days with Mr. Janson, his wife’s father, at Rome. As might be expected in an old pupil of Dr. Arnold, the historic associations of the place made most impression on him.

‘It requires,’ he says, ‘no little stretch of mind to keep one’s interests unflagging, and perceptions of beauty ever quick and fresh, where such an endless intellectual repast is set before us in such variety and excellence. Perhaps the illustrations which Rome continually supplies of ancient history, Christian and pagan, rivet and fascinate me most. The Forum, for instance, with the recollections it evokes of Roman poets, historians, orators, generals, and not least of the Apostles who were imprisoned close by, and generally of the past glory of the Roman empire, gives me the fullest delight.’

One day he spent at Veii tracing the ruins with the utmost zeal. In the galleries he delighted most in taking out his Tacitus, and comparing the statues of the emperors with his description of their characters. So in St. Peter’s, after dwelling with astonishment on the proportions of the building as a whole, he adds :—

‘One liked to look at the countenances of the popes, those in particular who had most disturbed or aroused the world. Few of them, I fear, have been a blessing to it ; few, I fear, have truly adopted the angelic motto, “Glory to God, and on earth peace,” &c. “Glory to self, and on earth strife,” might, I fear, more truly be said of them. Still, there have been a few bright exceptions, I doubt not, and more who, but for a feeble character and overmastering influences, would have been nursing-fathers of the Church. In the choir are engraven on marble tablets the names of the prelates, princes, and cardinals who assisted in the formal declaration of the new article of faith, of which the Pope seems to be amazingly proud¹, emblazoning it

¹ The Immaculate Conception.

abroad in season and out of season. He must be an intolerably vain man, as many weak persons are, for his name occurs over numerous little buildings, bridges that have undergone little repairs, little discoveries of antiquities, little schools that have been founded. His mind seems occupied at present in keeping as tight a grip as he can of his temporal power, building himself a tomb in S. Lorenzo under the altar (which we saw), and canonizing some reputed or actual Japanese martyrs, whose names have transpired, I suppose, since the late opening up of Japan. Thus he is helping Rome to its (probably) predicted downfall—the weakest, though far from the worst or most ill-intentioned, of popes.’

The interest of these three days was not a quickly passing one. He carried the remembrance with him to the furthest wastes of India, and there it mingled with his master passion and coloured all his thoughts of missionary enterprise. In broken fragments in his journals, among hard Pushtu words and Afghan hymns and other miscellaneous entries, appears a little essay on ‘Crumbling Monuments of Heathenism,’ by which it may be plainly understood how much of faith and courage a missionary could obtain, from seeing with his eyes the relics of a bygone superstition, and viewing them as pledges of the yet completer triumphs of the gospel in the days to come.

After a quick and uneventful voyage, he had one busy day in Bombay as guest of the Bishop and Mrs. Harding. There, among other interests, he found his own first Jewish convert, Benjamin, working most satisfactorily as a missionary; he also picked up his two fellow-workers, Soans and Cooper, and so passed on to Karachi, thence through desolate country—‘sand wastes dotted with low cactus plants, and a few greener bushes struggling for life, looking like a smile forced from a face of sorrow’—to Kotri, and one stage further to Hyderabad. There he enjoyed a long chat with Abdullah Athim, the celebrated convert who had challenged all the moulwis in North-Western India and Sindh with questions which it caused them no small difficulty to answer. French argued with him for some hours, and set before him the views of Hilary upon the doctrine of the Trinity, concerning which Abdullah entertained confused ideas. Abdullah thanked him afterwards for having

made the matter clear. The incident is worthy of remark because the latest work of French's life was an attempt to render into Arabic this treatise on the Trinity.

From Hyderabad to Multan the journey was tedious and monotonous; there was daily hard work at Pushtu and other languages, daily preaching to the motley crew, and a daily landing in the evening to consecrate each spot to God with prayer.

Soans stayed at Multan, where he died in his first year of service, and French went on across country with Cooper. When they had left the Indus, their difficulties thickened. The servants were troublesome, and needed much scolding, and even a touch of the riding-whip, to induce them to fall in with French's wishes at all—'it is hard,' he says, 'to feel towards them as a missionary ought'—the camels were refractory; Cooper could not ride, and had to take a buggy, which was much shaken with the rough cross-country work; dak bungalows were few and far between, and many of the marches were heavy and severe, lasting from 3.30 to 12 a.m.

'We should fare ill but for an active and obliging chaprassi, whom Mr. Yeates¹ kindly sent with us, who leads the expedition and carries a gun, which I have bought to help out a dinner with should provisions fail at any time in these wildernesses. What will you say to me? I can only quote Henry Martyn's case as a precedent. In his Life it is mentioned that, going up the Ganges, he constantly landed and used his gun. The first time I use mine I will let you know. Ganga Din evidently thinks himself a man in authority, as he carries the gun, and duly deposits it with me when each march is finished.'

At Pahoor bungalow, the last stage before Dera Ismail Khan, which he was very anxious to reach by Easter, the roads were pronounced impassable through rains. He wrote to the deputy commissioner for boats to go by water, and when no answer came he said:—

¹ Mr. Yeates, missionary at Multan. French baptized his child on this visit. He remarks concerning him, that, so far as his experience goes, 'Dublin is always ready to spare her best for mission work.'

‘Constitutional impatience or fear that we were being gulled or deceived led me to start, with two camels laden and my pony, to a place on the river (Puttun) said to be three cos distant. It was a broiling day. I think I never felt the heat greater. We passed on village by village, taking a guide from the headman of each, through a dusty and sunburnt jungle, my pony walking behind ; for it was too rough and uneven a path for me to trust myself upon him, as he trips rather in walking, though not in cantering. Thus we came at last, after a good ten miles’ walk, to the river at four o’clock.

‘There I found a very large encampment of Afghans : it was a very novel scene indeed, so emphatically Oriental, reviving so many fancy pictures of nomad Tartar and Turkish hordes.

‘Their tents were chiefly of poles with black blankets or felt coverings stretched across. Around each tent a little enclosure of reeds and the very tall grass of the country (which grows in stray clumps) was framed, and within these the children were playing by their mothers, all very decently and respectably habited ; the mothers chiefly in flowing black mantles, with red or drab garments underneath. There did not seem much external beauty about them, and the figure was nearly concealed by the dress. They seemed as unconstrained and fearless as English women would, except that the whole face was not always unveiled. Some of the boys were bathing in the river, others disporting on the banks. Altogether it was a striking scene, specially as it burst suddenly upon me, and there were so many gathered on one spot ; there may have been from twelve to fifteen hundred.

‘They are now returning to their homes across the mountains, where they remain till October or November. The men were mostly sitting in circular groups—some of very wild, weather-beaten, passion-speaking countenances ; others, and not a few, of lofty and self-respectful mien and bearing, with a great deal of intellect and wisdom, as well as of massive and stalwart strength, expressed in their outer man. Your father will like to hear of this my first encounter with the people to whom I am sent.

‘Having passed through the body of mountaineers (to whom my pony and well-laden camels must have seemed a tempting prize), I reached the river, as before said, and found two or three rafts ; but the boatmen all declined to convey me to Dera, even though I promised them a good present. I was obliged, therefore, to fix my eyes on a particular boat, and tell them that *that* boat I would and should have. The best thing, therefore, they could do was to offer no sort of resistance ; and accordingly I proceeded to unlade the camels, and made the pony spring into the boat, while the astonished natives submitted to their kismet or fate. I could not help smiling at hearing the khidmatgar arguing with them that this was no “*begar kām par lagāna*,” i. e. no forced occupation because

I offered them a present ! They were to go all night and bring me to Dera Ismail Khan for the Easter Day services, but this seemed impossible, owing to the fantastic windings and shiftings of the Indus channel. I spent therefore rather a sad Easter Day, trying to reach Dera Ismail Khan for the evening service, which, however, was not accomplished ; for, though the men did their best, we did not reach the port till between seven and eight. I spent the night on board, and came to the house of Mr. ¹ and Miss Robinson this morning. I found some opportunities on board of preaching Christ to the Mohammedans.'

Thus he arrived at last, very thankful to Him who had smoothed the way through all the difficulties of the journey from February 7 to April 20, and yet sorely pressed and straitened in spirit at the thought of deep unworthiness, and ready to regard himself as a 'stop-gap till some one of more unflinching courage and bolder faith is sent to occupy the new land more permanently.' 'In the solitude of journeying,' he said, 'the heart talks its own language more, and the depths of its depravity and weakness are painfully revealed.'

The next three months were spent on the hot plain at Dera Ismail Khan ; not till August did French retire to the little hill-station of Sheikbooddeen, 4,000 feet above the sea-level, on a spur of the Suliman range, commanding the plain north and south.

His proceedings showed, perhaps, a lack of prudent generalship and a great disregard for his own health. He sought too late, and quitted too soon, the refreshment of the higher altitude. Early in May he wrote :—

'I have been so anxious not to set the example of starting at once for the hills, knowing what a joke it might be the occasion of against us at the outset, although Colonel Taylor telegraphed to us rather dictatorially to proceed at once thither and build two little rooms for the mission.'

Of Dera Ismail he says :—

'Beyond the few houses of the station you look out on a desert, much like that you see from Cairo, with the fine old mountains

¹ The chaplain who kindly offered hospitality ; he was killed in the fatal landslip at Naini Tal.

here instead of the Pyramids, which are but as pygmies in size and infants in age beside the everlasting hills. . . . It is a perpetual enjoyment to me to look at the great river and the great mountain.'

The time was spent in studying the language, preaching in the bazaars, and purchasing a mission site and making the arrangements for the buildings. The site, through the kind assistance of Col. Vaughan (brother of the Dean of Llandaff, and a fine Pushtu scholar) and of Major Nicolls, was well chosen—close to the native town, and removed from the cantonments. Lieutenant Garbett, the river-engineer, drew out the plans, and gave his willing help; but the English, as a whole, were not warmly in favour of the mission project.

The riverside was a favourite haunt for preaching. The crews of the cotton boats and other craft belonged in many cases to tribes and races never yet visited by any missionary. The river was also a source of very anxious interest, in that it threatened to overwhelm the station. Lieutenant Garbett averted this catastrophe. 'How he watches the river, like a prize-fighter every turn of hand and countenance,' writes French in admiration. The natives, too, looked on with apathetic interest. 'The river is a great king, why should he not do as he chooses?' At length the channel of the stream was altered and the station saved. 'The people seem to think it due to the ikbal, or good auspices of the English Government. We tell them differently, though we are thankful for the prosperity granted to our rule, and the ability put into our hands of conferring blessings.'

On Whitsunday came Mr. Bruce, of whom French writes in terms of warmest admiration. He was a good Punjabi scholar, a mongrel language for which French had no affection¹; his coming was a great encouragement. At the same time, Sir Robert Montgomery wrote to them:—

'I am indeed glad to hear that your prospects are good. *Study the language*, and make yourselves masters of it, even if you have to

¹ The Punjabi referred to here is the local patois, and not the classic language of the Grunth.

lie by for a year or more. Till you know the language you will be weak, if you are there for years. I should like to hear occasionally how you are getting on, and whether I can aid in any way. It is uphill work at first, but you have all Central Asia before you, if your voices can reach the people there. Be very discreet in all you do. In fact, be wise as serpents and harmless as doves; and may God bless your labours, and give you strength, and faith, and patience to overcome all difficulties.'

Words like these, French says, from so eminently able a Christian ruler, quite tend to hearten and inspirit us. Of his inner thoughts, he writes at this time to a friend at Clifton¹:—

'The ever fresh and great thoughts of which the Bible is pregnant seem to open to one wonderfully at times, in their *contrast* with the *poverty* of the systems with which we deal. They crowd sometimes upon the mind during what should be sleeping hours, and yet what a fragment it is of the *great whole* of truth, of which our conceptions will be so much brighter and clearer when knowledge and love will be as one, advancing with even steps towards Him who is the source and object of both, for ever!'

Sheikbooddeen, where, at Reynell Taylor's suggestion, he spent August and the greater part of September, in a house kindly lent them by Captain Campbell, was an interesting outpost of civilization on a breezy eminence, commanding an almost boundless prospect north and south. Some eight or ten European houses occupied almost every available site around the crest of the crater, and on the height in the centre, a miniature little church, with seats for thirty, was beginning to rise two feet from the ground. In addition to his linguistic studies, which were carried on with ardour, his ministrations to the little group of highly educated Europeans, which he found here, were a great interest.

'I was delighted,' he wrote, Aug. 19, 'to receive a subscription paper for the little church. . . . 2,000 Rs. are needed to finish it, of which Colonel Taylor gives 500. I have given forty. That poor little church left unfinished haunts me, I cannot bear to look at it,

¹ Miss Mills, a warm supporter and unwearied collector for his missionary projects.

protesting as it seems to do, before heaven and earth, against the covetousness and carelessness of professed Christians.'

Shortly afterwards he had the sad task of inaugurating the little cemetery. Major Nicolls died of sunstroke while coming up with his wife, and French helped to lay out the corpse, and buried him beside the little chancel. Thus, as a foreign writer notices, the English, though the most home-loving of people, are found to leave their graves in every land.

He admits himself that he was too impatient, perhaps, to leave this cramped sphere, and after some days of special prayer, towards the end of September, whilst as yet the heat was scarce at all abated, he flung himself down upon the barren plains of Marwat, which stretched as far as eye could reach beneath his feet. After various disappointments from failures of camels, involving much (otherwise) unnecessary exposure to a blazing sun, he was fairly embarked on the work on which his heart was set. He was not allowed to travel without a bodyguard—a man with a sword, whom he looked on rather as a jailer than a guardian. 'I suppose,' he says, 'that if danger arose he would take to his heels and leave me to fight my own battles. I begged the commissioner hard to let me go unguarded; but he will not, so I dare not resist.' He sought to cut himself off from European society, and live amongst the natives as much as possible. He would, if he could, have made himself the member of an Afghan tribe. He grew a beard against his own taste and to conciliate their prejudice, since he found they measured a man as much by his beard as his brains, or nearly so.

The general character of work was this:—

'The khans or chieftains of the village were usually the first to call and try and discover the object of our visit. One of the first questions usually was, whether I had known 'Neccholsayn Sahib' (General Nicholson), whom they seemed to associate with all that was noble and terrible in English character and rule. The next question would generally be whether the English ever prayed, implying, in fact, whether they had any religion; for religion and the stated seasons for prayer are almost synonymous in the Afghan

mind, and beyond this, doctrine and practice seem little accounted of. The rest of the people ventured very little into my tent, but could often be met in considerable numbers in the "chaunk," a large hut of mud or straw erected in the centre of each village for the reception of strangers, and for village gatherings when any matters required joint public deliberation. Here the moollahs (or akhoonds, as they were called in these parts) would come forward, and prove themselves far abler champions of Mohammedanism than I had looked for so far from the world's great thoroughfare.'

The character of country is thus described to Mrs. French :—

'You used to think Hindostan bore signal impress of the consequences of the curse, and I fear you would say it more emphatically of Marwat, the country in which I have been journeying the last few days. It seems almost as if some withering breath had passed over it to scourge and blast it. It is a weary waste, indeed, to look upon; there is not a single well throughout it, that I have been able to discover. Rain water, when it falls, which is seldom and most precarious, is preserved in tanks till it is black and noisome, and with filtering in sand and charcoal is then passable. The solitary exceptions are the villages on the banks of the little river Gumbeli, where my tent is now pitched. Oh, the joy of coming to a real flowing stream, shallow and narrow though it be, yet the intense refreshment and invigoration of soul and body which one seems to experience passes description! It looks like the one life-spot in a land of death; it does look as if it were poured fresh from a Father's hand, as the gladdest and most precious boon He could bestow. And then such water! Pure, sweet, cool, healthy, beyond that of most rivers; the perfection of water, I should say, or else my endurance of muddy and impure water has made me think so; but, indeed, it is celebrated, this little Gumbeli river, I am told. The tahsildar informed me the other day that people had no need here to take ghi, the water itself was so rich. Don't suppose, however, it is oily or greasy; it is of pure water consistence.'

This letter was written at a place called Sakki; other spots were more fertile. Of Bunnoo especially, where at the end of October he came once again upon civilization, he writes :—

'Bunnoo and the country round is strangely different from Marwat; the hills, enclosing it more or less on three sides at an interval of four or five miles which seems really nothing at all, ensure a perpetual supply of fresh good water, so that the land is like a Garden of Eden physically (would it were so morally!); every field almost has its channel of perpetually running streams, and the country is carpeted with luxuriant verdure.'

Here was a large fort and walled bazaar in the centre of ten or twelve Afghan villages; and an orderly cattle market held every Friday, and frequented by the Wuzeeris and other mountain tribes, gave special opportunities of preaching.

At the beginning of December he returned to Dera Ismail, a good deal knocked up with the heat, but soon issued out again to visit among the black tent hamlets of Povindahs that now covered the plains. On December 21 he wrote to his friend Stuart:—

‘I am trying to search out the Povindah Afghans in their tent villages, which are scattered over the country, hidden in the jungles, but chiefly near the Indus banks. It taxes one’s nerves and strength heavily, for they are a strange race. I have unfortunately been rather broken in health by a long attack of intermittent fever, which renders me less able to bear the constant exposure this sort of life requires. I am more and more appalled at the hostility and decided antipathy of Islam, falsely so called, to the Gospel, and the strong position they take up on a foundation so utterly weak and hollow. I was reading a hymn of theirs a few days ago, in which were abasing confessions of sin till the last stanza, the import of which was, whatever our shortcomings, we have this to fall back upon, we are ahl-i-Islam (Moslems).’

A day or two after this he was providentially found by Dr. Fairweather stricken senseless in the jungle. He was brought to Dera Ismail and carefully nursed by Major and Mrs. Godby—good Christian people, and warm supporters of the mission. On December 30 he wrote in a very shaky hand to his wife:—

‘The doctor will hardly give me leave to write one line, but this I must and will do, just to tell you that, after battling against illness and fevers of various kinds for a long time, my health gave way—became, in fact, wrecked and broken. I was brought in here, where I am under charge of the doctors, who say I have been snatched from the very jaws of death, and there is no hope for me but in leaving for England as soon as the opportunity of a steamer occurs. Please let them know at Burton and Salisbury Square. I can write no more. I lie here blistered, and just able to take some chicken broth, and tea, and medicine. Praise to our God that I have a good hope of seeing you again, though I am still *very* weak. Love to our precious children, and fondest affection for yourself.’

To Stuart, now the Secretary at Calcutta, he wrote on January 7, 1863:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Your words, alas! *festina lente*, were sadly Cassandran. I am thoroughly broken and wrecked, and by the doctors here unanimously ordered home. I was brought in insensiblo from camp some days ago, not expected to live. However, with severe remedies my reason returned (I suppose the sun and fatigue had injured it), and I found myself here, being nursed by some kind friends and eminently skilful doctors. Afterwards I had a bad attack of dysentery, but rallied slowly from this, though I am at the “ne plus ultra” of debility and depression. Oh, of how much forbearance and long-suffering have I need! May God Himself not suffer this new field to fail of sowers and waterers. I cannot write more, but write for your committee’s leave. I am obliged to forestall it in part, as I have an opportunity of getting down the Indus, which may not occur again, in a few days, if only I am up to the mark of starting. Please, a line at Bombay.

Your loving but unworthy brother,

T. V. FRENCH.

Love to Kay. I am so thankful that God seems evidently daily increasing the influence and solid usefulness of your position at Calcutta.

To Mr. Venn, the following day he added a few further particulars, and mentioned that his sickness was ‘congestion of the brain.’

‘I battled hard,’ he says, ‘from September to Christmas with fevers of various forms, determined, if possible, to make myself one with the Afghans, and I travelled in various parts of the district, and had great hopes of doing some steady and solid work for God among them . . . but it seems it requires more physical strength and capability of endurance.’

He further stated that the doctors gave no hope of his ever being fit for missionary journeys in a hot climate again. Archdeacon Pratt shortly after this came up to Dera Ismail Khan on visitation, and wrote an injunction in the record book to Mr. Bruce to take warning by Mr. French, lost for ever through his own imprudence to the frontier! Seventeen years afterwards, on his first visit as a Bishop, French had the entry pointed out to him, to his no small amusement.

He went down the Indus under escort of Mr. Robinson, the chaplain who was also on sick leave, and had a prosperous journey, steadily regaining strength and spirits; it was the time of the Manchester cotton famine, and he wrote *en route* :—

‘It is constantly on my mind that I have had no opportunity yet of doing anything for the manufacturing districts. . . . I can admit no possible reason for not screwing oneself to the utmost to do something for those our brother-sufferers.’

He mentioned also in the early part of the voyage that, besides his Bible and Prayer-book, Spurgeon’s sermons were the one thing that he could read. ‘They retain surprisingly,’ he adds, ‘their best features.’

At length, on February 7, there is this joyful entry in his diary :—

‘At seven a.m., on reaching Boulogne, went straight to steamer, and after favourable passage landed once more in old England, found my precious wife, and Ellen, and Lydia waiting for me on the beach. “He hath put a new song in my mouth, even thanksgiving to our God.”’

Thus ended his second missionary venture. When the difficulties are considered that he had to meet, it would not be reasonable to look for any very manifest results. He had to master a language of complicated syntax, and very hard pronunciation, almost without the help of books, and without any copy of the Pushtu Scriptures¹. Moreover, he stayed in no place long enough to make a permanent impression or to do more than scatter seeds of truth.

And yet there are not wanting indications that had he husbanded his strength, and health been granted him, his self-denial and his sympathy would have won greatly on

¹ It is much that in these brief months he acquired an acquaintance with the language which he never suffered to diminish, and which, in conjunction with his wider Oriental learning, made him many years afterwards, as bishop, a most valuable member of the Pushtu Scripture Revision Committee.

these Afghan borderers. Once, when he was speaking to a party of them, a Hindu came up and reproached them for listening to a 'feringhi Kafir.' 'No,' said they, 'he speaks to us as a friend of our prophets.' Another tribe wished him to accompany them to Khorassan, and proposed to draw out a regular written agreement. 'I'll go,' said he, 'on condition you make me one of your moollahs and listen to God's word at my mouth.' 'Of course we will do this,' they said: 'we will count you among our wroruna (brothers).' 'I shall be satisfied,' said he, 'with being a hamsayah' (neighbour). 'No,' said the speaker, decisively; 'you shall be our wroruna.' With such he got on well.

His own impression of this mission field is given in a report to the Society the following April:—

'After so short an experience, it is premature to hazard an opinion as to the probable results of missions to the Afghans. There are many special points of interest connected with the mission. They seem far more open to warmheartedness, and friendship, and genial loving sympathy, than the Mohammedans on this side the Indus. They do not seem to breathe that bitter spirit of antipathy and antagonism which perpetuates estrangement too commonly between the missionary and his Mohammedan hearers in Hindostan.

'The wide diffusion of the tenets of Soofeeism, which numbers twelve sects among them, some being systems of the wildest scepticism, and others of abstrusest mysticism, has induced a free-thinking spirit among them, which, though not favourable to depth of conviction, yet renders them not indisposed to hear, to tolerate, and even to examine. I think I have discovered traces also of a higher view of the character and work of Christ, than is common among Mohammedans. I feel a pang of deep regret at being withdrawn from that work. It has been begun in great weakness, but under prayerful auspices, and on the highest and most scriptural principles. None can say how important a bearing its future may have on the entrance of the light of the glorious gospel of Christ into the regions of Central Asia.'

In conclusion, it may be asked how far the missions have since realized those hopes once formed of them? The stations have been held, but always *weakly* held. According to the last reports, there were in the districts of Bunnoo and Dera Ismail Khan some sixty native Christians and 500 boys in the schools. Bishop Westcott says:—

‘When we think of the line of positions on the Indus, what then? . . . vantage points, whence in due time a Christian army shall march forwards to give liberty to Asia. And what do we hear from them? A cry, a sad cry of solitary watchers calling most piteously for reinforcements. . . . We do wrong to the promise on which the Church rests (St. Matt. xvi. 18) when we interpret it of successful resistance and not of irresistible advance.’

Perhaps the devotion of French may still bear fruit in calling forth recruits from his own Oxford or our other universities to this most promising field, almost the only one where Islam is thoroughly accessible under protection of our British Government. Perhaps the prayer of his weakness, ‘May God Himself not suffer this new field to fail of sowers and waterers!’ may meet with an answer of peace.

CHAPTER IX.

CLERICAL WORK AT BEDDINGTON AND CHELTENHAM.

*‘Fac bene, fac tua, fac aliquid, fac utile semper,
Corrumpunt mores otia prava bonos.’*

‘Thinking, praying, working, reading, loving, and feeling are the great instruments of ministerial success and blessing.’

FOR some months after his return from India, French made his headquarters at Folkestone, recruiting his shattered energies in the bracing atmosphere of the seaside. He then took a short engagement at Christ Church, Hampstead, assisting during three months, while, first, the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth (now Bishop of Exeter) and then his curate went for their holidays. Mrs. French’s father, Mr. Janson, had recently married again—Miss Masterman, a sister of Mrs. Symons. She kindly let them use her empty house at Hampstead: and to this little episode in their busy life they always looked back with pleasure.

His next sphere was at Beddington. The venerable Dr. Marsh was an old friend of his father, Mr. Peter French; both families having a close connexion with the town of Reading. Dr. Marsh, who was born in 1775, was now in the calm sunset of his holy and beautiful life, and resided chiefly at Beckenham; though he took the keenest interest in all that was in progress in both parishes. Here Mr. French was brought into contact and sympathy with Miss Marsh, the gifted authoress, and with Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, and other leading evangelical laymen. He had as fellow-workers the Rev. Henry O’Rorke, who had formerly been a curate at Burton, and was well acquainted with his father there, and the Rev.

George Maxwell Gordon, the hero of Candahar—destined to prove one of the noblest champions of mission work in the Punjab: they all three worked together in great happiness and harmony. The chief incident of these months of labour was a mission conducted by the Rev. W. Haslam, for which they carefully prepared, and cherished the seed sown with watchful assiduity. A doctor who excessively disliked Mr. Haslam, and was with difficulty persuaded to hear him, said he was bound to confess that several instances of very remarkable moral transformation had come under his own observation in consequence of this one mission week. But perhaps the most fruitful result of the Beddington curacy was the resolve of Gordon to give himself to missionary work.

‘We met for the first time,’ wrote Bishop French, ‘in the rectory of Beddington. Gordon became my fast friend from that time forward. Probably he had already felt a secret drawing towards missionary work; and as I had but just returned in very bad health from my second (too short) campaign in India, and our brotherly intercourse often took the shape of missionary conversation, it is likely enough that vague indistinct yearnings became definite unalterable resolves. Yet his quiet self-possessed manner, his unpretending humility, his constant devotion of his time to Bible-classes among working men and lads, and his gentle and dignified refinement prevented my discovering what was working in his mind; and it was not till after Dr. Marsh’s death some eighteen months later, when he had become curate of St. Thomas’s, Portman Square, that he opened his heart to me on the subject of spending the rest of his life as a missionary.’

Mr. O’Rorke adds that French’s thoughtful preaching, and the glow of missionary enthusiasm which illumined his discourses, had a deep influence in drawing Gordon’s thoughts to missionary life.

When French had been some months at Beddington, he received from Dr. Walker, a former Oxford friend, an able preacher and strong Calvinist, the offer of St. John’s Church, Cheltenham. On August 10, 1864, he wrote in his journal:—

‘We entered our villa at Cheltenham. May our God come with us and consecrate it with His presence, and make it a little centre of

light and Christian influence! May our God be to us as a little sanctuary in every place to which we go, and may the happy, holy spirit breathed in our house on earth be a foretaste of the perfect holiness and happiness of our home above!

Before leaving Beddington he received substantial tokens of affection from the scholars he had taught; in their religious life he took great interest, as entries in his diary make very manifest. He notes how one small boy about to go to school for the first time, on being told that he would have to dress himself, was heard to pray aloud: 'O Lord, make me know how to fasten my shirt-buttons, especially the top button, which is so hard.' The saying of another older boy to a friend who had been tempted with bad thoughts is also quoted with approval: 'I can't prevent the birds from flying over my head, but I can prevent them from building their nests in my hair.' To Dr. Marsh French wrote: 'I trust my ministry, whether long or short, may ever bear the impression of Beddington and Beckenham, the Bethany and Bethphage I would fain believe the blessed Lord would have chosen, had he preached to London instead of to Jerusalem.'

The charge of St. John's, Cheltenham, was at this time from local circumstances a trust of special burden, and after devoted labour of some weeks, through the kindness of the same patron, French was enabled to accept the more important living of St. Paul's in the same town, left vacant by the advancement of Mr. Bromby to the See of Tasmania.

St. Paul's was a large parish of 6,000 inhabitants, of whom 4,000 were poor people; it contained Rutland Street, undoubtedly the worst in Cheltenham, and at that time perhaps as bad as any to be found in London: it was largely tenanted by Irish Roman Catholics. The late vicar had combined the incumbency with the office of Principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses. Now a separate head was appointed for this institution, Mr. Chamney, formerly a curate of Mr. Edward Bickersteth at Watton; but the masters continued to attend the church, and formed an important element in choir and

congregation. The church seated 1,400. The change of parish did not in this case involve a change of home, as French still occupied his former villa. His father-in-law had offered to provide him with a house within the limits of his new district. His reply is characteristic:—

‘I feel deeply indebted to you on my dear wife’s account and my own for the proposal. I hope you will not think me very ungrateful if I hesitate in accepting it; there seems to me a kind of incongruity with my former work, and my present labour amongst thousands of poor labourers, in occupying a house that is on so extensive and splendid a scale. I should feel a kind of shame in telling them I sympathized with them and could enter into their difficulties, &c., when there was such a vast difference between their outward condition and mine. This is really my main objection, and one which I feel I could scarcely get over, unless we failed to meet with a house more suited to our actual requirements, and consistent with our position. The other reason is important, but not so much so, that we must of necessity keep a larger establishment, and that everybody would affirm (let us say what we would) that we were rich people, and should support institutions and receive friends accordingly.’

At St. Paul’s he laboured for a little more than four years with the greatest earnestness, and made his mark in the town. ‘May I behave *wisely, with perfect heart, and hate the sins of unfaithfulness*,’ was his prayer on announcing his acceptance; and he thus expressed to his parishioners his principle of conduct: ‘The maintenance of unreserved and friendly communications with those members of my congregation who may desire it, and thankful acceptance of their co-operation in every good word and work, are objects which I would steadily desire to keep in view.’

On Dec. 11, 1864, he read himself in. A serious outbreak of smallpox shortly followed, and the way in which he would sit on the beds of the patients, and chat with them, quite fearless of infection, did much to win a place for the pastor in the hearts of his parishioners, especially among the poorer class.

Mr. Hardy, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was curate at St. Paul’s, Cheltenham, from 1867 to 1870, and afterwards succeeded French as vicar of Erith, has

kindly sent some reminiscences about this period, from which the following extracts are taken:—

‘The most striking characteristic of Bishop French has always seemed to me to be his wonderful zeal, self-devotion, and self-sacrifice. This had become so truly his nature that it was the ground of his singular nobleness of mind, as it was also the cause of much physical weakness. . . . I always regretted that he could not avoid the perpetual strain which I thought interfered with the quality of his work, but he never seemed satisfied till he was exhausted. While he was intensely interested in his parochial charge, he often complained of the amount of time which was required by secular matters, and was always somewhat impatient of *this* side of his duty. Some of his lay-helpers were vexed at this impatience, yet (as the Rev. R. Chamney remarked to me) “They grumbled, but they never left him.” This attachment was due to the generosity of feeling which he displayed in all his doings.

‘Besides the duties of his own cure, he often took journeys to preach missionary sermons or speak at missionary meetings in various parts of the country; and when remonstrated with for thus adding to his labour, he maintained (and I think truly) that the journeys did not fatigue but refreshed him. He complained sadly, however, that at the meals which preceded or succeeded the meetings, the company seemed ready to talk about everything rather than about missionary subjects. At missionary meetings his habitual modesty led sometimes to disappointments: he would often talk about work in all quarters of the mission field, omitting entirely that part in which he had been himself engaged, which was what his audience most desired to hear about.

‘Generosity, unsuspiciousness, confidence, always marked his relations with his fellow-workers, and sometimes caused him to suffer obloquy, in cases in which more suspicious eyes discerned what they accounted to be error or mischief long before he foresaw any cause of trouble.

‘Mr. French’s mind was very superior to trifles, and he taught me not to be over-disquieted about little accidents and mistakes, by which we are liable to be upset to a degree out of all proportion to their spiritual importance.

‘His sermons were always burning with zeal, and were distinguished by a fine historical imagination and most striking personal applications. In my judgement, the most perfect because the most compact were those which he preached on saints’ days, on which occasions he adhered most strictly to his subject. His sermons on Old Testament characters or on prophetic imagery were most original, and fresh, and practical, being made more life-like by his own Asiatic experiences; no one who heard such sermons as those on Absalom, and on the man with the ink-horn in Ezek. ix, could

ever forget them. On Sunday evenings, on the other hand, he had the habit of adding extempore pieces of missionary information or spiritual entreaties, which made the sermons seem disconnected, and to some minds wearisome¹.

'In his house-to-house visitation, his conscientiousness added greatly to his labour; he could not divest himself of the responsibility of knowing *all* his parishioners, and could never consent to divide the parish (of about 6,000 people) with his curate; hence he visited in one-half of the parish in one month, and in the other half the next month, a method which enabled him indeed to know all the souls under his charge, but to know them less intimately than if half had been allotted to him and half to his curate.

'His ordinary day's work was long and laborious. On Wednesdays in particular he used to leave his house at ten in the morning, and not return till ten at night, having been occupied for twelve hours without any real rest. On these days he ate sandwiches at mid-day in the vestry, and took tea at the house of some parishioner, exerting himself in these visits to speak words of pastoral edification, not without considerable effort and strain.

'He was always most desirous to enlist workers for Christ. I remember a woman complaining that he did not visit her often enough; his answer was, "*You ought to visit others, and lead them to Christ.*"

'During his stay at Cheltenham he regarded himself as an evangelical, and his warmest interest was in the C. M. S.; but he was on the watch against that narrow partisanship which was prevalent at Cheltenham, uniting with the Rev. J. Fenn in support of the S. P. G., and always advocating breadth of sympathy and union. While he was zealous for every kind of missionary work, his most eager desire was for the conversion of the Mohammedans; he regarded them as "gentlemen," and still more as persons capable of understanding the principle of faith.

'His chief study was in the Holy Scriptures, in which he made great use of the Greek fathers and of modern German expositors. Delitzsch was a great favourite with him; he considered his commentary on Isaiah as the model of a good commentary. He told me that St. Hilary had cleared away all his doubts and difficulties on the subject of the Trinity. Nothing pleased him so much as conversation which brought out the meaning or application of any passage of Holy Scripture. He took great delight also in church history, and was greatly attached to Neander; he was never tired of

¹ Several separate sermons, it may be added, were published by request or for parochial distribution; and before he resigned the charge he published a volume, containing some of his best work, entitled *The Old Commandment New and True in Christ*.

speaking of great missionary leaders like St. Columba or Raymond Lull. All the time he was at Cheltenham he continued to work at Arabic, hoping that it would prove of use to him in the mission field, as was notably the case in the last two years of his life.'

Amongst Mr. French's labours at Cheltenham may be mentioned the compilation of a little hymnal for the use of his own congregation. Some of the best modern collections—such as the *Hymnal Companion* or *Church Hymns*—had not at that time been published, and a very inadequate collection had been in use in his church. Of French's book the Bishop of Exeter says in the Preface to the *Hymnal Companion*: 'It contains 180 psalms and hymns, and betrays the cultivated classical taste of the editor in every page.' One fine missionary hymn, 'Hills of the North, rejoice,' composed by Mr. Oakley for a lawn meeting which French addressed, has won its way from his small hymnal into wide and general use. French was himself most passionately fond of hymns, and, if less pressed with work, would probably have been a hymn-writer. The 'Advent Song,' composed by him for the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer*, though not perfect in form is rich in poetry of thought and image:—

AN ADVENT SONG.

Thy light is come! arise and shine!
A day-spring radiant and divine
Breaks for thee. 'Tis thy coming King!
Shake off thy dust! arise and sing.

Courage! e'en though the thundercloud
Broods o'er thee with its mourning shroud,
Bright rays of light shall pierce that storm--
Looms through the mist, thy Saviour's form.

Joy to thee, pilgrim! Lone and drear
Thy pathway lies, but yon bright sphere
(Though yet unrisen) rich seeds of light
Sows broad-cast o'er the field of night.

Tossed mariner! bid thy bark breast
The billows towards the haven of rest;
What time thou seem'st to make them sport,
They speed thee surely to thy port.

Soldier of Christ! sheathe not thy sword,
Gird fast thy loins! expect thy Lord!
Himself speaks peace. *He* calms the strife,
Who won for thee the crown of life.

Watchman of God! with sleepless eye
Each harbinger of light desery;
Stand on the mountain-top and strain
Thy rapt gaze, the first streak to gain
Which shoots athwart the darkling main.

Courage! take heart, thou man of toil,
That dew'st with tears the thankless soil;
Sheaves in thy bosom thou shalt bind,
Fruits from each handful cast abroad
Await the harvest home of God.

True bridegroom of Thy Church revive
Our love! bid drooping graces thrive,
Of self's soiled robes our souls undress,
Clothe us in Thine own righteousness.

Thy frail and fickle bride make meet
With *whole* desires her Lord to greet;
Her sluggish ice-blocked spirit fill
With Thy love's bounding, quickening rill.

Oil from the golden bowl, not scant
And trickling, for our vessels grant—
More life and fuller, *that* we want.
Thine is no niggard's dole! Thy store
Of grace right *royally* runs o'er.

His journals, as usual, were mainly occupied with striking extracts from his reading, but incidents of parish work from time to time appear in them. At one time he is preaching in a public-house, after the usual Sunday service; at another, on the way between two churches, doing a little open-air work in the town, and 'stopped by a policeman(!)'; at another, he thanked God for strength given to take two full services, part of a third, two school openings, and visit and pray with a sick lady four times upon a Sunday; at another, a married couple were so struck with a sermon on 'How long halt ye?' that they thought it was meant expressly for them, and at once took seats in the church; at another, as a result of his

preaching, a baker gave up Sunday baking. All is full of life and energy, and failures are noted as simply as success. A single instance may suffice :—

‘Had been talking to — some time about importance of really being in earnest and taking heaven by violence. He didn’t get up to open the door, and I remonstrated, saying, “I should have got up had you come to my house.” “Why, sir,” he said, “I was thinking of what you were saying, so I didn’t think whether I was standing or sitting.” What a rebuke to me! “Well,” I said, “I’d rather you’d sit and think than stand and not think.”’

His holidays were much engrossed with missionary pleadings. He had one pleasant break at Boulogne, another in Germany, and another as *locum tenens* at Bispham, the living of Mr. Leighton, his old Agra colleague, upon the Lancashire coast.

From Wittenberg he wrote to his father-in-law, in August, 1865 :—

‘You will like to have a line from me from the scene of Luther’s actions, labours, and death. It has to me exceeded, perhaps, in interest any place we have yet visited ; unhappily the university is at Halle now, but otherwise there is something so old-fashioned and characteristic, so cut off from all the super-refinements of modern innovations, that the little fortified town of Wittenberg seems the very place to have witnessed Luther’s heroic struggles and unflinching resistance to Roman error. The Wartburg, Erfurth, and Wittenberg, taken together, have enabled us to hold much converse with the illustrious Reformer, and my sympathies have been almost enthusiastically enlisted. . . . Here we have, opposite to our hotel windows, the very door against which the Theses were posted ; by it we enter the church where his modest grave is, modest as Charlemagne’s, with Melancthon’s opposite; and to stand within six feet of the dust of Luther kindled a kind of spirit of hero-worship in me, which I have, however, kept within proper bounds, I trust.’

A lecture upon Luther was with him the natural result of such a tour.

But his thoughts were ever centred in India. As early as April, 1865, he wrote in his diary : ‘Very happy thoughts to-day as to call to heathen and Mohammedan worlds. I trust it is the Spirit still separating me. Let me pray and study henceforth as with this object, and plead with

people as hoping to be in the work.' Shortly afterwards, when asked to enlist missionary recruits at Oxford, he wrote to Dr. Kay of feeling 'tongue-tied' on that subject. Kay answered, 'I have no doubt whatever that after what occurred last December two years *you would be wrong in returning to India*. Yours is a clear case, you may with an honest face urge others¹ to do what they can to supply the place you have so reluctantly relinquished.'

The plans that were forming in his mind first took definite shape in a paper which he read before a meeting of some seventy clergy at Gloucester Deanery, under the presidency of Dean Law, and in the presence of Mr. Venn, the Church Missionary Secretary.

This paper, entitled 'Proposed Plan for a Training College of Native Evangelists, Pastors and Teachers for North-West India and the Punjab,' was reduced into form during a short summer holiday at Boulogne in August, 1866, and sent in to the Society. In the following year it was published as a little pamphlet, in conjunction with another paper, written a few weeks later quite independently by another missionary of the Society in India, the Rev. W. Smith, of Benares, which urged the same great need and proposed to meet it on very similar lines. The leading points of French's paper are given below:—

'(1) I have met frequently with men of both services in India, as well as with natives of learning and intelligence, whose distinct and pronounced opinion it has been that we need an improved and higher system of theological training for our more advanced converts, with a special view to their preparation for holy orders, and to their being efficiently entrusted with the work of pastors and evangelists. The remarks thus elicited have implied a secret conviction in the minds of many that the materials in hand for constructing and building up the native church in India are not turned to the best possible account. At best they are not large, but of that which is to hand, not a little runs to waste for want of economizing.

'(2) The question is thus very closely allied with the general one which continually arises—how (with God's good hand helping us)

¹ Robert Clark, on hearing that French had made up his mind to go, said, 'If those who ought to go won't, then those who ought not must.'

the native church may be caused to strike its roots deeper and to ramify more widely; how it may become more effective and influential, may have strength and weight added to it; how we may anticipate and make provision for India's church of the future, may consult for its stability and permanence, impressing upon it all the wholesome tendencies we can; heightening while it is yet in its infancy its sense of responsibility, and the duty laid upon it towards the generations unborn, whilst at the same time we study to husband our resources and to consider, with as large foresight as we may, the contingencies to which the course of time and the growth of the native church may be expected to give birth.

*(3) It is clear we must not compromise the future character of the native church by attempting to trammel it with too rigid adherence to our institutions, holding it thus swathed, as it were, and bound tight in our leading strings. Its growth in the main must be free and spontaneous, natural and unwarped, if we would see it healthy and vigorous. There are, on the other hand, some leading features common (as church history informs us) to the spread and development of all infant churches, and which have largely contributed to lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes.

*(4) On looking into the histories of the early churches of Christianity, we find it was an object, straightway and from the very first kept in view, to fix upon convenient centres which should form rallying points for the promotion and diffusion abroad of the light of the Gospel. In these a small body of Christian teachers devoted themselves to the more complete establishment, and firmer building up in the truth and doctrine of Christianity, of a portion of the choicest and ablest converts, with a view to their becoming in their turn teachers and preachers of the Word. The raising up of such men was not left to be a desultory and discretionary work, occupying the spare moments, the mere residuum of energy of missionaries otherwise occupied in a multiplicity of labours. It was rather an object definitely pursued, in the most favourable localities, under the guidance of the best instructors of which the case admitted, drawn chiefly from among the ripest and most practised veterans. In a somewhat careful study of the missionary history of many ages, I find that at no one period and by no one Christian Church was this great duty neglected or lost sight of. . . .

*(6) It has been much on my mind for some years that something of this sort should be attempted in North-Western India. The ancient and well-earned reputation for learning, which belonged to that country long before Britain emerged from barbarism, of itself constitutes a claim in its people's behalf, and renders "them worthy for whom we should do this." A part of our mission field which has for so many years been highly esteemed and reported of for the massive intellect of its pundits, the acuteness and subtlety of its moolahs, the wide scope of its literature, the intricacy of the problems,

religious and others, treated of by its sages, may well demand of us one or more centres or head-quarters of Christian literature; not such a school merely as should count a theological department amongst many devoted to literary and scientific acquirement, but an institute, standing apart and alone, addicted to theology, and to other sciences only so far as they are kindred and related to it. . . .

‘(8) I know not in what part of India such a staff could be more hopefully and reasonably employed than in North-Western India, the scene of Pfander and Martyn’s honoured services. . . .

‘(9) Things fail in India, as elsewhere, by being commenced on too grand and imposing a scale; on the other hand, they sink from being commenced on so insignificant a scale as to betray a want of faith in those who start them in the probability of their success, and a sense of the extreme hazard of the experiment. I ask, then, for £5,000 to be raised, if possible, in large sums and distinct from the Society’s ordinary funds, whether in India or in England. Of this sum, £500, say, might go to the purchase of land, £2,000 to the building, £500 to the library of the institution, and £2,000 to an endowment fund for junior (native) professors.

‘(10) To my idea of what a college of this kind should be, it is essential that it should be as strictly as possible vernacular, by which I imply not that all the instruction should necessarily be imparted in the native tongue, but that whenever an English course is going on, there should be a corresponding and collateral course in the vernacular. An English college may do well enough in Calcutta. The time may come when in Lahore, Delhi, Agra, and other centres of English rule English instruction may largely predominate; but the college I propose should be dedicated to the purely native church—to its building up, its strengthening, and encouragement. A Mohammedan convert, brought up all his life in distaste and prejudice of English, should here find his want of English does not disentitle or incapacitate him for perfecting his curriculum of theology up to the full measure of perfection which the college course reaches. Here Christianity should be domesticated on the Indian soil, and be able to reckon on a home and hearth of its own. Here, when it is possible to obtain them, should be found men who, by a severe and close attention bestowed on Mohammedan and Hindu literature, can express the delicate shades, the nice distinctions of thought, which some, at least, of our standard works of theology involve. Not the smallest or least practical result of painstaking knowledge thus stored up would be the opportunity afforded for the improvement of some of our Indian versions of the Bible by well-proved and practical translators, able to detect nice correspondencies and divergencies of sense between English and native words by continued intercourse and sympathy with native minds, quick to discover what each word and phrase and idiom suggests when uttered in native hearing.

*The plan of instructing our native teachers in English, without putting them in possession of the power to express themselves on Christian doctrine correctly and accurately in the vernacular, is (I believe) quite abhorrent to the general practice of the Church of Christ from the beginning, as well as to right reason itself. To be mighty in the English scriptures, their exposition and interpretation is very different (clearly) from the power to expound them freely and with confidence to the vast masses of India, who will have nothing to say to the English language: with confidence, I mean that they are employing appropriate and expressive words the very counterpart of the ideas and truths to be communicated. . . .

‘(11) . . . None can tell the constant and very serious difficulty which the want of a sufficient library entails in a missionary’s experience, when sharp, shrewd objectors are buzzing like bees all around him, taunting him with seeming discrepancies of the sacred text, thrusting sore at him with difficulties and objections laboriously compiled from the works of bold, irreverent, or inadvertent Christian writers, so called, or those of reckless sceptics, the shortest and most pointed refutations of which he may not always be able to bear in memory, and thus the seeming present advantage may seem to lie on the side of the adversaries of the faith.

‘An indispensable appendage to the college, then, would be such a library as, like a well-replenished quiver, would supply the missionary with the arrow of controversy as the occasion arose.

‘(13) . . . Both Hindus and Mohammedans have had their institutes corresponding with our English universities or theological training colleges. I came across one at a small town named Daryapur, about thirty-five miles from Agra, toward Khasgunge. There was the aged moollah’s house, the president or principal, whose learning and grey hairs and acknowledged sanctity encompassed him with almost awful reverence. There was the doctor, apparently a part of the establishment; open rooms or arcades (*σκολαι*) for lectures; a mosque, the college chapel; small houses, huts or sheds of a superior kind, the dwelling-houses of the students; all enclosed within walls like a city within a city. I spent an hour or more with the venerable moollah, who was not so communicative as inquisitive. In the Nanakpanthi Institute there was commonly a kind of hospital and sarai for strangers, such as Mr. Bruce has inaugurated on a small scale at Dera Ismail. We shall consider it, then, but an act of justice to give our converts as fair opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with Christian truth as they enjoyed previously for becoming conversant with their former system of religion.

‘(14) . . . The Committee are not ignorant how rich a store of wealth is embraced in the range of Hindu literature. . . . No one can study it for any length of time without being struck with the vigour of fancy, the inventiveness and ingenuity of imagination,

the exhaustless power of illustration, the abstruseness of reasoning, the subtlety and strength of intellect, which have been laid under contribution for thousands of years to enrich and adorn the language, and make speech co-extensive as far as may be with the boldest processes of mind and thought. Is it more profitable to Christianity, or more analogous with the economy of God's former providential dealings with men, that this store should be thrown away as valueless for the purpose of Gospel extension, of its more forcible expression, of its deeper and firmer engrafting in the national mind, than that we should try to act upon the principle enunciated in so many forms in Holy Scripture,—“I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth”? Is the wealth of India's literary treasures less available, less capable of consecration to highest and holiest purposes than the merchant spoil of Tyre? Is it not hard to suppose that God has suffered that vast mass of erudition and result of mental force to accumulate for so many ages to be utterly purposeless towards setting up the kingdom of His dear Son? . . . Is not the attempt to use it for the Lord's service worth making, even though our utmost expectations should not be realized? Have we not been in danger of making the Gospel too much of an exotic? Are there not in Christian theology ample unfoldings of human and Divine thought, which may find as appropriate expression in the niceties, beauties, and forces of the Sanskrit tongue, as in the less abundant copiousness and less precise exactitude of the Greek?’

To the objection that there would not be a sufficient number of students forthcoming, he answered:—

‘(1) From the days of Zechariah and Haggai till now this has been the great holdfast of the slow, the half-hearted, and the disaffected: “The time is not come that the house of the Lord should be built.”’

‘(2) The college would be likely to create its own material. I admit that, in the first instance, we could not look to have overflowing, or even tolerably filled, classes. The work must be slowly, silently, yet, I believe, surely progressive. The few that gathered about our theological class at Agra are sufficient warrant, to my own mind, of the ultimate success of the effort, if we set about it humbly and prayerfully in the patience and perseverance of faith. Our brethren will, in some instances, see objections which we shall not be able to overcome by argument, but only by the proof and discipline which years of waiting and working afford. As obstacles yield, objections will vanish. If we merit their confidence, I doubt not it will be accorded to us. My full belief is, that there is already enough of intelligence, thoughtful seriousness, and learning in a fair proportion of our converts to form the earliest nucleus of such an institution.’

All the time that could be spared from the exacting labours of French's ministry was now devoted to the maturing of this high ideal and advocating its support throughout the land. Step by step he became more deeply involved in this great work, and it only remains to trace in his letters and journals its development.

'Sept. 23, 1867. *Closeted with Mr. Venn.*'

'Oct. 12. (He quotes in his journal a letter to his parents.) "Kindest love to your dear Agra son and daughter. The Punjab is waiting for them, and their sons and daughters, and their grandchildren, and great-grandchildren in *saccula sacculorum*."

'Oct. 13. Dr. Fairweather called. At first seemed unfavourable to my return to India, afterwards said: "Well, I don't see why you should be barred from going if you wish it. I don't think we ought to say—No."'

'Dec. 23. Letter in evening from Clark, with invitation from Lahore Conference. I would spread it before the Lord in humiliation of soul, and at the same time with very thankful acknowledgment of the undeserved honour He has been pleased to put upon me in calling me to such a work. May He fit and prepare me, and accept my dedication of self, if it be His will, and incline the hearts of all concerned to follow the leadings of His good providence.'

'Feb. 18, 1868. Went up to London, spent night at Mr. Venn's, and accompanied him to C. M. S. House, Salisbury Square. Sat by dear Knott, who from time to time dropped in my ear some cheering, strengthening word of God's truth. After two hours the Lahore college question came on. I was surprised and taken aback by the unanimity which prevailed in supporting it as a whole, and the too flattering kindness and cordiality with which I was received. The speakers (after Mr. Venn had opened the subject) were Sir R. Montgomery, Dr. Miller; Knott, of East Ham; Thomas and Maltby, civilians of Madras; Mr. Lang, Mr. Fenn, junior, Mr. Carre Tucker (who advocated Benares). The feeling was to give me *carte blanche* as to (1) choosing a coadjutor; (2) the funds required (£1,000 per annum Mr. Carre Tucker suggested); (3) the place at which the college is to be established; (4) aid rendered me personally for the education of my children. I desire unfeignedly to thank God for the signs given me (as I trust), in this affectionate, cordial welcome and acceptance of my plans, of His approval of the scheme. I desired simply to leave it in His hands, to carry on or set aside as seemed to Him best.'

A few days later, in writing to his father-in-law, to whom he feared that his decision would be little welcome, he

speaks of his life's past labours, such talents as he had, and the 'unconquerable longing of his heart,' as all conspiring to make the call to India appear to him a call from God Himself.

'*March 21.* Very remarkably cheering tidings received to-day touching Lahore college. (*a*) Mr. Knott's acceptance of joint presidency of the college; (*b*) Dhuleep Singh's promise to pay the stipend of one English professor; (*c*) letter from Gordon with cheque for £100; (*d*) letter from Mr. Bull (of Harrow), with promise of £50, with (probably) much larger help in future. Surely, there is more than man's work and purpose in all this, and I would humbly lay all at His feet who has taken out of my hands so much of the detail and gradual expansion of the plan, and granted success far beyond utmost hopes to the project as a whole. Truly, He seems doing it all Himself.'

The Rev. J. W. Knott, Fellow of Brasenose, who was appointed French's colleague, was in many ways one of the most remarkable men that ever joined the ranks of the Church Missionary Society. As a schoolboy he was under the tuition of Prince Lee at Birmingham, the master of Westcott, Lightfoot, and Archbishop Benson. In his Oxford days he had been an ardent member of the Tractarian party, and a personal friend of Dr. Pusey, by whom he was appointed vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds, an outpost of the Oxford leaders in the north. It was a church whose clergy had supplied more than one recruit to Rome, and it often caused uneasiness to the more practical and robust churchmanship of Dr. Hook, the great vicar of Leeds. Knott's course, however, was quite different. He became profoundly dissatisfied with excessive ritual and undue exaltation of the Sacraments, resigned his living and became a simple evangelical, first as curate at Sydenham, then as the first incumbent of Roxeth, Harrow, and then as vicar of East Ham. Now, at the age of forty-six, infected with the zeal of French, he volunteered to join him.

Thus one by one difficulties were removed and needful helps supplied; but the year was an extremely busy one, with many grave anxieties.

There were arrangements for his children's education.

There were arrangements for his parish. A movement was set on foot to endeavour to retain his services as the incumbent. Bishop Ellicott most heartily concurred in it, and as he felt that Mr. French was occupying a very useful position in his diocese, and that his return to India was a venture of faith which possibly his health might not be found to justify, he begged him to appoint a *locum tenens* and continue vicar. With this advice he complied, appointing Mr. Hardy, his curate, and Mr. Harington (formerly Secretary of the Irish Church Missions, who lived in the parish) as his joint deputies until such time as his own course was made fully clear. He did not finally resign the charge till 1870.

There were difficulties about the location of the college. On July 4 he wrote :—

‘Perplexing letters from Archdeacon Pratt, Sir D. McLeod, Sir W. Muir, and Smith. Jehovah-Jireh. The Lord will see to it. May this thought help us still to be silent, waiting for clearer intimations of the Divine will! I feel that Benares is an impossibility as regards the sort of college we propose. It is for Persia and Afghanistan that we have specially framed the project, believing that in these quarters is the right material for a strong and spirited missionary agency.’

And side by side with all the worry of these uncertainties there was a strain of constant work. His journals give the impression of wonderful activity. In January he made an excursion to see Tyndale’s pulpit at Sodbury. In February he began a Greek class for young men in his parish, preached a university sermon at Oxford, and addressed 115 undergraduates. In March he visited Didsbury, Stafford, Manchester, Burton, Clifton, in the missionary cause, and lectured in his parish on Tyndale. In April he attended a meeting at Gloucester, and was a little over-worked at Easter in connexion with confirmation classes, and visited Salisbury, Bishop’s Fonthill, and Wimborne. In May he addressed the clergy at the missionary breakfast in London, preached in Winchester Cathedral, and spoke for the proposed Lahore college at a meeting in the city—where Lord

Northbrook, as chairman, warmly supported the scheme—and visited South Wales. In June he visited Marlborough. In July he attended a valedictory meeting at Clifton, and visited Burton, Repton, and Malvern. In August he visited Walthamstow, Beddington, Chelmsford (where he had much valuable intercourse with Dr. Kay), Keswick, Harrogate, Bridlington, Knaresboro', Edinburgh, and St. Andrew's. In September Knott came to him at Cheltenham, and he had a refreshing week of missionary meetings at Burton, Stapenhill, Wellington, Winkfield, and Nailsea. In October his father and mother came to Cheltenham, and he preached three sermons at Harrow, and made acquaintance with Butler and Westcott and Bull, and addressed Knott's people. 'A solemn occasion! Chose books for library in London, and visited Gloucester.' In November he says:—

'The last part of November was spent in some, to me, ever memorable visits to Bucklebury¹, Ipswich, the Maharaja Dhuleep Singh at Elvedon Hall, Thetford, *Hampstead*, *Walthamstow*, Reading, Oxford, Bajendon(?). Perhaps at no portion of my life had I so many tokens of the lovingkindness and gracious goodness of my God.'

Whilst he was at Hampstead at this time 'his plans were finally arranged in the C. M. S. Committee-room on November 23.'

Nor was his reading thrust into the background through all this rush of other occupation. His diaries contain no formal record of what he did in this respect, but they afford some indications, as we meet with extracts in this one year from a very varied list of authors. The mere recital of their names will show how catholic he was in this respect: Homer, Chrysostom, Charles of Bala, Gerlach, Charnock, Hugh Macmillan, *Life of Lacordaire*, McCheyne, Pusey, Carlyle (*Frederick the Great*), Milman, Adolphe Monod, Travers Madge, Hengstenberg, Carter of Clewer, Spenser (*Faery Queen*), Livy, Propertius, Burke (*Thoughts on the*

¹ In a letter he refers to Cambridge also as to be visited in this tour.

Present Discontent), Bunsen, Niebuhr, Bengel, Berridge, Fletcher of Madeley, Garratt (a work on prophecy).

Amid the multiplicity of meetings two may be singled out for more especial mention. The farewell meeting in the hall at Brasenose College, Oxford,

'was an evening much to be remembered by all of us,' writes Mr. Hathaway; 'an event precisely similar had never before occurred in the history of the university, and then the power and the pathos of the two speeches bowed the heart of every listener. French himself admitted that the meeting was of a very strange, unusual character in Oxford, "owing to the remarkable intimacy which had existed between dear Knott and men of the most varied phases of opinion at various stages of his career, and the extreme respect with which they still regarded him when he had emerged to fuller light and deeper views of truth than themselves, and the consequent interest they felt in the step he was now taking, forsaking health, home and honours, and a very wide circle of influence, for the work of a plain, unremunerated evangelist in the distant East so late in life."'

Men remarked as they left the hall that French was leaving behind him eight children, and Knott a living of £800 a year.

The other meeting was the final one at Salisbury Square, when French and Knott, together with Mr. Dyson (then going to Calcutta, now the vice-principal of the Church Missionary College, Islington), were sent forth to their work.

The father of the present writer, the Rev. T. R. Birks, vicar of Trinity Church, Cambridge, at French's own request delivered the address to the outgoing party; the Bishop of Victoria, who had married French in 1852, presided. His old friend, Dr. Kay, pleaded with all the touching earnestness of personal knowledge that, in accordance with Thomason's old motto, διὰ τὸ ὄνομά μου κεκοπίακας καὶ οὐ κέκμηκας, French might be able to labour and not weary and *not overwork*. The great Scotch educationalist, Dr. Duff, perhaps the prince of missionary teachers, spoke with his wonted force and fire; and French himself told with extreme simplicity the way in which he had been guided through much conflict to this final offer. In speaking of the sacrifice made by his family in sparing him, he said:—

‘I could not but be struck the other day on reading the passage in Livy respecting the going forth of the Roman army on a new expedition against Perseus. There was a veteran soldier who wished to speak to the centurion. “I am a veteran,” he said, “of more than twenty campaigns, and might fairly claim exemption from the service. I have eight children, two of them young, two daughters unmarried; therefore I might legitimately claim release, but as long as there is a Roman general worthy of setting out against my country’s enemies, I shall be always ready to offer for that work.” I do wish (he added) that the clergy, especially the younger clergy of this country, would only feel that they have much grander and nobler motives of action than those by which the old Roman veteran was actuated, and would try to carry them out into practice with somewhat of his self-sacrifice, but in the more subdued and chastened spirit of the gospel.’

French had come across this anecdote in reading with his son Cyril, and mentioned it one day to Mr. Hardy as they walked together to St. Paul’s at Cheltenham; the words of the old soldier, ‘My imperator calls me,’ seemed to have made a deep impression on him. ‘Remembering,’ says Mr. Hardy, ‘that Mr. French had eight children, I observed the coincidence, and anticipated the step on which he afterwards resolved.’

On the night before he sailed, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Janson. It will be seen that he was leaving both his mother and his father-in-law in a very anxious state of health:—

MY DEAR MR. JANSON,

Reading, *Jan. 7.*

Letters and accounts have occupied me almost day and night the last two days, with short intervals spent in my dear mother’s sick room, where she has been confined with dangerous illness for about a week. It is hoped the rheumatic fever has been slightly subdued, but the case is still serious. We hope to get a better report of yourself from S. and E., with whom we are going to spend an hour quietly this evening.

I feel quite unable to say much this last evening; my mind is so oppressed and overpowered with the anxiety and sorrow which this sad farewell brings with it, that I can only cast it all upon God. I do not believe, however, that I shall be disappointed of the hope I entertain that those whom I love most tenderly will not be suffered to reap any real loss or harm from that which, for the present, brings them such deep trial. I was much affected by the full flow of kindness which went forth towards us during the happy little

visit we have just paid you, and of which the remembrance will long be fresh and fragrant. On every side I have been helped and strengthened beyond expectation; but there has been a special sacredness about the two little visits permitted me to our dear suffering parents at Bucklebury and Walthamstow, and many earnest prayers will go up in their behalf from wherever my journeyings by sea or land may find me. It is a great joy and privilege to be allowed a time of leisure for more full and particular intercession than is possible in the whirl of incessant parochial engagements. We came here this morning from Bucklebury, and have spent a quiet day visiting and walking out together. I have completed my parish accounts, and written nearly all the letters I intended. I expect to leave at 8.30 to-morrow, and to leave Folkestone at 1.30 in the afternoon.

With earnest hope and prayer that it may please the great Physician to bless the means employed for alleviating your pain and warding off the present anxiety and danger, and with truest sympathy,

I am, yours ever affectionately,

T. V. FRENCH.

Thus once more the missionary was on his way to his work, and though the present chapter has been devoted to describing his services in England, probably at no time of his life did he effect more permanently fruitful service for the land of his adoption than in the bold conception of this college scheme.

CHAPTER X.

THE RIPENING OF THE COLLEGE SCHEME IN INDIA.

‘Thou shalt have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God. Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee, and thou shalt pay thy vows. Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; and the light shall shine upon thy ways. When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up; and He shall save the humble person.’—*Job* xxii. 26-29.

‘Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left.’—*St. Matt.* xxiv. 40.

It was some twenty months before the plan so carefully thought out in England was brought into effect in India; but they were months of very varied interest, bringing their burden of bereavements, and sorrows, and sickness, and abundant labours, and giving to the future bishop a wide acquaintance with the mighty province which afterwards he should be called to rule.

On his voyage he had a most distinguished set of fellow-passengers. Sir Samuel Baker and the late Professor Owen were going out to accompany the Prince of Wales up the Nile; the latter took the greatest interest in French's plans. The Bombay passengers included the newly-appointed Bishop (Bishop Douglas), his wife and family, and chaplain; Dr. Alexander, a Scotch divine; Mr. Sherring, the well-known Benares missionary of the London Society and the historian of Indian missions; and Mr. Duff, a merchant, son of the great Scotch missionary.

The presence of the Bishop, in some measure, relieved French and his colleague from the duty of ministering to the Europeans; but, as usual, he made an effort, which was

appreciated, to reach the sailors in the fore-castle; and besides the daily church services, Knott, Sherring, and Duff used to unite in his cabin in a daily prayer-meeting. He was in high spirits at the thought of returning to his work, and described with much enthusiasm how he discussed with Knott and Owen the beauties of the south Italian coast, or stood with the bishop and others, Bible in hand, seeking to identify the scriptural localities upon the rocky shores of the Red Sea.

For a week he lingered at Bombay, where he was welcomed by the Weatherheads, and Robert Clark, his future colleague, returning for his furlough, and Mr. Frost, returning homeward invalided (a great and sore disappointment just as his old friend was coming out to work again). Here, too, he met Dr. John Wilson, the eminent Scotch orientalist and missionary—‘a great man,’ he said, ‘and full of thought, information, and conversation, who seems to have the world, its religions, manners, and languages at his fingers’ ends’; and here, again, he met with Benjamin, his early Jewish convert, developing into a wealthy Christian merchant. The days were full of busy interest: he saw the new bishop installed in his cathedral, took part in a great missionary meeting, and made the acquaintance of the native Christians, particularly of Sagoona, a lady-convert of much influence, besides preparing his own kit and superintending Mr. Knott’s arrangements.

‘I don’t know what he would do,’ French remarked, ‘but for the books and other things I have brought. The world and its requirements do not seem to give him a moment’s concern. He says he thinks he should do for a fakir very well. But I am not sure that it is not well for him that his comrade should not be a fakir.’

The voyage to Karachi was made in a very small steamer:—

‘All very well for fine weather,’ he says, ‘but as it was an extremely rough passage, I was really rather in fear at one time the vessel would have foundered. The steamer was crowded with

Hindus, Parsees, Arabs, Persians, Jews, one Chinaman—all deck passengers. It was a curious and various spectacle of human nature. They lay huddled and crowded almost like cattle—men, women, and children, each race and nationality and creed keeping to itself as much as it conveniently could. They really were exemplary in patience and tranquillity, only now and then grumbling at the continual deck washing, which disturbed and damped their little bedding, on which they lay wrapped up like mummies in linen cloths and blankets. Poor things, it was touching to see the way in which they bore the sousing with sea-water which the angry waves sometimes gave them; they good-temperedly pulled off the dripping clothes, so far as decency permitted, and hung them up to dry, and some produced out of an old canvas bag or ancient basket what we should call their “Sunday best,” which was not respected always by the merciless sea—some bright scarlet shawl or gay chintz. I wanted to talk to an aged Jewish rabbi (as he might be taken to be by his reverend aspect and bearing), by whose side sat a handsome Jewess in queenly state and dignity, his daughter probably. God’s stamp of honour and nobility upon them still, even though wanderers and pilgrims. As I saw him stretched on the deck, covered with his dark mantle, I pointed him out to some Mohammedans with whom I conversed as a standing proof of God’s wrath against those who reject the Son of His love! With some Persians from the Gulf I tried, not altogether unsuccessfully, to converse in Persian on the great gospel truths; but tried in vain with the Arabs through an interpreter. Through much ill-health, however, all was feeble and desultory, I fear, or nearly all.’

From Karachi he further wrote:—

‘*February 1.* To-night Mr. Knott lectured to about sixty men—a few Christians, but the majority Hindus, Parsees, Mohammedans, who know something of English, and are more or less interested in the inquiry as to the truths of the Gospel. He was very powerful, almost prophetic, rapt into a kind of unearthly fervour which thrilled through his audience. I have seldom or never heard a more remarkable specimen of simple Christian oratory, or more burning and piercing words. I think he felt himself that a power beyond what he has in common, was granted him; and Mr. Walford, though a High Churchman, begged him to stay and lecture to the soldiers to-morrow evening. I have persuaded him not to decline this offer. I think God has given him a special call and mission here, which does not extend to me, and he will be much blessed, I trust. I shall go on alone to-morrow morning up the Indus.’

As long afterwards as 1884, when he preached the annual sermon at St. Bride’s, French looked back to this discourse

of Knott's as having made a permanent impression on him. The railway company generously franked him to Kotri, and thence for seventeen days he pursued his way by steamboat up the familiar river until he reached his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Yeates, at Multan. The time was mainly spent in earnest study of the languages, and quiet thought and retrospect, and copying his Cheltenham sermons for the press. He wrote to his wife:—

‘I wish I could be sufficiently thankful for the wonderful recovery since I last was on these waters, and which I owe so much (under God) to this fine air and quiet. The food is substantial and good on board, without the sickly epicurean (?) dishes on the P. and O. steamers. I sometimes think how very important to my future life that year at Dera Ismail was. Then I came to know about the Afghans, and in a variety of ways my views about the frontier tribes and the training college among them came to be developed; so that it may be time will prove that however that year seemed a failure and almost worse than thrown away, yet it may have been a needful preface to work before me. I know almost half as much again of the languages as I did when I came on board here. It is, on the whole, so much quieter and more undisturbed than ship-board, and no sickness, or heaviness, or close confinement. I expect I shall send you ten or twelve sermons before I have done. I feel more helped by them now than when I preached them, and it is often a very refreshing exercise to copy, correct, and remodel them, and try to lay them to heart. I cannot but hope it may please God to bless them to some souls. . . .

‘The Acts and 2 Corinthians are my special study and comfort just now, and it is delightful to turn to these green pastures and waters of comfort from the arid wastes of Hindu and Mohammedan philosophies and faiths. Oh, the parching drought of these, and the delicious water-springs of those! . . . I feel that all last year it was so well for me and my plans, and for all concerned perhaps, that you should see fully the *other* side of the question, and state it as strongly as you sometimes did. It led to a far more thorough sifting of the *pros* and *cons*, and a deeper weighing of motives in the sight of God, and more entire casting of the whole upon His direction and guidance, than might otherwise have been. It was most right that the counter duty should have its claims fairly examined and allowed, and they could scarcely be over-rated, and I feel, I must ever feel beyond all expression, indebted to yourself first, and to your father and friends, for the considerate submission of their own conviction to my strong sense of what was my duty. Thus much I felt, as if I *must* say of what was passing through my mind this morning in my Bible studies. It is in those you seem to come so

near to me then most truly, except that most nights you are vividly present to me in my dreams, only this, I suppose, is more illusive than the other.'

Mr. and Mrs. Yeates, his old Irish missionary friends, were anxious to keep him with them for some time at Multan, and succeeded in doing so till Mr. Knott arrived; but French was too eager to press onward to Lahore to be long detained. His arrangements were eminently characteristic.

'Colonel Coxe, Commissioner of Lahore, writes to offer his house till November, at 100 rupees a month or less *to us*; but I think we must not think of starting in the Commissioner's house, or we shall be expected to set up a great household, and to hold levées, and I know not what; else it is a tempting offer, as it is doubtless furnished, and the terms would be moderate. I suppose we must go to the Dak bungalow, which is rather nice, beginning our new world there in an inn, after the best precedent we could follow.'

His actual entry on the scene of his future toil he described as follows:—

'*Lahore, March 14, 1869.* I have at length reached the spot about which so much has been said and thought of late, and which seemed the goal of all my plans for the present. May the blessing which was sought on the ark when it *rested*, as well as when it set forward, rest on us in this place! The *third* day's attempt to reach the station in time was happily successful. Mr. Yeates accompanied me, and gave me a very affectionate farewell. The cloudy weather made the journey anything but oppressive, though the dust and sand-storms over the waste desert which we traversed prevented much enjoyment. The country is a perfect flat, with stunted shrubs and a few reed hnts. here and there dignified with the title of villages, and even of stations, without which the inhabitants could scarcely have realized that their village had a name. After about fourteen hours we reached Lahore, long after dark. This provincial capital did not furnish a single *gari* or vehicle of any sort to convey oneself or goods from the station to the city, two miles off: and it was only when I folded my arms, and stated that I should not leave the station till some conveyance was produced, that at last a hand-barrow, or something like it, was discovered, on which my baggage was bestowed, and I walked slowly and drearily beside it to the Dak bungalow, which I found so full that I feared I should fail of accommodation there; but chiefly through the civility of one of my fellow-passengers, who had less luggage than myself, and had reached the bungalow before me, I was taken in

and got a very decent supper, and a sofa to rest on. I was rather done up and poorly, and spent a very restless and troubled night, especially as at two or three in the morning another traveller, rather surly, came in to occupy the other sofa, after having some refreshments and smoking his pipe.'

Thus, indeed, he began his new life in an inn, according to the highest precedent; but Colonel Maclagan (brother to the present Archbishop of York) soon came to his rescue, and gave him a tent in his compound, where he could settle down for some days to look about him for new quarters.

He was much struck with the great improvement in the city since he had known it ten years earlier, the building of new suburbs, the metalling of roads, the healthy growth of trees and shrubs in all the shady belt of gardens with which the forethought of Sir R. Montgomery had girdled round the walls, and their *twelve* gates, in which alone, alas! he quaintly says, the town resembled new Jerusalem.

'Lahore,' he tells the children of his parish, 'has about twice as many people in it as Cheltenham, perhaps more, but it covers much less ground. It cannot grow like Cheltenham, because it is shut in within great walls, twenty-five and thirty feet high and more, and very thick and strong; and so, as the city cannot grow broader or longer, it has to grow up into the air like birds' nests, branch above branch, and they go on building up to such a height as you would scarcely believe, storey above storey—you would think of the tower of Babel—and when a man sees his neighbour build a storey higher than his own, he is afraid he shall lose the air, and so he builds one higher still, and so they cap one another. It would be difficult for the houses to fall, for they are so closely packed together that they hold one another up.

'Mr. Knott and I were thinking of hiring some of these tip-top rooms, which must be cool being so high, and have fine views of the splendid groves of trees which surround Lahore in some directions, and of the river Ravce, about three or four miles off, with its bright, broad, blue stream flowing on to the Indus, and of domes, minarets, and pinnacles belonging to palaces, mosques, and tombs. On very bright days the snow-clad Himalaya mountains come in sight, stretching far, far away with their massive, gigantic, noble forms, like the kings of mountains as they are, peering proudly above the earth-clouds to the blue heavens, to which they are the nearest thing on earth. But we have only seen these *once* since we reached Lahore, two months ago. The air is too much charged with dust commonly for anything to be seen at a great distance.'

A few more details may be given. The fort occupies a commanding position to the north-east of the town, and near it are the mosque of Aurungzeb and tomb of Runjeet Singh. The English civil station, some three miles long, is called Anarkalli. A broad mall joins it with the Government House and the Lawrence Gardens. The 'finest part of the Government House,' French says, 'is a *tomb*, which is now the *dining-room*. It is gorgeously and elaborately decorated with Saracenic architecture, exquisite carving, ingeniously devised little recesses, painted flowers, fruits and shrubs, with devices in richest tracery—all beautiful, but a tomb! As Mr. Knott says, the Governor lives in a tomb, and worships in a tomb. Μέμνησο θνητὸς ὢν.' Three miles further is the cantonment of Meean Meer, one of the dreariest and most unhealthy in India; an amusing story of its first selection by Sir Charles Napier is given in the *Life of Lord Lawrence* by Mr. Bosworth Smith.

Akbar and Jehangir both lived in Lahore, which in its palmy days under the Mogul Empire is said to have numbered a million inhabitants. In 1849 the Maharaja Dhuleep Singh transferred the Government to the East India Company; Lahore became provincial capital of the Punjab; its population is more than half Mohammedans, the rest being Hindus and Sikhs. The climate is very hot in summer-time, although in winter the frost at night is often quite severe, and the natives used in those days to collect the ice in small flat pans for storage. In one of his charming letters to his boy at Repton, French has described 'the busy scene every morning after sunrise—men, women, and children ice-picking'; and goes on in strange contrast to tell of the orange trees in his garden 'laden with yellow fruit just ripe, but,' he adds, 'it is not *my* garden, so I must think (like the fox) they are not nice.'

When French arrived the town was all in gala trim for the reception of the Ameer of Cabul, Shere Ali Khan, who was on his way to meet the Viceroy in durbar at Ambala.

‘The station is turned upside down, and one meets magnificent four-horse equipages, and caparisoned steeds, and elephants, and squadrons of horse ; and salvoes of artillery are booming away ; fireworks are to go on in the Champs de Mars (so called), a fine green meadow, to-morrow evening ; a ball another day ; durbars, breakfasts, exhibitions, with all of which I have little indeed to do, my heart is too full and my hands too much occupied. . . .

‘I should like the dear children very much to have witnessed the grand illumination. It was at the Shalimar, an old Mogul palace some five miles out. It occupies a very large area, and is in the midst of mango groves, with extensive artificial tanks and lakes in marble basins, with fountains playing in all directions, all of which, when illuminated, have a most romantic and magic effect. The whole place was a blaze of fireworks, trees with festoons of lamps, the lips of the basins of water being fringed as it were with long lines of lamps of the little common earthenware kind, thousands upon thousands, fireworks going off simultaneously, and making at times a deafening roar, the poor stars looking half extinguished by reason of the hundreds of balloons brilliantly lighted, that kept ascending and pursuing one another in a very magic way ; flights of stairs, corridors, and apartments were all carpeted with red baize and other materials profusely strown to add effect ; and what with the durbar the day before, and this grand scene then, one wondered how such a quantity of oil and carpeting could all at once be produced. The stock in hand must be tremendous. The most interesting part, however, to me was the remarkable gathering of native chiefs and nobles, khans, nawabs, and rajas of all ranks, with the King of Cabul himself, whom I stood near, and so could watch his countenance, which is stern, dark, impenetrable, as Napoleon’s is said to be, very impassive and unimpressible apparently. He sat in front on a specially garnished sofa with Sir D. McLeod, alone, of course ;—his officers of state crowding around him, with a lord chamberlain or master of the ceremonies, who knocked the chiefs and nobles about most mercilessly if they left their stations assigned, a man of enormous breadth, fabulous almost, and a colossal head. It was to me a wonderfully interesting sight to look upon, all these men of various races and costumes mingling with perfect good-humour, frank friendliness, and unsuspecting freedom, with no police of any kind, except that there *were* soldiers on the spot, probably under stricter orders than their apparent nonchalance seemed to indicate. There was I talking with the Kangrah raja, Afghan khans, and ministers of state ! What a strange thing it is that this fusion should have taken place, and bringing together in such harmony and fellow feeling of peoples so diverse.’

Soon after all these bright proceedings, the news of

a great domestic sorrow came to him—his mother's death. He breaks off in a letter to refer to it.

'In the midst of this sentence, alas! your painful tidings came upon me like a thunder-bolt, and I have almost exhausted myself with sorrow, and in writing to my precious father. . . . It is strange I should just have been permitted to see the *first* days of that deathbed scene and not the last; but how vividly does it enable me to picture the whole. Oh, my poor dear father, what will he do? His last note, which reached me a week ago, made me feel a little anxious and uneasy, still, most of what was said was reassuring, only there was a sort of mysterious intensity of feeling which seemed to convey foreboding; yet I buoyed myself up in the hope that all would yet be well. And so it is, but in God's sense and purpose, not in ours. . . . The carrying back of the dear remains to the old home must have been bitter indeed. I cannot bear to think of it. Few bereavements could be extended over so wide a circle, or be felt so intensely as this. That does seem a very consecrated house, from the prayer, and praise, and holy intercourse to which it has been a witness; the words and works of love to which birth has been given there, the tears of chastened sorrow, but the remains of one who was so thoroughly the centre of all, being carried there, seem to render it additionally hallowed. How indelibly imprinted on the memory will be the warm pressure of welcome which awaited us on the entrance to that home, though latterly it was from the dining-room door (instead of the hall door, as formerly) through increasing weakness! But we may be yet greeted at the portals of the blessed city above, though the welcome from that blessed Saviour, to whom we and all our loved ones owe their all, must be the gladdest of all, and the Father's kiss to the returning prodigal.'

Some time afterwards he records in his diary how he found with great joy two of his mother's last letters to him, and transferred them with many tears to his Bible. The last letter contained these lines, which he extremely treasured:—

'Less, less of self each day,
And more, my God, of Thee;
O keep me in the way,
However rough it be.

'Less of the flesh each day,
Less of the world and sin;
More of Thy Son, I pray;
More of Thyself within.

‘Leave nought that is unmeet
Of all that is mine own ;
Strip me, and so complete
My training for Thy throne.

‘In all the little things of life
Thyself, Lord, may I see ;
In little and in great alike
Reveal Thy love to me.

‘So shall my undivided life
To Thee, my God, be given ;
And all this earthly course below
Be one clear path to heaven.’

Meantime he had moved from Colonel Maclagan's compound to the Punjab hotel, and thence to a tiny native house, where he entertained the whole Yeates' party. Of this he wrote to Mrs. French :—

‘Having only been two days in our new house, it has not been an easy matter to arrange for receiving Mr. and Mrs. Yeates and four children, varying from seven to three, an ayah and little native girl! I think with your wonderful arranging and economizing power you would have found it rather difficult to extemporize supplies, and space for eating, playing, sleeping, bathing, for such an addition to our coenobite home. . . . We have a curious house in a garden in Hindu style, with a chabutra or raised stone terrace in front; a centre room about 22 ft. by 17 ft., with a curious little round divan facing you as you enter it, with thick stumpy Norman pillars and arches to match, three feet above the ground of the room itself, forming a platform 14 ft. by 8 ft. At each end of the oblong room is a little hexagon chamber, diameter about 16 feet, and over these, hexagon turrets with four doors to the four winds, and windows in each. Floors of the glorious bricks of Lahore, like granite slabs, so splendidly baked and hardened that they are my constant admiration. Between these two little turrets is a small chamber, 14 ft. by 7 ft., just room for a charpoy, our spare bedroom on this occasion. I have had to be nearly servant-of-all-work, except that I have met with an excellent cook. With the under-servants I am fairly supplied, and we have together made the house, which was a mass of dirt, look really a respectable residence. It is strangely metamorphosed. It is altogether a very quaint place, having a large tah-chana or vaulted cellar, cool in the heat of the day, with the same kind of sturdy Norman pillars, forming an arcade, and a window opening down the side of a deep wall full of lizards and wasps' nests; but these also have been dispossessed, as

were the birds who tenanted our chief room before us, and evidently took it hard they might not have it for a nest, while it formed a house for us. Quaint as all these things are, they have in practice been a constant worry, chiefly as wasting my time in vexatious trifles; but I have been trying to think of them as part of the *Cross*, a very unromantic but very real part. So we had a little house-warming, the children jumping about and disporting round the pillars, sadly reminding me of my own precious group at home, with yourself so much the heart and soul of it all. The worst was when it got towards night, for my kerosine oil had not arrived, so we had to fall back on a lanthorn I bought in Bombay, and a lamp, whose glass broke in trying to adjust it at teatime, so that Mr. Knott is gone to bed with the end of a candle in a potsherd: but the dear good man is perfectly content, and singularly innocent in all the things of this world. I had to sleep on the floor on the roof with my quilt and little oilskin mattress.'

His sleeping on the roof he continued until, a few weeks afterwards, he changed his house.

'I must give up after to-night (May 17) my habit of sleeping on the roof, which I shall quite miss. Starting from sleep, one asks involuntarily what has made the *ceiling* look so lovely, then it occurs again that it is none other than the bright heaven itself, with nothing interposed. Charles' Wain has been almost above me, so very brilliant, and I have been reminded to my great comfort of God's promise to Abraham, when He took him forth by night and told him to look at the stars of heaven, and said, "So shall thy seed be."'

Beside those who came to him in his own house, including an inquiring Jew, his work was mainly carried on at the gates, in the gardens, or the surrounding villages. Two or three incidents may be quoted, although, where every day of life was full of toil, it is not always easy to select. In speaking of a Hindu audience he says:—

'I had a long evening of preaching at one of the chief gates yesterday. The ants drove us off our ground two or three times, swarming up and around us, so that we were obliged to move through the terror of the people lest some ant should meet its death untimely by being trodden on. These ants being half an inch long and proportionately big, the world would not feel the loss of one or more, one might think; but as a boy remarked, "The blood of the ant would come on my head if, through me, the feet of one of my audience should commit the murder of one of these ants," and were

one to demur to this, a cry of execration would scatter one's hearers to the winds!

'In preaching on Monday evening, a man said to me, "Have you really faith in the gospel you preach?" "I trust I have," was my reply. Then he said, "Say to this tree, 'Be plucked up by the roots; for if a mustard-grain could pull up a mountain, you must have enough to pull up this tree.'" "Ah," said I, "the Saviour meant to show us how little faith we all have, even the best of His disciples and the most faithful." "Then if you have not a grain of it," he said, "how very, very small an amount must we possess, and it can be of little use speaking to us." "True," I said, "and how grieved you and I ought to be, and how ashamed that we have so little; so let us kneel down together in the dust here, in this little gathering, and ask God to give it us"; and so we knelt down, and I prayed for two or three minutes, the rest standing and listening.'

The next incidents he mentions in a letter to the Cheltenham Missionary Juvenile Association:—

'One day last week I went into a public garden, where the native gentlemen, and the poor people too, walk amid mulberry, plantain, mango, guava, orange trees, vines, and other flower-and-fruit-bearing shrubs. I fixed upon an alcove and sat down, with my blue bag, of course, and my books, one a very big one (for they think a big book very imposing), and soon two, four, six, eight, ten, up to sixteen or twenty, came and sat on the benches under the vine-boughs, and we talked for an hour and a half on the few first verses of the Hebrews. Many questions, and some not very easy to answer, were put to me by them. They were very much interested in reading Daniel's prophecy about the time of Christ's coming and some other prophecies. . . .

'I went into a village with very thick, tall walls and houses, and found a number of little boys and girls running about, playing. I could not very well understand all their Punjabi talk, as I am only just beginning to learn it, but I could make out much of it. They all ran away when I first went into the village, but as I looked smilingly on them they came back at last and became quite confidential. I asked them whether they ever stole or lied, to which they all said, "No, no," and looked horrified at being thought likely to do such things; but they brought up one little boy who, they said, was in the habit of giving *gālee* (abuse) to the other little boys and girls, and calling them bad names. I did not lecture him, however, as they hoped, but told the big ones I hoped they would set him such a good example and talk to him so kindly that he would give up the *gālee*. I asked them if they knew what became of us after death, to which they answered that there was no hereafter for anybody, that we all turned to dust, and that

nothing of us was left after that. I had a little talk to them about that, and pointed them to a heap of corn and chaff which lay in the field opposite, on a white, hard clay threshing-floor, ready for winnowing, and told them about what St. John said, "He shall gather the wheat into His garner, but shall burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire," and also of the sheep and goats, for every villager knows of the chaff and wheat and the sheep and goats. I was so glad to have some little girls in my village class, nice, bright-eyed, white-teethed, bejewelled little urchins, looking with great respect on my blue bag, which used to go round St. Paul's with me on Sunday and weekdays, and now goes round Lahore, and will go through other parts of the Punjab too, please God. But I must get one of another colour, too; for blue is the colour of the Sikhs, and the other people will be jealous! It was dark before I had done, and I stumbled about the fields and almost lost my way.'

Lahore becomes extremely trying for European residents toward the end of June, and Knott and French had taken a small house at Murree, 200 miles distant in the hills. In journeying thither by gari, he crossed three of the five great rivers of the Punjab in a single night—the Ravee, the Chenab, and the Jhelum, the last two each more than two miles broad. The heat on the way was most severe, and he was much in need of rest, and troubled with neuralgia. Of the new abode he says:—

'We are living quite in a little hermitage (what Major Urnston playfully calls a ziyarat, or fakir's hut), on a jutting crag of rock about three quarters of a mile from the main population of Murree. The crag juts out like a little promontory, with three sides perfectly open to the wind, whether breeze or blast, and the howl of the storm around us is tremendous. It is most enjoyably cool and breezy. Our little hermitage, or hernnhut—an eyrie with, alas! no eaglet—as we sometimes call it, might seem as a lighthouse to the long valley which it crowns, and down which my little study window looks, and at the further end of which, on clear days, Rawul Pindi, with its cantonments and adjoining city, is visible. The sides of the valley are long stretches of swelling slopes, with many trees strown over them, but no forest, strictly so called. Small villages or hamlets are scattered about here and there, with the reclaimed land encircling them in terraces, most of them little rice-plots, with, perhaps, a few vegetables and some grain in the season. At night the countless little twinkles of the lights of the hamlets and solitary huts sprinkled over the hillsides for miles and miles have a beautiful effect, as if they were bright spangles on the earth answering to the stars in the heavens, and one thinks

of each of those little huts having its own family history, its own troubles and joys.'

Here he spent more than three months, and though so suffering at the commencement, he was able to say at the end of the time, 'I do not think that I have lost a day.' He entertained Hughes and Ridley, the Peshawur missionaries, and preached in the bazaar with Mr. Newton, an American Presbyterian, for whom he had a great regard, and from whom, as he had been in Lahore since its occupation by the British, he was able to learn much. He had much pleasant intercourse with Europeans, and met more of Lahore society than in Lahore itself.

Besides the preaching and lecturing to soldiers, his main work was Hebrew and Indian languages, in preparation for the college course. He also took long rambles in the hills, and gathered rare flowers and sent them home to bear his kisses to his little ones. These expeditions were always combined with missionary work, and specially the villages in the ravine beneath him attracted his attention. One or two extracts from his journal will show the character of these evangelistic efforts:—

'Aug. 23-24. Evening, visited villages, three hours' hard walking, and slept at one Tosha or Tokha; chapati and milk. Pine-branch torches held by little children like Edith and Wilfred, the same held for an hour afterwards while I read and expounded. Slept under a shed; cat and beetles, bright moon. Started at five and lost way several times; by scrambling and climbing got to village underneath our house, and had a hot fatiguing pull up the hill; reached Lawrence asylum at eleven, and found there had been a hue and cry after me!

'Aug. 31. Night spent in village underneath hill of Tosha. Bitterness at first, which ceased when I took up bag and umbrella and said I would lie in the jungle. The chief zamindar called and sat an hour or two in conversation. I fear little or no good done; a very determined Mohammedan. Spent night in the dokh or cow-house, or at least house in which all the family live together—cows, buffaloes, farmer and his whole family.

'Sept. 1. Got back at seven, after two hours' walk.'

From Murree also they sent out a printed circular to all the missionaries of Northern India, explaining the scheme

of the college, and proposing to commence it upon Jan. 1 following.

The answers to this appeal were not very encouraging, the difficulties in finding suitable students and sufficient support for them when found were great, and so the opening of the institution was delayed for nearly a year beyond the intended time. On Jan. 1, 1870, French wrote home to his wife:—

‘It would have been in some respects encouraging if I could have begun my intended school on this first day as proposed, but I am not dispirited by this, and I think that what is slowly and cautiously begun starts with better auspices than what is of rapid growth, and it is God’s method more, and in the end brings Him more glory—man becomes less and God’s grace more in the whole matter. I see that some friends here will disappoint themselves about it, and it may be the same at home, but I am sure for a work of this sort confidence must be slowly won !

And again a few weeks later to his friend and former colleague, Mr. Bruce:—

‘I have met little but sneers and discouragements since I reached this country, nor do I look for much else at present. These bright furnace fires through which the Lord is bringing Knott and myself may be preparing us for the work our heart is set on, or for other work, or for removing us and putting others in our place more after His own heart. One must always rejoice in being made low, and I don’t see any other way in which the Lord could fit us for His holy use and service. Meantime, we teach two or three students each, and I have had more preaching in Urdu, Pushtu, and even Persian than any other cold season ever before in Yusufzai and Bahawalpur; therefore we are not put aside and shelved wholly, as we might justly deserve.’

This itineration in the Yusufzai country occupied the last months of 1869, and had been arranged with the Peshawur missionaries (Ridley and Hughes) when they visited Murree. It was one of the most successful and encouraging episodes in French’s missionary life, though, or perhaps because, begun with much searching of heart.

‘As one grows older,’ he wrote to Mrs. French, ‘the work seems to grow in vastness, and oneself in incompetency and insufficiency. I know you will specially pray for me now I am setting out on my preaching expedition. It is a great struggle of spirit with me.

I think of the Saviour passing through the agony in the garden before the suffering, and feel sure that He knows every drop of suffering and of anxiety that our cup contains.'

Mr. Ridley (now Bishop of Caledonia) who accompanied him on a great part of the journey, while Knott supplied his own place in the fever-stricken town of Peshawur, has left some interesting reminiscences:—

'We had a delightful season of work and profitable communion one with another. At once I felt I had met with a master in our Israel. It was a page in my life's history on which I often look back with gratitude, for the holy stimulus to service it inspires even until now. The best and ablest among both Europeans and natives quickly recognized his worth. I well remember hearing one of India's great rulers describe him as the most attractive of all the travelling companions he had ever met with. On another occasion, he and I met with a Mohammedan gentleman of high rank in the army, and after a long conversation on the loftiest of topics he left us, when my native acquaintance remarked to me that he thought God had His favourites among men of all religions. Then, pointing to French, he added, "I think that is one of them."

'Our plan of work was to meet for Bible study very early in the morning. Then he came into my tent to breakfast, after which we prayed together, then separated for the day. He went out to one village, I to the next, and worked on in opposite directions until we met at some other village, after completing the circuit of the district around our camp. Then we fixed on another centre, and so on, until we had passed over the two great districts of Hazara and Yusufzai, leaving no village unvisited. Each evening, after dealing with inquirers, who sometimes came to our tents, we met for further reading and prayer, and then sought rest in sleep.

'Well do I remember the following incident. I had reached the last village of about 2,000 souls when the circuit was completed. As the work there fell to my lot, he in the ordinary course would return from *his* last village to his tent, perhaps some miles distant.

'I was detained by the hospitality and inquiring spirit of a leading nobleman of the district, who was a scion of native royalty. There was a large gathering of his friends, including many of the younger moollahs, with whom I had a long and friendly discussion. Suddenly the thought arose of calling in the old moollah to share the discussion. I felt extremely sorry, and not a little uneasy, because I had heard of the great reputation of the scholar. But I sought the Lord, and He heard me. This new antagonist entered,

and all rose in his honour. He was a famous Syud. He had come to crush me, and felt sure of doing so. Perhaps he would have quite succeeded had not succour come when I was sore pressed. He had rained torrents of words, and poured quotations from Arabic and Persian authors on me, intending to cover me with confusion. I bore up as bravely and calmly as I could, but felt that his tactics were likely to win the admiration of his friends, and compass my discomfiture. In a moment my heart gave a leap. I heard French's voice, and knew he would come to my rescue. As he appeared I rose to my feet, and introduced him as my master before whom I must learn wisdom in silence. Briefly I explained that I was trying to prove that salvation was through Jesus Christ, foretold by prophets and declared by inspired apostles. He nimbly took up the subject, and, taking out his watch, proposed that he and the great moollah should speak in turn five minutes each. This was received with acclamation by the audience, but without pleasure by his antagonist. The argument sped. The Syud tried the same tactics with French he had with me, but in him he had found his match. French had frequent occasions for quoting Scripture, which he did from the original without translating, excusing himself on the ground that so excellent a scholar needed no such help. Our host, seeing how the current flowed, deftly came to his great teacher's rescue by rising and suggesting that such labours must be most exhausting, and therefore would we withdraw and refresh ourselves with the poor feast he wished were more worthy of such distinguished masters in the science of lofty wisdom? Thereupon our Syud rose and stalked from the chamber in solitary state, when we adjourned to the next apartment to partake of our host's hospitality.

‘. . . On another occasion I overlapped *his* part of the circuit and found him sitting on the boundary wall of a mosque, reading some Scripture aloud, though not a soul was visible. I waited on and on in surprise for more than an hour before he stopped. Then on our way back to camp he told me how he had gathered a great crowd of eager listeners, and how a passing moollah had given the word, and in a very few minutes it vanished away, but that there were many still listening, though concealed from view. . . .

‘At length we reached the left bank of the Indus, where we camped, because I was struck down with fever caused by exposure. While there a boat's crew crossed over from the other bank and invited us to go back with them, that all might hear what the Christian teachers could tell them of the resurrection from the dead. But on the other shore dwelt fierce and hostile tribes, among which no European had ever gone, nor since, excepting in armed force to chastise them for their depredations on British territory. French came to my bedside to consult me. I said if I could I would go. That settled it. He crossed over, but I was

uneasy about him till his return. He came back full of gladness that he had been called to witness for Christ under such circumstances. There we remained until I begged to be removed to the top of the mount at Pihoor, on the right bank some miles lower down, and in British territory, but on the frontier. As soon as signs of amendment appeared he pressed on with the work in the plain below, where from my lofty height I watched his tent for several days until my strength returned and I joined him again¹.

‘I could never get him to mount my well-fed and groomed horse that I saw to myself, for, said he, “I should be mistaken for an officer if I could keep my seat.” I have seen his cheating servant bestriding the hungry pony, pretending to be unwell, and the weary and hungry master sitting in a patch of carrot-shaped turnips, munching the raw vegetable, his uneasy conscience upbraiding him all the time because he had not paid for it, and could not because he knew not the owner. In these respects he and Knott were alike unpractical, and towards natives tender-hearted to a fault. He was of a tough and wiry make, and capable of much endurance ; not so the other.

‘His student habits never failed him. Divinity was not neglected. Every day he read from some Father. St. Bernard was his companion on this trip. His books were the weightiest part of his baggage.

‘One morning we were reading Hebrew together, and having no dictionary with me, I had to ask sometimes the derivation or the meaning of a word. I never asked in vain. I once ventured to say on such an occasion, “You seem to remember every root in the language.” In his quiet way he replied, “Yes, I think I do.” If he had been apologizing he could not have spoken more humbly. . . . The only sign of conceit I ever saw was his opinion of his management of his teapot. He had the grace at last to confess that my wife was as successful. To her little schemes he owed sometimes a whole-

¹ The name of the village, French tells us, was Kabbal, opposite Torbela. He wrote a Persian letter to the chief khan named Abdullah, and obtained an escort and safe-conduct. He gives a pretty description of the walled bungalow at Pihoor. It crowns a rock that rises abruptly 400 feet from out the Indus bed. The sight of the long lines of black cattle filing at sunset over the drear miles of sand beside the flowing river towards a village on a lower level of this rock, he says, was ‘magically picturesque.’ Six stout zamindars carried Ridley eight miles to this spot. Up the last steep ascent the dooly was abandoned, and he was carried in a simple blanket, while French and all his servants lent a hand.

some change from his own unstudied domestic routine, and smilingly would compliment her by saying, "I fear you will make me discontented with my own simple fare." On one occasion we came into camp and our servants complained that they could procure no provisions, so there was nothing to eat. "Then we must go without," was his reply. My wife, as usual, had been working among the women, and that day returned to camp later than we did. At her heels filed behind a small troop of men, bearing on their heads the largest stock of provision we had ever possessed. Our servants had used entreaties, and finally violence, and had left us destitute. "How did you obtain all this, Mrs. Ridley?" asked French. "Oh, the people seemed pleased with my visit, and I could not prevent their sending these presents. I begged them to be less lavish." She was the doctor of the party, and was appreciated¹. . . . We proceeded to Peshawur together, where he assisted in teaching and preaching. We stood together on the steps of the Martyn chapel, and his power won the rapt attention of the most thoughtful listeners. We were sometimes molested, a proof that the preaching told, but the stronger proof was the appointment of special preachers to counteract the effect of French's addresses. Frequently I had received at my house in the Ghurkhatri² friendly and inquiring visitors; but so great a sensation did French's addresses produce that my house was watched, and no one came so long as he remained.'

These reminiscences may be supplemented by a farewell letter he wrote to his Dove and Olive Missionary Branch at Cheltenham—for he had now resolved on giving up the living—and by some further extracts from diaries and letters.

¹ French, according to the bishop, had no idea of nursing, though his sympathy was comforting; and he became helpless when he himself was ailing. In this opinion Bishop Ridley is borne out by Mr. Bateman, who had experience of French in both capacities, as nurse and patient. When French was the patient, he was quite impossible to manage, and ordered off his nurse to do his work for him. When he was nurse, Mr. Bateman describes with some amusement the symptom that most thoroughly alarmed him. Bateman was ill of fever in his early days, and rather wandering. He told French that he was making progress with the language, and found comfort in using it in prayer. A few days afterwards, when he was better, French said, 'Do you know what you told me the other day? You said that you found comfort in Hindustani prayers! I knew the little progress you had made in learning, and I felt sure you must be off your head, and so I sent for the doctor!'

² A district of Peshawur which contains the citadel.

Banks of Cabul River, near Peshawur, *March 17, 1869.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I have long had it in my mind to write you another letter, for I very often think of you, and ask a blessing for you from Him who 'never fails to help and govern those whom He brings up in His steadfast fear and love.' Nor shall I forget you, please God, though a few days after you receive this I shall not be your earthly shepherd any more, because another clergyman will be vicar of St. Paul's instead of me; but whoever may be appointed to teach you the things of God, and to watch over you, I hope you will be always under the safe care and keeping of Him who is the '*Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.*' I am here in a little wayside resting-place for travellers, near the banks of a stream which flows into the great river Indus. This stream joins two well-known rivers in itself, one the Cabul river, the other the Swât river; both flow through some smiling valleys and some very wild, bleak mountainous country too; and the people of Swât are wilder than their mountains, and no Englishman ever ventures into their country—he is sure to be killed if he does. They teach their little children to handle the sword, and learn to cut and wound and kill almost before they learn any other lesson. I hope to see some of them at a great fair which is to be held soon near Peshawur, where I hope to go to-morrow. They have a very famous man living amongst them, an aged fakir, whom they almost worship, and will do anything he tells them. He reads his books, chiefly the Koran, night and day they say, and eats only bread made of a very coarse grain and a little milk, but feeds all the people, however many there are, that come from great distances to sit at his feet; this they are foolish enough to think to be a miracle, like our Lord's feeding the five thousand with the five loaves, for it is no such thing. Every one that comes brings him a present, so he lays up a good store of things to eat, very nice, dainty things, too. He is a great enemy of the English, and does them all the harm he can, setting the people to fight against them, calling them dogs and infidels, &c.; so when they praise him, as they often do to me, they say, 'Oh, sahib, you are a fakir too; you walk on foot, and don't eat much, or drink wine, and teach the people; but you are not such a great fakir as the fakir of Swât, for he can work miracles, and is a wonderful saint and hermit, and is like a skeleton with fastings and hardships.' . . . This strange man is called the '*akhoond*' of Swât, which means '*great master or sage.*' Poor old man! He has never learnt our Lord Jesus Christ's beautiful words, 'Call no man master: for one is your *master, even Christ*, and all ye are *brethren.*'

I have now been preaching about a month from day to day through the towns and villages of two districts, called Hazara and Yusufzai; one on the left, the other on the right bank of

the Indus, the river I love best in all the world, because it has been put into my heart to love the people and their language, and the work of preaching the Gospel to them ; and I have been often up and down this river. It is not a beautiful one, but it is renowned in old histories, and has been crossed by many great conquerors, and is a great blessing to the lands it flows through. This upper part of it, near the mountains, has often been red with blood of battle-fields, and all the plains near it have mounds of the dead that were slain in the border fights. I saw some graveyards a few days ago right out in the midst of the wilderness, and I said, 'How come these to be here, so far away from any village, in these desolate spots?' 'Oh,' said the guide, 'they are tombs of men slain here in battle': and it would be quite as bad now but for the English, who have little forts a few miles apart all along the frontier, with 100 or 200 soldiers (not English, but natives), who keep watch on the border ; and along the roads you meet two or three troopers, armed from head to foot, who constantly keep guard, and prevent the people killing each other, so that they are much better than they were ; and whereas twenty years ago this land was a waste, howling wilderness, it is now at this season covered with a soft green silken carpet of young wheat and barley sprouting up, except where the first crop (which was sown in July) is being gathered into the garner, which is not a barn like ours in England, but a round floor of hardened clay in the open air, where they winnow the corn by tossing it up in the air out of a basket : the chaff is scattered abroad and the grain left. They have very few trees, for the Sikhs under Runjeet Singh, who was a merciless tyrant, had them nearly all cut down some twenty-five or thirty years ago.

In all the great villages I go to there is a great *khan*, who is nobleman and landlord, a *Pāthān*, i. e. Afghan by birth, proud of his descent, as one of the *Bānee Israil* (children of Israel), as they believe themselves to be ; usually a tall, stout-looking man, of fair complexion, not at all grandly dressed, nor living in a grand house. You only know by his handsome look, and fine, manly bearing, and the respect all pay him, that he is much above the common. He lives in a large but low courtyard, or one or two low courtyards opening one into the other, the inmost of all for the ladies, who are imprisoned there, or nearly so, in the *zenana*. What they talk about or think about, poor things, from morning to night, I cannot imagine. Mrs. Ridley, the wife of my friend the Peshawur missionary, is very fond of visiting them, and they ask her all sorts of curious questions. They have a great quantity of jewels, on which they pride themselves much. As there are several wives in most great houses, they quarrel terribly. Perhaps the moollah, or Mohammedan high priest of the village, may be allowed to teach them a little of the *Koran*.

This moollah, when he hears of a missionary being come to his

village, marches up in a very stately way to where the missionary sits. They all make way for him, and give him the highest and best bedstead (for they all sit on rope bedsteads instead of chairs, except the poor, who sit on the ground). They sit in the hot sun and enjoy it; I have to ask for a bedstead under a tree, or under the shade of a wall, which they wonder at. If there is a noise, I take out my watch, and beg that the moollah and myself may speak for five minutes each, and have a quiet, patient hearing; but this is hard to get, as the other *little* moollahs want to put a word in. A few nights ago I was sitting in this way on the mouth of a well, and a great crowd all around. A very grand-looking moollah came at last, but because I would not speak just on the subject he wanted, because I thought it not a fit one for an unlearned audience, he waved his arm, and the crowd vanished at once in all directions, like snow before the sun, and I was left by the well-side with only two or three little boys and girls, who smiled to see the sahib left all by himself.

Last week I was sitting under the boughs of a magnificent and wide-spreading banyan tree, which, as some of you know, strikes its branches down to the ground, and so makes new roots to itself. It stood in the middle of a very large village, called Shah-Mansoor, overshadowing the forecourt and entrance of a mosque. The moollah said that first there was the law of Moses, that became "*minsookh*," i. e. done away with; then the books of David and Solomon, they were done away with; then the Gospel, that was done away with; lastly the Koran, that was the greatest and fullest, and most divine of all: all that went before made way for it. 'Oh no!' I said. 'Look at this banyan tree we are seated under. There is the old, old stock, very thick and strong, and then the after boughs and trunks, and then others newer than they; yet all are *one tree*. So is it with the Word of God, the old and the new are all one. Or again, look at that wall. There are the old foundations, and layers of stone or mud, or whatever it is built of, one above the other; but you can't do without the lower because you have got the higher—many layers, but one wall. So is the Word of God.'

At that place I had several times great numbers of little boys that sat before my tent door and learnt about God's Word, and walked with me when I went to preach. Some people, walking in the fields, tried to send them back, but they would not; they said they took a liking to the sahib, and wished to be with him. Mrs. Ridley has a number of little girls, too, learning the Bible in her schools at Peshawur. Two or three months ago one of them was taken very ill of fever, and one night at twelve o'clock she felt she was dying. 'Call the mem sahib' (Mrs. R.), she said, 'to come and read with me.' 'It is too late to call her now,' they said, 'it will break her rest.' 'Then bring the book,' she said, 'and read to me about Jairus' daughter.' They read it, and she said, 'Read it again'; so they read it again. Then she said, 'Now give

me the book'; so she took it, and pressed it to her heart, and so she died, clasping God's precious word to her breast. That was a jewel in the crown of Jesus, was it not? You remember what I said once, that you could not, perhaps, put a whole crown on the head of Jesus, i.e. bring a whole country to be His, but you might put one little jewel in His crown.

I think with much pleasure (and when I think of it I feel as if a tear were stealing into my eye) of the juvenile missionary meetings at St. Paul's, when the bright little faces used to find their way up to the table where the pile of boxes were, bringing their pence and sixpences, and often much more, and to get a little juvenile token, or the little green book, &c. ; and I do feel as if you would never give up denying yourselves and saving more than ever for this great and good cause, if you could see what I see of the ignorance of these poor little children that throng the streets of town and village, and squat about my tent door to pick up a scrap of teaching, to glean some little fallen ear of knowledge. I sometimes point to them, and tell these learned and often proud moollahs what Jesus said about becoming like little children, and then I say, 'Look at these little ones. You are great moollahs, they have only *you* to teach them commonly, yet they are in the dark ; they know nothing of the way of salvation. Why don't you read these books about the bread of life, the water of life, the open door of heaven, and tell these poor children?' But they scorn it ; and when I tell them what a wonderfully great blessed thing it is, that to them that receive Jesus, God gives the power to become the sons of God, instead of being glad of it they hate it, and say, 'How can there be children of God? We don't believe it. It lowers God to think of such a thing.'

One aged moollah I visited last week, almost quite blind, who is different from these. Next to the akhoond of Swât, he is more learned than any in all this part of the world. They often say to me, 'He is one of your sort ; go and talk to him.' He has many disciples, and I think is *all-but* persuaded to be a Christian. Oh dear, how sad these '*all-buts*' are! He is a great man for '*love*'—talks much of God's love, and of loving all men for God's sake ; but I am afraid he does not teach them what St. John teaches about the true way of coming to love God. 'We have known and believed *the love which God hath*,' &c.

Peshawar, Nov. 19.

Here I am at last, in this great border city of North-Western India, with its splendid mountain wall, circling it like a belt almost on all sides, not like the great China wall, but many thousands of feet high, with little peeps at the snowy chain of the loftier Himalayas, the kings of the rocky world. After sunset, the pink and golden hues of the sky and the violet tints of the hills are charming. But they look down on a plague-stricken city at present ; for after the

cholera had nearly ceased, a fever began to rage, and about fifty die daily of it now. Peshawur is like a great hospital, and the streets like fever wards just now. Almost every one you meet looks pale and shrunk, and so weak as if he could hardly walk along. I am hoping to preach to them this afternoon, if they will let me; they would not let Mr. Stuart, my old comrade, preach, but, like the people of Ephesus, cried aloud, and threw dust into the air, and shouted not 'Great is Diana,' but '*Great is Mahomet our prophet.*' My old friend Dr. Pfander faced them like a lion, even when the Mutiny had set all in a blaze, till the Peshawur fever drove him from the country, to die of it at last, I believe, in another land. Dear old man, he was raised up like a prophet, and his books testify to multitudes now that he is gone. One of the Afghan boys whom Mr. Ridley baptized, and who had disappeared since, he was so glad to hear of again last night; he has been ill, but hopes to return to Peshawur soon. His brothers beat him whenever he comes, so that he must creep into the city like a thief to escape them. Oh, how Satan does fight with Christ and His Gospel still! But He says, '*The prince of this world is judged*'; and again, '*Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel.*' One does feel so glad to shake hands with some of these dear converts, who are in the forefront of the battle, and say a cheering word or two to them. I must tell them that some of the dear children in England (yes, in St. Paul's) think of them with love, and sometimes pray for them. Mrs. R. and I walked on the roof of the mission house last night, at nine in the moonlight. We looked down on a long, long reach of mud-roofs, latticed and palisaded all round for the ladies to walk at night, unseen by those on the other house-tops—the only walk, I fear, many of them get. The city was as still as death, but for the baying of dogs at the moon. There are no carriages—the streets are too narrow, unless you wish to be drawn in a wheelbarrow (as they are at Yarmouth)—scarce a horse-hoof's sound to be heard. What a difference from Cheltenham at nine o'clock at night! But I don't wish you to be here just now, in this land of sickness and death; but one of God's great names is Jehovah-Rophi, of which dear Mr. Harington, or your friend Miss Stokes, will tell you the meaning. This is my good-bye letter to you as Vicar of St. Paul's.

I am your very affectionate friend and Minister,

T. V. FRENCH.

The substantial character of the missionary buildings in Peshawur was always an offence to French, whose fakir notions resented a palatial residence; but their position was some compensation in his eyes.

'It is thoroughly in the city, so that you can go nowhere without passing some narrow streets where a buggy drives every one that

passes into the gutter, and my windows look out on the market, and the sound of traffic and funeral wailings are mingled somewhat inharmoniously every day. This is just what I like, so long as I have not to drive in the buggy, and can walk fakir-like with my blue bag and feel myself one of the people. I cannot secure much leisure here, as some of the natives call, and the native Christians like to be taken a little notice of. I think I saved the life of a poor cholera patient (a Christian) last night. . . . I took him camphor and chloroform . . . at last a mustard plaster gave almost instant quiet and power of retention to the stomach, in answer to prayer, as I believe. He was lying in a little vault under the house we occupy, quite unventilated, rolling about in pain, and with three or four Christians waiting on him.'

A week later he wrote again to Mrs. French:—

'I did not mention the death of my poor cholera patient, the young Pathan convert, as I feared to alarm you. I watched his departure with much sadness the day before I left Peshawur. He sent for me, and said he thought he could eat if I would give him something; and a cup of arrowroot and port wine was instantly prepared. But it was the last flicker. A Christian moollah, sitting, or rather kneeling, and praying by his bedside, suddenly exclaimed, *Kooch Kar-gaya*: "He has set out on his march"; and so it was. We buried him by torchlight in a little Armenian cemetery outside the city. . . . I went to see the tomb of a celebrated poet, the favourite Pushtu bard, who cannot have been far from the Kingdom of God, Abdur-rahman. I often quote a line of his—"His (Christ's) voice was as water of life to every dead man." Beneath the garb of the erotic poetry, in which his verse resembles the Song of Songs, he discovers a very pure mind and an intense glow of love towards God. The tomb is at one end of a most melancholy-looking graveyard, three miles long and one broad, a waste of tombs of the ordinary grave hillock shape, but pebbled over so as to be kept from being at once trodden down or sinking into the ground. They told me that the dead are kept in remembrance, and the graves distinguished by the sons, but quite lost to the memory of the grand-children commonly. This waste of tombs, itself at the edge of a desert, stretching to desolate ranges, had a very dreary look indeed. They showed me the tomb of a gravedigger who said two months ago: "Now I shall be able to give my daughter a fine wedding, if this plague only lasts and my trade continues so lucrative another month or two." But himself has been taken. The Mohammedans are very fond of these stories of retribution overtaking presumptuous talkers.'

From Peshawur, this city of the dead, he went on, without a European comrade, by way of Attock to spend his

Christmas with Colonel Urmston at Rawul Pindi. The weakness of his commissariat arrangements, when left solitary, soon became apparent, but does not seem to have seriously interfered with his health at this time, nor at all with his delight and satisfaction in his work. He was accompanied by Jalālu'd-din, a young Pathan convert.

‘They are constantly trying to bribe him away with great promises of money, and reviling and maligning Christianity and Christians to him. I trust he will be kept firm. He rides my pony for me when I do not want him, and at night I read with him. In instructing him I feel I am doing a small part of the work I came out for. I save a little of my dinner for him each day, if there is any to spare, but provisions are not very plentiful. Eight Peshawur loaves of bread have to last some time, and will ere long be fitter for the hatchet than the knife; but they do to sop. I have a little English jam also! and a relic of a pound of English cheese Mrs. P. gave me. A poor fowl, too, accompanies the expedition, tied by its legs, and waiting to be eaten! I fear you will think me too luxurious, but the quantities are not large! . . . The cold at night under canvas breaks my sleep terribly, though covered with great coat, horse-cloth, and chogah, beside a little felt carpet! Then, as this is a country supposed to be famous for robbers, we have three, four, or five watchmen each night, who keep each other awake as those in Isa. lii., “With the voice together shall they cry.” These have to be paid, too, which is rather inconvenient to the purse. At present we have had no other thief than a dog two nights since, who ran off with nearly a whole loaf from the table where I had just finished my tea-dinner! As I had only three left for a fortnight’s journey, I rather grudged the dog the loaf, though he was, no doubt, hungry. . . . I shall hardly have a sherd of crockery left, I fear, by the end of the journey. To-day there was a breakage by a mule stumbling, which left me with one cup and three-quarters of a saucer. I was relieved to find there was *one* cup, as I was thinking how I could do with the spout of the tea-pot instead of a tea-cup.’

But such small *contretemps* had no power to disturb him so long as the door of opportunity for preaching was left open. The day on which this happened was one of his happiest. His tent was pitched at Turangzai, in a fine open country, three miles from the Swāt river, with the hills close overhead.

‘The moollah was especially pleasant, and listened with his people; the congregation was very large, and there was a degree of attention to the main facts of the Gospel which has helped and strengthened me greatly. I pressed it on the old moollah much not to withhold the great salvation from his people. I asked for a gosha (corner) in his jamāat or mosque, that I might sit and read the Old and New Testaments and he the Koran, and see which got the more hearers; but he said he was too near Yaghistan, the rebel-land, in which the akhoond has most sway, to harbour such an one as I. . . . I said, “Fear not them that kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do,” &c. Between six and seven hours’ walking and preaching. I had great enjoyment in giving the message. I cannot forget the Utmanzai man, who ran after me and stole out of my hand a copy of St. Mark, and ran off with it. The thanadar of the place, a soldier from Murdan, also begged an Urdu Testament. I gave him the only one I had. Also Kazi Hamid Ullah begged a copy of the Persian New Testament, which I hope to send him. An old fakir called and sat with me in the evening, as others had in the morning. These are of the days of heaven on earth. Finished with a little congregation of Afghan boys, who sat while I tried to expound the simplicity of the Gospel to them. I could scarcely get them to go. I never saw little boys so to enjoy the message. They wanted always to sit, one wanted to go to Lahore. Could scarcely be heard at times through noise of two women quarreling and vociferating. “Ah,” said a man who sat by, “that’s where there are two wives to one husband.” He seemed to know all about it. Two little services with Jalālu’d-din.’

‘I found no plan so successful for gathering a good and attentive audience as making straight for the mosque and inquiring for the moollah. Instead of hanging about the village and having one’s object suspected, this was a definite and straightforward object; and besides often meeting in this way on equal terms with the moollah, the khans and other respectable villagers would congregate in the mosque—beside the young divinity students from Swāt, Bajour, &c., who form a mendicant class like some German students, and come from across the frontier, drawn by the fame of the more learned moollahs, and seem a highly intelligent and studious body, always at their books, except when begging their bread, and at times listening with much curiosity, even with rapt attention, to the message. I could not but feel much drawn to these youths, for that some at least are serious truth-seekers I cannot doubt, and one could not but hope that God’s Word might, through their lips, cross that strange mountain barrier and take root in lands we are forbidden to visit.

‘In Manakai, near to Attock, I made my way to the mosque as usual, and after some difficulty got to the presence of the chief

moollah, an old and venerable man. I found it was not convenient to him to receive a visit as he had a whole conclave of moollahs (a sort of clerical congress). The few minutes I sat they kept dropping in one by one. The others rise as the brother moollah comes in, and he embraces them hastily one after the other in his arms, and they place their heads together side by side and whisper or repeat out loud some words of courteous welcome: May you always come. Are you well? Quite well? Quite exceedingly well? And so the murmur runs round. Ah, ah, he is well, quite well; please God, thank God.

‘I found they had come together to the funeral of one of the moollahs in the village, who had died that day, and that I was not at all an agreeable visitor; so I did not think it well to stay in the mosque, but went out into a broad place without, and sat on a stone till a crowd gathered, and even some of the moollahs had the curiosity to leave the congress and join my little rival congress outside. The usual bedsteads were brought, and I think I had the largest congregation I have yet had on these journeys. The whole little square seemed thronged. One moollah listened with considerable attention, and seemed struck with the idea of God’s mercy and justice meeting together and being reconciled in Christ. He, like so many others, had the false notion of God being changed into man, and the finite and infinite being thus mingled in confusion of natures, instead of both in their perfection meeting unchanged and unaltered in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. For two months past I have been in incessant battling, and though I have been wonderfully helped, yet the excitement is severe and the head needs a little season of quiet.’

This rest he found at Christmas, in a few days spent with the Urmstons—true Gaiuses he calls them—at Rawul Pindi; and before the end of the year he returned to Lahore to find ‘the great book-boxes of our library lying in most formidable array—supplies, one would say, for any amount of intellectual hunger or moral famine, were it not that books of themselves cannot reach the heart’s inmost core.’ We can well understand the scholar’s satisfaction, for even in his missionary tour the college was never far from his mind.

‘Mrs. T.,’ he said, ‘seems to wish I were fairly at my expected work, and does not appear to see of what unspeakable importance to my future it may be to get all the familiar acquaintance I can with the tribes and peoples and languages out of which the materials of a future divinity school may be gathered. The plans I had formed for *this* year, at least, God has permitted me very remarkably to realize. “Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be

established unto thee." This blessing seems to have been mine. . . . I wonder whether I shall ever visit these people again ! I feel all my former interest in them largely increased ; and still cannot but hope that amongst the noble, handsome Pathan youths that cross my path, and whose eyes of intense brightness and lustre meet mine as we sit in converse and discussion on God's great plan of redemption, and I witness to them out of the Scriptures, some may yet be raised up to be apostles, whose words shall be like fire and the people wood. It is a very rare thing in one's missionary history to be able to meet in succession through a whole district the chief religious teachers, and have an open door so far as opportunity of speaking goes. It may be long before such another door is open ; and to be able to avail oneself of it requires to have been many years, and *those* years of study and intercourse with the people ; and this, by God's blessing, I am able to bring to bear on the present work. May all the praise and the glory be His ! I think you will see, however, that it would have been a great waste to have thrown away such an accumulation of favourable circumstances, and very varied preparatory passages of one's life and history, which seem to render such a sphere the very one marked out for me.'

He was now more than ever devoted to his missionary project, and the wonderful health he had enjoyed in traversing a fever-stricken district convinced him that he might remain in India, and led him, as we have seen in his letter to the children, to resign his Cheltenham incumbency. He wrote from camp to Dr. Walker, but the congregation and Dr. Walker himself were so anxious to retain him, that it was still six months before the resignation was finally accepted. Meantime Mr. Hardy, Mr. Harington, and Mrs. French, his three curates as he would call them, carried on the work with vigour, and passed his sermons through the press for him. His correspondence bears abundant evidence how keen was the interest he still took in his people, in spite of pressing occupations of the moment—how keen and how impartial, the bird-catcher in the alley, or the two wild girls who had become communicants, having their place in his thought and sympathies, along with curates and church-workers. His people also took a warm, if not always wise, interest in him. They had wished to keep him. Some of them thought that he could never live in India, and the air was full of rumours.

‘One Sunday,’ writes Mr. Hardy, ‘a report alarmed his family and all Cheltenham that he was dead, and I remember well how my fellow curate and I, after evening service, went from house to house tracking the rumour to its source. We found the source to be a lady, who had no sufficient ground for the alarm which she had diffused, and who excited our infinite disgust by wishing us to sit down and indulge in pious reflections on the sad news which we had found to rest on no authority but her own.’

The actual resignation was signed before the Commissioner of Kasauli, July 7, 1870, the very day the news of Knott’s death came to him. Thus closed this chapter of his history.

Although the college was not opened on Jan. 1, his forty-fifth birthday, as he had hoped it would be, French cheered himself under his disappointment by meditating on Gen. xvii., the New Year’s lesson, and by entertaining a little company of native Christians, including the tahsildar Abdullah Athim, one of Dr. Pfander’s most remarkable converts, who was forming a little Christian village community, for which in daily evening lectures he gave some simple rules. He remained little more than three weeks in Lahore at this time before filling a vacancy for some months in the missionary station of Multan, which Mr. Ycates was leaving. During this little interval, a Jewish convert named Solomon called upon him, who had been brought to Christ by conversations with Tara Chand and Benjamin, whom he had met at Delhi and Bombay respectively. ‘It is a curious coincidence,’ French said, ‘that at two such different points he should have met with two of my children in the faith, and it has helped to encourage me.’ An even greater satisfaction followed. On Jan. 6 he wrote:—

‘I have an old Agra pupil (Kunj Bihari) reading with me. He found out I was here, and comes to me desiring baptism. He was the least promising, intellectually, of the eight in the first class; still, to get into the first class at all was something. He has been a teacher in Government Zillah schools ever since, and has a high character for conscientious faithfulness, though not for a high order of ability. My heart yearns over him; it would be interesting if our first actual student were an old Agra scholar.

I have been writing letters to some of my other old students to revive faded impressions. It was one of my chiefest life-sorrows that none of those eight were Christ's; this would break into the group.'

'*January 13.* Poor Kunj Bihari's courage failed him when it came to the point. He had fixed to receive baptism last Sunday. He is a widower, but has three children, and he says the thought of them overcame him, especially of his eldest, a clever boy of thirteen, high in some Government college. He spoke of them in such a touching way that it helped one more to realize what they have to give up. He is still halting between two opinions. Much of my time has been spent with him this week.'

'*January 16.* Poor Kunj Bihari was baptized by me this afternoon at the Amritsar native church. He has shown great firmness at last. I feel very much for him.'

'*January 20.* I see more and more that schools form the very stamina of our mission efforts, and that those daily instilled lessons leave an impression which, though long and determinately resisted, is never wholly lost. May this lead me to fervent daily intercession for them!'

On Jan. 22 French went to his new quarters at Multan: arriving early at the railway station, and piling his luggage on waggons, he marched three miles in front of it to his temporary residence,—half one of the mission houses in a nice compound with banyan, peepul and acacia trees, near the Commissioner's Court House, and not far from the city, close also to the little Civil Lines church of which he was to be incumbent.

Multan, the city where Anderson and Vans-Agnew were murdered, and Herbert Edwardes won his early laurels, is situated on a little eminence (formed by the ruins of more early cities) three or four miles from the Chenab, on which great stream it has a quaint little port. The city was embowered in delicious groves of date palms, banyans, and mangoes, and had many well-built houses and ancient palaces, which marked it as a city of ancient kings; also a fort, of little use for modern warfare, and not even kept in repair, with beautifully coloured and decorated tombs of saints, visited by multitudes of pilgrims at certain seasons. It was one of the great trade-centres of India, and had special interest for French in bringing him again into contact

with his old friends of the Derajat, the merchant povindahs. He did not find the work among them easy.

‘Greater bitterness of religious animosity,’ he says, ‘and threatenings of personal violence I have nowhere experienced than among these people. Yet some tribes among them have been notoriously hot-beds of free-thinking and nurseries of sectarian teachers, so that I cannot believe the more thoughtful and intelligent have found rest or contentment in Islam, and I hope that neither myself nor my brethren who are more wholly assigned to that field will despair of them, but rather believe we have failed to find the true door to their hearts as yet—have not read their needs aright in the light of the Word and of prayer.’

February and March were spent in travelling through the Bahawulpur district, a native state, consisting of a strip of level land along the banks of the Sutlej, reaching southward to the Bikaneer desert, so fatal to innumerable travellers, and abutting on the Rajput principalities, which French had entered from the other side. The whole country is a perfect flat, and, except in the months when canals are carried through it from the Sutlej, the soil is a wilderness, hungry-looking, with stunted shrubs relieved by the bright patches of verdure about the Persian wells, where patient oxen night and day are steadily kept moving upon their treadmill rounds. Hindus and Mussulmans were very pretty equally divided, both equally uninstructed, and lethargic and drowsy indeed in all but objects of sense; very much enslaved with chains of bread-getting, but otherwise, on the whole, neither bigoted nor uncivil, and even not very unwilling to purchase Christian books. For the missionary it was almost virgin soil. He found one inquirer who had committed to memory a Gurumukhi tract of poetry about the Christian faith, whose Christian-looking face was quite an encouragement. It led him to remark:—

‘Most of the knowledge these poor people have of anything bearing on religion is couched in poetical couplets, and I long to see some good Christian poet arise who can represent Christian voice in song. Few things under God would carry the Gospel wider and fix it deeper.’

Of course, he had the usual share of opposition and discouragement. In one town the Scripture denunciations of idolatry awakened much attention, and they were specially interested in the idea of the worshippers picking up their gods and running off with them in time of danger, whereas God carries and bears His people; but at the end there occurred a painful encounter with a Vedantist, almost reminding one of the story of St. John and Cerinthus. 'I am God,' he said; 'that ant you tread upon, is God; when I speak, it is God who speaks.' 'What!' French said, 'you speak such horrible blasphemies, and say it is God speaking. It is Satan, Satan!' and he got up and walked away, saying, 'I am horror-stricken with such words.' This sort of argument he found was more telling with the people than any attempt on grounds of mere reason to confute Pantheism.

He returned to Multan early in March, and was very fully occupied in preaching, instruction, and literary work.

'The moollahs, syuds, and makhdoods of Multan,' he says, 'seem all to labour in the very fire to bar out the light of God from entering, yet it was impossible not to feel that there were some hearts which trembled at it, and confessed, and were even drawn towards it. I cannot forget one moollah, a great enemy to truth, who ended a long conversation, the sequel to several, by saying to me: "Pray for me, that I may be led into God's truth; pray for me with your heart and soul. Will you promise to do this?" A great humiliation this, indeed, for a proud moollah to descend to. The man is an old friend of Rahmatoollah and the other (Wazir Khan) who undertook to fight for Islam against Dr. Pfander. He speaks of one of them, if not both, as being at Mecca, and told me that when Dr. Pfander's writings and preachings began to make a stir in Constantinople, Rahmatoollah was sent for by the Sultan as the only champion that would be a match for him, but ere he reached the capital the news of Pfander's death had been received.'

From this moollah French received a copy of a work by Rahmatoollah, entitled 'The Dissipation of Vain Imaginations,' the vain imaginations being the arguments of Pfander and himself. This seemed still to be the standard controversial treatise of the Mohammedans, as there had been no such stand-up contest since the Agra days, and for

the future, French thought, the English missionaries would, as a rule, leave such battlings to native Christian moollahs who, when supplied with the materials, would be more qualified to meet the marked peculiarities of Oriental minds¹.

The instruction of his catechist, Yakub, and two or three more inquirers in Hebrew, Christology, Church history, and other subjects was a daily pleasure, and seemed like a beginning of the college work. One of these inquirers was a fakir, and had a well and some land which he had given up.

‘He told me,’ said French, ‘that the love of Christ had taken such hold upon him that his friends constantly found him in tears, pouring out his heart in prayer, and that because of their ridicule he had to go a long way from his home into the heart of the jungle to pray. He was baptized at Multan.’

The writing of a Pushtu work upon the covenant of grace, in which he sought to embody the substance of his teaching to the Afghans, also occupied much time and thought; and then the schools had their encouragements. At Bahawalpur there was a native Christian teacher, Chakarbat, a pupil of Dr. Duff, who gathered an interesting little class of six inquirers about him, all of whom, with more or less of earnestness, were seeking baptism.

Two youths crossed the Sutlej and set out to Multan to be baptized, but a hue and cry was raised, and they were carried back in triumph. One rather failed in spirit under persecution, the other was placed by his father in a shop,

¹ The recent controversy at Amritsar, described in the *C. M. Intelligencer*, Feb., Nov., Dec., 1894, although it cannot rank with that at Agra, since the chief anti-Christian disputant had been excommunicated by the Mohammedan authorities at Delhi before the fight began, yet illustrates this point about the native Christians. ‘Indigenous Christians fought the battle,’ says Dr. Martyn Clark, ‘and this was keenly felt by the Mohammedans. As one of them said, “A cart-load of axeheads was sent into the forest, and the forest said, ‘What care I?’ But later on it knew that it was doomed when its own branches were lopped off and fitted to the axeheads. We are troubled this day because to your axeheads the branches from our own tree have been fitted.”’

where he kept his eye upon him constantly, and never allowed him to go anywhere alone. But though thus Satan seemed to triumph, French comforted himself in the thought that the eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the whole earth, to show Himself valiant on behalf of those whose heart is perfect towards Him.

At Multan itself, a Mohammedan youth in the school was baptized and took the name of Talib Masih¹, inquirer after Christ. For a year he had been enduring much persecution, and on the day he came for baptism (May 22) his father had wept over him and offered him 200 or 300 rupees, all he had in the world, if only he would give up Christianity. The youth replied that with him it was not a question of lalach (covetousness), but of his soul's salvation. French preached on Rom. xv. 1-4, and felt the sweetness of the subject much (he had begun the day in depths of sorrow and humiliation), commending the new convert to God's gracious protection and the love of his Christian brethren. Two days later he wrote:—

‘I was anxious about the youth who was baptized, as his friends took him away from the mission and locked him up. I got an order from the young police-officer next door for his release, but meantime he came to my house some time after dark, under surveillance of some relative, and stayed a few minutes. We had prayer and praise together, for he has had a hard conflict—trial of faith all day. He was taken to the musjid, beaten, threatened, allured by promises, but by God's grace he has stood firm. I was praying for him when he arrived, and my fears for him were rebuked.’

A few days later he added:—

‘There has been some stir kept up about the baptism; the Multanis so prided themselves on having never had a pure Multani baptized, that they cannot get over it. The parents cried all night at Mr. Briggs' door. His father in his wailing said, “Why don't our moollahs preach in the bazaars? Why don't they convert all the sahibs to the true faith?” It seems clear that antipathy to the English lies at the door of much opposition to the Gospel. If we could get an exclusively native church, emancipated

¹ Now head catechist at Muzaffargarh.

from British control, with all orders of ministry complete, there would be much more hope.'

After staying a few days with French, the youth was sent to be trained at Amritsar; thither his father followed him, and brought him back on pretence that his mother was dying. When they got to Multan the father confessed it was false, and the boy would not go home with him, as he had threatened to kill both himself and him. So he fled to the mission, where they had a little mujlis, or assembly of the Christian body, seated on a carpet to decide on measures and to join in prayer. He had been taken to the kazi and required to put down in writing whether he would be a Christian or not. His mother stood by with a knife at her bare breast, and said she would stab herself if he said 'Christian.' He fell down crying on the ground, and the kazi offered him forty rupees to renounce Christ.

Thus if the makhdooms or king-priests of Multan were labouring in the very fire to keep the light of Christ's truth from them, may it not be justly said that French was in the very fire labouring to bring it in? Multan is one of the most scorching posts in India, and May and June are two of the most scorching months. A native proverb says, 'When God had Multan ready, why did He make hell?' Another native legend attributes the heat of Multan to a fakir's curse. The Multanis refused to cook his cake for him; and so he asked the sun to step in and oblige him. The sun was very willing, but, when the cake was cooked, went only halfway back again.

Yet French, though very sensitive to heat since he had suffered from sunstroke in the Derajat, abated not in toil and labour; his hours of effort were no whit diminished, although his powers of production might be. At night he lay out in the open, and the hot wind and mosquitoes would seldom let him sleep till after midnight; again, at two a.m. a cooler breeze would wake him, and then he would pull his cloak over him and get three hours' good sleep before dawn. The eruse of water at his bed's foot gave it a very Eastern look, and now and again a heavy sandstorm

would drive him to carry bed and bedding within doors till it had ceased. Yet, with his nights so disturbed, he gives the following brief sketch of hours in May:—

‘Up at 5: a short walk: then work with pundit till 8: an hour instructing an inquirer: work at tract after breakfast till 12: Yakub at Hebrew and Christology till 1.30: then my own private studies and a little rest till 3: dinner and tract again: then letters, then Yakub again: then out preaching till 8: tea and letter-writing.’

It will be noticed that from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m. he worked with scarce a break, and sought his refreshment in the evening in correspondence, which did much to awaken missionary interest in all his friends at the time, and which has proved the greatest help to his biographer long afterwards in attempting to produce some more enduring record of his life.

Six months of such exhausting work might well entitle him to seek the hills, and so in the beginning of July he set out for Kotghur, a hill-station near Simla. He had received a request from Stuart at Calcutta to fill a vacancy in Cashmere, but wrote back that he was not strong enough. Although the offer was not pressed in any way, he had not been long at Kotghur before he wearied of inaction, and made a rash attempt to reach that distant goal. Meantime, on July 7, at Kasauli, the sad news came to him that Knott, his colleague, was no more.

‘I was thunderstruck, and found it hard to credit; for I had supposed him safe in Murree long since, escaped from the dangerous heats of Peshawur. But there being only one chaplain, Mr. Orton, and he very feeble from continued sickness, he felt it his duty to stay to minister to the English soldiers, to whom he had become increasingly useful, and who had learned in many cases deeply to appreciate his searching spiritual ministry, confirmed to them by his holy, loving, devoted life. So, in obedience to what he thought a clear call of duty, he “laid down his life for the brethren,” and we have to mourn the loss of one who was indeed a “burning and shining light,” and seemed entirely the man for India’s present needs, quite apart from the Lahore school or any particular object—one of far-reaching views, and whose meat indeed it was, like his Master’s, to do the will of Him that sent him and finish His work.

'As he was unconscious the whole time from the seizure on Monday, he appears to have spoken no last words, not, at least, on his deathbed; for a long affecting letter which I received only last night was written as by a dying man, and fully conscious of approaching dissolution. . . . However much one may deplore the indiscretions which would take no warnings, this must lose itself in the patience and heroism of a faith which led him "to love not his life unto the death," and "to resist unto blood, striving against sin." And so, as has happened to me several times in my life, "Two were in the field: one taken, the other left." Though I spoke much of the impression he made last year by his preaching and example, I do not think I fully realized the strength and wide extent of that impression; so that one cannot at all think he came out in vain to this country, and that there will be no permanent fruit from the corn of wheat thus sown in the earth in most true conformity to his blessed Lord's death.'

On the same subject Bishop Ridley wrote:—

'After French had left Peshawur my health completely broke down, and I was ordered to leave the valley within a fortnight, or stay at my peril. To my great sorrow, Knott elected to take my work and remain permanently in that then most unhealthy city. I begged him to go with me, or follow on as soon as possible. His answer was, that as it was clearly my duty to go, so it was his to remain. I wrote to Stuart, C. M. S. Secretary at Calcutta, urging him to intervene, which I believe he did, but all to no purpose. "You cannot survive long in Peshawur," I almost vehemently urged; but he calmly said, "I came out here to die. This is God's providence. I must remain." Almost the first news I received on reaching England was the telegram, "Knott is dead." And so the row of graves in God's acre spread out, each narrow bed eloquent to-day of self-conquest and sacrifice for Christ. But French went steadily on alone, no doubt with a wounded heart, yet undaunted and ever consecrated for new duties.'

How true this is, all French's journals and letters at this time testify. In his diary a week later occurs the entry: 'That such a life as Knott's has been devoted to the Divinity School is surely a pledge of its γένεσις and ἐπίδοσις, not of its coming to disastrous issue or never beginning. Surely he is beckoning onward, not backward ¹.'

¹ I find no trace in French's correspondence of any dissociation with Knott in the work of the college before the latter's death, such as Bishop Ridley in his article, in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, 1892, from which I have so largely quoted, seems to suggest.—EDITOR.

Left alone to face the responsibility of raising funds for the purchase of buildings and scholarships for students, of selecting fitting candidates for instruction, and of organizing the new course of lectures, it might be thought that his hands were fully occupied. Yet he was already planning a journey, the rashness and inexpedience of which his journals and his letters make most evident. On July 26 there is this entry in his diary: 'Started on — journey.' The blank is ominous. It meant he aimed at reaching Cashmere, but from the first was doubtful of its feasibility. On July 19 he wrote:—

'I have an idea three or four days hence of starting on the hill route to Cashmere, which I find is manageable, and will take me over several hill-passes, of which the scenery and prospect and fine air will further recruit me. I am already much revived, and I have now some hope of being able to accomplish Mr. Stuart's desire that I should help Mr. Storrs at Srinagar, in Cashmere, during my holiday this hot weather.'

On July 31 he wrote from Kot Kulu:—

'I scarcely know how to write, for I am rather in a dismal condition—alone in a drenched tent, some 10,000 feet above the sea, encircled by mists and pine forests, without a table, boxes and other luggage piled up on stones to raise them above the floating floor. . . . If I could have staid till the rainy season was over, it would have been better. But there was so little to be done of a missionary character, and I feared I might be a burden on the Rebschs, who *would* send me supplies, the villages furnishing next to nothing but milk. . . . So I am trying to push on to Cashmere through the Himalayas, preaching as I go where I can, and where I am intelligible. . . . The first day's march on Tuesday last was of about twenty miles, of which I walked some fifteen, my pony being long in coming up, and in very poor condition too. It was a terribly tiring descent on a hot day to the Sutlej, which is crossed by a bridge; and then a still longer ascent to a little village Dalash. . . . At one part of the way I lay on the ground, resting first the back of the head, then the face in a rill of water flowing fresh and cool from the heights. . . . At Dalash I found one of Mr. Rebsch's schools. Master and boys spent much of the day with me in the tent, and greatly pleased me. The young master, though unbaptized, had an admirable knowledge of the Bible, and I told him he might yet become an apostle to those poor hardy mountaineers around him. . . .

‘The second march was accomplished with difficulty through heavy rains, down descents which had almost become water-courses, choked with dripping ferns and grasses, and at this stage my tent would have been pitched in a marshy flat but that I begged for any sort of empty room, and got at last a loft, rather exposed to wind and weather, up to which I hoisted myself as there was no staircase, but managed to pass a comfortable night.

‘The next march was again heavy and fatiguing, though full of natural beauties. Late in the evening, being within about a mile of the station or chowkee, we found at the bottom of a wild gorge that the road before us had been rendered too precarious by a landslip to be climbed at nightfall, so had to retrace our steps. I compelled a youth to show me the way to the nearest village, which was tenanted by Brahmins only. I asked for a charpoy for the night; but they had not such a thing, they said, as Brahmins rejected all but the earth to sleep upon. “Well, then, any dry spot,” I said, “on which I can spread my mattress.” So they found me at length a little room, not of the cleanest, opening on a little stone court where the oxen tread out corn, and in which I was glad to secure a resting-place, after a little tea made with sour milk. The stable was too stifling, so I slept out of doors; happily no rain, but no sleep, through exhaustion and faintness. Now I have told you enough of little miseries to give you an idea of hill travel here, where there are no halting-places prepared.’

His next letter was written from Sultanpur, the capital of Kulu. His tent was pitched in a lovely spot on an elevated meadow, where Runjeet Singh used to encamp when he came to fleece the highly-endowed Brahmins, whose wealth is now protected by the British Government. Beyond the foaming tortuous waters of the Beas shone out the lights of the city, itself 4,000 feet above the sea and surrounded by higher mountains of 8,000 or 12,000 feet. The same fortune had dogged his steps; the rains often turned one march into two or three by breaking down the bridges. Once he had to take refuge with all his goods in an idol temple and sleep under the very image of Mahadeu; once, when the march was lighter, he turned aside for converse with an American, Mr. Carleton, whose fame as the greatest fakir among missionaries he had heard, and who spent his summer months at Palach, where he acted as squire and doctor to the desolate hill-village and its neighbourhood. As yet, French’s health had not suffered

seriously. 'I am better,' he said, 'than in Murree last year, and hope to be stronger still when on the higher hills again.'

He continued his account from Dhilloo in the Mandi Raja's territories on August 11 :—

'All but Monday's have been very heavy, stiff marches, in some respects what I like, in others a little beyond my strength. We crossed a pass 10,000 feet high on Tuesday up in the clouds and the aboriginal primeval forests, for which I have a sort of passion, where the works of God call forth adoring praise and gratitude,—whether it be the grand oak and pine forests, or the grass growing on the mountains, light-green, velvety and well matted, beautifully in contrast with the sombre dark pines,—or whether it be the waterfalls so full and foamy at this season, or the hills above hills looming through thick mists and rain-clouds. Yesterday was almost the rashest journey I ever undertook. The paths constructed along the mountain-sides were in many places washed away by the rains or obliterated by the débris from the rocks above, owing to the unusually continuous rainy season. Thus the shelving mountain-sides were left all but bare, and terrible to look at, still more terrible to have to walk along. Here and there one foot could scarcely lodge itself, in other places only a toe or two, so that I sat down in despair for a time, looking where one was to find foot lodgement. The first man that came to my help told me that it was inevitable, there was no pathway of cows or cowherds over the hills to offer any substitute; he would carry me on his back if I liked. I wondered where or in what element, for, except through the air, there seemed no possible passage. Well, I sat on a rock and prayed, and before I had done came another man, almost as much a god-send as the ravens to Elijah. It was, indeed, as if he had come from another world. "Oh, sir, never heed; come with me, don't apprehend anything." So he went before and pointed out a very practicable bit of shelving ledge on which half a foot could stand, and with his stick furrowed out another and another, and I stepped breathless and half-dizzied after him, not venturing to look beneath, grasping at a rock or root where I had a chance, and offering a silent prayer where the likelihood of a fall and the seriousness of consequences seemed greatest. This sort of thing lasted at intervals for some two hours, and heartily relieved was I when the peril lessened. The expense to the State will be enormous of restoring these paths and repairing breaches. They say it is long since such a steady, heavy rain-season is remembered, and I can well believe it, for to be more or less drenched seems our normal condition; but the servants (three) behave admirably, and the poor mountaineers carry the loads on their backs as if they had a sixth sense, or were free of a second element.'

His servants had gone round with the pony, so he was left alone.

‘I never remember,’ he says, ‘to have hazarded my life on the hills as to-day. Praise to Him who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to slip. This was literally true.’

At Palampore (August 15) he was detained by fever and ague among the park-like tea-gardens, and summed up his experience thus far:—

‘I have arrived within two stages of Dharmsala, which will complete twenty stages from Simla. Continued drenching rain, with alternate heat and sunshine, misty mountains, and low rice-grounds, with soaking swamps in most singularly rapid succession, wading mountain-streams, hard fare, cutting rocky roads, have been one’s history for these three weeks, yet some interesting opportunities of sowing the good seed of the Word here and there, especially the last two or three days. I am so fatigued that I fear it will be absolutely necessary to rest a short time at Dharmsala and pick up strength. The visit to Cashmere, therefore, seems highly problematical.’

‘*Dharmsala, August 21.* I feel very thankful to have reached this little resting-place, and to find myself already recruited and more myself again, though it has been pelting rain, hard heavy rain, almost ever since I got here, night and day.

‘At Palampore, from which I wrote last, I had rather a severe attack of fever and ague from the excessively rank vegetation, though it was a lovely spot, and this followed me in my journey. Tuesday I tried to accomplish the whole twenty-two miles between that and Dharmsala, but at eighteen miles, after soaking rains and crossing streams in wearisome succession, I fairly gave way and could get no further, and lay down in a field by the roadside. My bedding came up, and I had it spread on a little stone platform or raised heap under a tree, and, after getting a little milk with extreme difficulty from a village, wrapped myself in a rizai and fell asleep. At night I was waked by heavy rains, and got up and sat under an umbrella, disposing bedding and boxes as best I could to avoid their being drenched. Soon a torch appeared, and a zamindar came with two or three men, who carried us all—my one remaining faithful servant, goods, and self—to a dry house in his little farmyard, lit a fire and brought a charpoy, and there I slept the whole remainder of the night, wondering, as Abraham’s servant did, at the Lord’s care for his unworthy servants and provision little short of miraculous. At 6.30 I got up and packed up boxes, gave my friend a rupee for his pains—they were worth almost life itself to me—and I walked and rode the remaining four miles, which were no joke,

being full of rocky paths and water-courses. At length I reached the Dak bungalow at the foot of the hill. I felt now that to proceed to Cashmere was impossible this season; indeed, I saw that of my three servants two at least would have left me forthwith, and I was less able than any for further exertion of this exhausting kind. . . . I found thirty-two letters awaiting me. My head is only slowly regaining its tone, so that I cannot answer all at once. There are letters about the Lahore gardens with fresh difficulties. Now I have offered to gather 16,000 (or 15,000 Rs. at least) within three months.'

As early as April, 1869, French had been to view some gardens near the city, which were offered as a site for his proposed college, and he described them to his wife as follows:—

'Our object to-day was to look at a garden, belonging to a native rayees or nobleman, which would make a capital site, and the old buildings of which, with slight modifications, would suit for lecture-room and even private residences. It consists of three quadrangles, with abundance of fruit-trees at present, and towers at almost every angle, and may cover four acres—ground enough to build University College upon, if ever it were proposed to move it to Lahore (not very probable). I must not say more about this at present, as all is very uncertain; it may not be sold, and, if sold, may seem too grand for our purpose, too expensive, too ambitious, and a thousand things. I fear it would cost £2,500 at least, the gardens and buildings, of which I have only about £700 in hand. The old bricks expended on the garden walks alone are said to be worth half this at least, and would be bought up eagerly if for sale. I am rather in dread of our missions becoming too mighty and assuming in their dimensions. Both at Amritsar and Peshawar the Ameer of Cabul was entertained at our mission houses within the city, chiefly, I conceive, because they were the best and most spacious houses¹. I should be sorry to add another instance to these rather pompous and pretentious missionary dwellings. The only thing is, that if a college does spring up of any size and importance it will require space, and the value of property is rising so rapidly that, economically, I do not think the price at all approaching what is exorbitant. In this, as in other respects, we shall, I trust, be

¹ It is true that the mission houses are the best within the city at Amritsar and Peshawur, but the reason is a simple one: no Europeans except missionaries will care to sleep within the towns at all; and though the mission houses have had royal visitors, the Ameer and the Prince of Wales, they have not slept in them.

guided aright. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not," should be our motto.'

To enter into all the details and vicissitudes of the negotiations would be tedious; but by March, 1870, things were so far advanced that French was able to write to his old friend Stuart, the secretary at Calcutta, and describe the buildings at length, begging for a grant of £1,000, and that the committee would sanction the desire of his old friend Gordon to join him in the college work.

Both his requests were ultimately granted. Indeed, French was well backed up by his committee. His mission, it might be said, was a favourite, and occupied large space in all the magazines. Yet it took six months to get an answer to this application. And so when French arrived at Dharmsala exhausted, he found abundant letters, but not yet the one letter that would have given him relief. Faint with fever, he resolutely made himself responsible, and set himself to raise his £1,500. Whatever he might do, he wrought to weariness; but there was this appreciable difference. Alike in books and in travel he took an intense delight; for business, although he did it from a sense of duty, he had no special aptitude, and so soon drooped beneath its anxiety. Thus it is not surprising to meet this entry in his diary soon after he had reached Dharmsala:—

'Aug. 29. All day nearly looking over old letters and account books, to see how our finances stand as regards the Lahore school; wrote some letters in consequence. Sorted correspondence generally.'

'Aug. 30. Sent off letters to Stuart, Gordon, &c. From thence to Sept. 8, severe fever and partial unconsciousness. Taken to Colonel and Mrs. Coxe's, where received greatest care and attention.'

By September 7 he was able to write letters. On the 9th he wrote:—

'Much pleasant New Testament study. Twenty years to-day since left England for India!'

'Sept. 10. Oh, to be saved from an artificial, *conventional, traditional knowledge of God!* "Israel shall cry unto Thee, my God, we know Thee!" "To know the love of Christ," "that ye may be

filled with all the fulness of God." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who healeth all thy diseases . . . satisfieth thy mouth with good things." "Show me now Thy way, that I may know Thee."

"Help me to know my pardon sealed,
And from Thy life to draw my strength."

From this time he began slowly to get about again and to return to ordinary work. On the 13th he said:—

'Letter from Raow to say all was arranged for my taking possession of the Lahore garden. May our God go before us there, and be with us there, and there after us, ever filling us with His presence and blessing, and helping us to employ it to His service and glory!'

On the 15th he wrote:—

'Forwarded appeal to *Friend of India*. It goes with many misgivings and fears, but with earnest prayer that the Lord will dispose the hearts of some to respond, and that He will make me equal to the heavy anxieties and responsibilities I thus take on myself, and preserve me from bringing discredit on His cause by any egregious mistakes. Whatever happens, may His holy name be glorified and His blessed kingdom enlarged, and, if shame belongs to us, may the praise, and honour, and victory be His now and for ever!'

On the 18th, in a letter to his son at Repton, who was preparing for his confirmation, and had suffered early in the year from scarlatina, he said:—

'It has been a great trouble to me that I have been so ill for some weeks as not to be able to write to you, for it is all that I can do, being at such a distance, to write and tell you how much you are on my heart, though we cannot speak and see face to face. I sometimes hope that, after two years, I may be able to come home, at least for a time, before I get so grey that you will not know me again, and you so grown that I shall hardly recognize you. Happily, I was carried, when my fever was at its worst, in a palanquin to the house of a pious civilian, where a doctor happened to be staying, and he watched me day and night very carefully like a brother, or else my life would have been in much greater danger than it was. Poor Mr. Knott had only a few hours' illness, and of such violence that nothing could be done. You know now, too, what fever is; it was curious both of us should have fever the same year, and I am sure we should never forget God's goodness in raising us up. When He spares our life,

it seems to be doubly His, to be spent for Him and offered up to Him for whatever work He is pleased to use us.

'I think so much of your confirmation, and pray that it may be a very *happy* time as well as solemn time; that it may not seem hard or grievous, but a thought full of brightness and full of sweetness, that *we*, who are so unworthy, and so often grieve His spirit, and love the Saviour so little, should yet be invited to be *for Him*; and that He will be *for us*, and will be *with us*, and will dwell in us, and will be our shepherd, guide, friend, Saviour; and will hear us, and surely answer us, when we ask those beautiful words, "O satisfy us early (in early youth) with Thy mercy, so shall we rejoice and be glad *all our days*." I have been praying much lately that I may always feel His presence very near, that I may speak, think, and act as if He were near; and if He gives us to know that we are His pardoned children, this presence will not be terrible, but helpful and encouraging, and will give us calm peace, and strength to overcome temptation. I suppose I shall not know exactly the day of your confirmation, but that will not matter if I remember you every day, and Christ says, "*I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*" . . .

'I remember how we used to sing in Rugby chapel especially one confirmation hymn, which begins, "Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee?" I am so sorry to think I never loved God truly till after I left school and went to college, so I could weep over my schooldays that they were spent so unprofitably. I do pray that you may not have to weep over yours, but thank God for them, for what His grace helped you to do and be. . . . I am trying to gather money everywhere for a garden I am buying, with curious towers in it.'

On November 27 he wrote:—

'The grant made us by our home committee deserves and has our best thanks. It was most well-timed and encouraging. It came just as I was being raised up from a very serious illness, and removed all doubt as to what was God's pleasure in the whole matter.'

Would it had come a little earlier! The stimulus, combined with the fine air of Dharmasala, might have staved off an illness that imperilled life. No one, perhaps, was blameable; but delays are an inherent weakness of committee work. '*Bis dat qui cito dat.*' Few sights are more pathetic than to see some good man at cost of personal self-sacrifice devote long hours to what he thinks is furthering the cause of Christ, when really, by prolonging talk about some

petty point of controversial character, he but retards the very work he loves. If such a one could have before his mind and his imagination the work undone, and the appeals from distant workers half killed with the sickness of hope deferred, nothing would tend so much to lessen friction and ensure results. For on a large committee one stickler for a trifle may destroy much good.

About the middle of October, when he was somewhat stronger, his friend Stuart, who had helped him so much long years before with his building at Agra, joined him at Kangra, and they went together to Lahore to view the gardens and to complete the somewhat difficult negotiations.

A few extracts from letters and from journals will show the course of affairs.

'Lahore, Oct. 16. I am thankful to find that the greater heat of the plains does not overpower me at all. Mr. Stuart and I had a long afternoon's preaching to a good congregation at Hoshiyarpur, between Kangra and Lahore, where we spent a delightful day with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who are the missionary's right arm in that place. . . . We are trying to come to terms with the owner of the gardens, but I shall enter into no particulars any more till the thing is settled one way or another.'

'Lahore, Nov. 5, 1870 (from diary). PURCHASE OF GARDEN THIS DAY COMPLETED. May the Lord be pleased to take it for His own, and His eyes and His heart be there perpetually. May the fruit of this little effort be to His great glory and to the furtherance of His truth and His kingdom. May He bless its provisions, and cause never to be wanting a due supply of men qualified to serve God (especially of our native brethren) in connexion with this door newly opened.'

With the purchase of the site the difficulties did not cease. There were the residents to be considered, who had been, as he says, 'a curious set.'

'A Bengali family in one tower till last week; an old fakir who has been thirty-six years (he tells me) in another, and must be pensioned off somehow. He asks, with tears in his eyes, what is to become of him? He says he is also a padri. A native Christian family occupy the best building, which I have assigned for our church and library; but it will require, in its small way, as much purifying as the temple court of old. The portion of the garden in front of it is turned into a little farmyard!'

French summoned a prayer-meeting in the garden on November 8, which he thought would astonish these old residents. Keene the Amritsar missionary, and Phelps the chaplain, and Kadshu the native pastor, and others joined with him.

'After we had been discussing in the garden and on the way home the question of a colleague, lo! A TELEGRAM FROM R. CLARK to say, "I will start to help you on November 19." This is, indeed, a matter of thanksgiving and a providential coincidence truly remarkable.'

'*Nov. 14.* Things are gradually shaping themselves for the opening of the school, though the candidates will be but few in the first instance; and it seems a mystery of God's providence that at the right time, the very time when I had contemplated opening the school, yet with neither certainty of men, nor ground and buildings, nor of colleague, the three have been supplied. Surely this is not of man, but of God; and I trust now that to me the needed strength of body, mind, and spirit will be granted. For two or three days Mr. Bateman and I were occupied in unpacking the huge tin boxes and assorting the books. I am purchasing bookcases, and considering the first courses of lectures. . . . Yesterday afternoon Imad-ud-din came over from Amritsar and offered some suggestions as to the school, and showed a very lively and deep interest in its becoming in all its intent an accomplished fact.'

'*Nov. 15.* What we want for this school is, that it should be for God and Christ; not for science and philosophy, or even languages. This we could command, did we desire it; but it must be sacrificed: we must be fools for Christ. It should be a house of prayer; a home of prayerful, simple, biblical students; a place where earnest intercession goes up day and night for the growth of Christ's kingdom.'

'*Nov. 16.* How can I be thankful enough for my beloved father's munificent present¹! It helps me towards building, and supplies wants I have been feeling for many a day, and through which my health has suffered. It is very affecting when a gift comes jointly from our heavenly and earthly Father in one. Heard from Kadshu that our gardens are coveted for a Roman Catholic convent, and that they would be ready to give £3,000.'

'*Nov. 21.* Thus far, at least, things have been brought to a point, that to-day our first four students have been examined by me and Messrs. Leupolt, Keene, and Bateman. They are a very promising band on the whole, though small; but two or three more are likely

¹ £100, and he became soon after a benefactor to the extent of some hundreds more.

to come to us shortly, besides one or two who, having other work in Lahore, are to attend part of the classes, but not the whole of the course. We are putting up tents for the unmarried in our compound, and the married will take up their abode in the garden towers at once. I have pretty well arranged, too, what the courses will be: Church history, general history, Christian doctrine, Christian evidences, the liturgy, Hebrew with exegesis of Old Testament, Greek with exegesis of New Testament, lectures in Hindu and Mohammedan systems. The latter two ere long will be handed over to native professors, but time must elapse ere this can be effected. Philemon, Ebenezer, Yakub, and Sadik are the names of those already here; Shere Singh, Kasim Masih, and Benjamin are likely to come. To-morrow morning is fixed for lectures to begin.'

'*Nov. 22. DIV. SCHOOL BEGAN TO-DAY.* I appointed six courses of lectures. . . . *NI SI DOMINUS.* I felt quietly thankful, not over-sanguine. The labour must be heavy, I pray God not excessive, and that I may bear well both prosperity and adversity, cloud and sunshine, and seek no great things for self, and that the cause of our God and Saviour and His truth may be promoted.'

And thus, at last, the school was fairly launched. For this work his whole life had seemed a training. In the eight years at Agra, he ever fixed his eye upon the forming of the native ministry. His months amongst the Pathans of the Derajat convinced him of the manly qualities of India's northern races, and that among them, did but God's Spirit touch their hearts, would be found the best material from which to form bold preachers of the faith of Christ. Though soon struck down by sickness these months, as he himself in looking back on them confessed, were some of the most useful for his future work. Then came the years in England, during which the scheme was gradually matured, interest awakened, difficulties faced, and health sufficient for the work regained, and a congenial colleague found. The home claims, so powerful and pressing, were fully recognized, and yet subordinated to the claim of Christ; and so, with many prayers to follow him, he started on his enterprise. Once more in India he had laboured, in heat and rain, in sickness and in health, spreading the tidings of his college amongst the missionaries and amongst the moollahs, meeting with many disappointments, but persevering still. Domestic sorrow had fallen upon

him in the loss of his mother, from whose deathbed he had resolutely torn himself to go upon God's errand. Bereavement struck more closely at his work, in the removal of the colleague whose sympathy had been a constant inspiration. But neither of the blows unnerved him. The memory of his departed friend only encouraged him the more, for still he seemed to beckon onward and not backward. Lastly, after grappling with all the uncongenial details of finance, and the chicanery of natives, he found himself supplied with men, and with the grounds and buildings, and with a colleague, just at the fitting time and just when he was in fear of being ousted and outbidden by the members of an alien and corrupted church. It is not surprising if now and then he was dispirited, though too great a stress must not be laid on casual expressions in his letters. Such passages indicate that in the matter of this college at least, his own pet scheme, his zeal outran the zeal of all his missionary brethren, and far outran the zeal of Anglo-Indian society, which, as a rule, cared very little for the subject; and also he was vexed that some, whose goodwill he would have very highly prized, feared that a higher education would only spoil the native Christians, and fill their heads with wind. This view he strongly combated.

‘A great friend of missions, high in rank and station, writes that he thinks our Christian teachers will be worse for being more highly educated, will make worse preachers and pastors. This we should re-echo if it were an English education we offered, or if the whole circle of controversial theology, or the classics of Europe or India, or a course of elaborate “dogmatik” with German metaphysical subtleties and masses of patristic lore, were to be thrust on our unhappy students; if, in a word, tastes were engendered for theoretic and speculative studies, which should tend to make our students bookworms, recluses, ambitious of literary reputation, alienated from the life of practical labour and self-devoted energy, to which we trust they will hereafter be called, patiently tending some ingathered flock, or abroad in search of Christ's sheep scattered in the midst of this naughty world that they may be saved in Christ for ever. God forbid that we or our successors should ever be chargeable with such an abnegation of the true object of our mission, in which we invite the fellowship in action of our Christian

friends. Were such a fatal mistake to be committed, our departed friend (Mr. Knott) might well nigh be looked for to rise from his honoured grave to protest against such an innovation on the design with which his name, I trust, will never cease to be associated.'

And yet, in spite of every trial, on a quiet retrospect his thoughts were all of praise. A few days after the commencement of the college, he summed up his experience in his annual letter—written Nov. 27:—

'I cannot but be truly thankful for the providential leadings and various circumstances which have shaped my course and guided my plans during the last twenty months. I have been brought into much close contact with nearly the whole of our Punjab missions and their missionaries, native pastors, and other influential members, both in the way of familiar converse and personal observation, and also of correspondence. I cannot but add that my respect for them, and expectation of future diffusion of the Gospel through them, has greatly increased. In the view, too, of preparing and training teachers (if God should entrust me with this serious responsibility and privilege) it will have been serviceable to journey through so many districts, peopled with various races, widely diverse in character, and to have become personally acquainted, in some measure, with their special conditions and needs, and gathered such information on the spot as might be helpful in the selection of agents.'

The saying of the Temanite about the man who is at peace with God (placed as a motto to this chapter) seems to epitomise the story of the college founding—'Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; and the light shall shine upon thy ways.'

CHAPTER XI.

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL AT LAHORE.

‘This crucified Lord is the book that I give thee to read, that from it thou mayest copy the true picture of every virtue. For it is the book of life, which not only instructs by words, but enkindles the will by its living example.’—LORENZO SCUPOLI.

THE Maha Singh Garden, as it was called, was now in the possession of the mission, and the school was opened and at work. Much, however, remained to be done before the place was adapted to its new requirements. French thus describes the situation :—

‘On one side is seen the old city of Lahore rising on a very gentle slope; and on another, the green avenues of Anarkalli, where the English civilians live; and on a third side, the wide dusty waste with stunted trees and bushes, mounds of old brick-kilns, domed mosques mainly becoming ruinous, with just the grand Railway Station buildings, Government House, and a few other pleasing objects to relieve the eye. My pupils will have studies in tall towers, rising like pillars, whence you could look out upon the country, with little open pillared arcades at the top where to enjoy the fresh air. Some one who came to see the place said to me, “Why, you have got a fort!” I said, “Well, at any rate, a *fort* is better than a *palace* for Christ’s soldier.” Formerly there were many vineries and orangeries in it, but as no one has watered them they look very withered and dismal. There are also little constructions for fountains to play in pools of water, and two great wells worked by bullocks, and a little hexagonal tomb (in which are laid the burnt ashes of the original builder of the garden), the roof of which is brilliantly coloured like a kaleidoscope—also falling into ruins. There is one very large room, a little less ornamented, which I hope to use for a church or chapel; at the end of it another smaller room, which will do for a library. But perhaps some day you may be able to see it and all its curiosities.’

The reader may or may not be able to do this, but if he will refer to the *C. M. Intelligencer* for the year 1873,

he will find two pictures—one of the gardens and towers¹ and the hexagonal tomb, and the other of the new building substantially erected to form a principal's house.

In time the place assumed quite a collegiate aspect. In the first quadrangle were all the greater buildings—the lodge, the library, and chapel; in the second, the bath, the rooms for unmarried students; and in the third—a novel feature as compared with English universities—the quarters of the married students.

Mr. Clark, who reached Lahore a little after Christmas, threw himself heart and soul into this building work, assisted by the generous and valuable counsel of Colonel MacLagan, Colonel Crofton, Mr. Harington, and other competent advisers.

The chapel had been used as a room for entertainments. On one side were about seventy or eighty little pigeon-holes for an illumination, each to hold a little lamp, and in front of these lamps there was a plan for letting water fall as in a little thin cascade, so that it was lighted up and looked very brilliant. It reminded French of the palaces at Agra. But though there was such singular provision for the artificial light, there was but little for the natural. 'It is a poor, dim room, and has no proper windows, so the doors have to be kept open; but when a dust-storm comes, we are in a dilemma between being choked and being in the dark.' Perhaps also it suggested this characteristic entry in his own diary:—

'Danger of thinking our little light can intercept God's own light; great sin if we try to do it. We become the opaque bodies, as it were; God's light cannot shine through us any more. Oh, to become simple reflectors of God's light, or rather so pure and transparent that the light may reach others through us, self being dead!'

This simple house of prayer, first opened on Feb. 19, 1871, when the Missionary Conference met at the new school,

¹ All the upper part of the largest tower in the picture has since been pulled down.

sufficed for the needs of the college while French was Principal, the students also attending Mr. Kadshu's native church in the Sudder Bazaar. It could not, however, be regarded as permanently adequate for a school which was to be a centre of light and learning to the whole native Punjab church.

It will, therefore, be convenient to anticipate the order of chronology, and finish the whole story of the chapel building. In the early part of 1877 Mr. Hooper, then Principal of the Divinity School, wrote —

‘The former library is now become the chancel of the chapel, a large handsome arch being opened between. Besides this, and the addition of a wide, substantial verandah on the south-east side, and of a vestry, and a great increase of light and air, the principal improvement in the chapel consists in there being now *room* for the services to be conducted, and worship to be offered with outward *reverence*. There is ample room now for every worshipper to kneel down. The font is inside instead of outside the chapel, and the communion service can now be conducted decently and in order, without crowding.’ . . .

The chapel was an old building of solid *masonry*, but it was a perilous thing to open out arches and doors and windows in its walls.

Mr. Shirreff, continuing the story in 1882, reported :—

‘The building thus partially remodelled made a convenient chapel as long as it lasted ; but concealed by the old painted ceiling, above what had now become the chancel, was a huge beam, which, all unsuspected by us, must have been gradually decaying for some years. Suddenly, on the 24th of June, last year, the beam gave way, bringing the roof of the chancel down with it. . . . After carefully weighing various plans, we finally decided to demolish the whole of the old building, with the adjoining belfry, and to erect an entirely new chapel in its place.’

Mr. Gordon, who, even while French was still the Principal, had begun to collect funds for a new chapel, had left at his death Rs. 6,600 for the purpose, largely of his own giving. The bricks of the old building supplied Rs. 2,000 more ; and Bishop French, Mr. Abel Smith, and other friends and relatives of Gordon made up the sum required, and for something over £1,000 the work was carried to

completion. The following year (Mr. Shirreff being at home on furlough) Mr. Weitbrecht reports:—

‘It is a matter of thankfulness that our beloved visitor (Bishop French) was able, before his departure for England, to consecrate our new college chapel, built by the legacy and in memory of our brother George Maxwell Gordon. The ceremony took place on St. Matthias’ Day, February 24, 1883, in the presence of a considerable gathering of native and English friends. The Bishop preached on Zech. vi. 12, 13, 15, on the Lord as the Builder of His temple. We got together all the old students of the college who were living on lines of rail in the Punjab—men came from Amritsar. Delhi. Peshawur,



THE CHAPEL, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. LAHORE.

Batala, Clarkabad, and Pind Dadan Khan, and stayed over the Sunday's ordination; the universal cha pani (lit. "tea-water," the Urdu name for a tea-meeting) gave a capital opportunity for fraternal intercourse.

‘The chapel consists of a nave and apsidal chancel, with two vestries instead of a transept, and two good verandahs on either side of the nave. It is built in red brick, and the style is a modification of Northern Italian by the introduction of Saracenic arches. Inside we have some texts on the walls, and a stained window has been promised by a kind friend of the college. I have ordered one of a suitable symbolical pattern, as figures would be misapprehended in this country. It is a comfort to have a fitting place of worship, and I hope the decency and reverence which is both invited and rendered possible will be a guide to our students when they themselves have to conduct church worship. Still more do

I trust and ask our friends to unite with me in praying that the noble and Christ-like example of the founder of the chapel may be a spur and stimulus to those who worship there, and may be reflected in many of their lives.'

To return from this digression to the chapel in its earlier days.

'We are having,' wrote French early in 1871, 'a little reservoir in the grounds (once used for a cooling bath in hot weather) got ready for a baptistery; that is, a pool in which catechumens desiring baptism can be immersed.'

Here, in this reservoir, took place some very interesting scenes. Sometimes inquirers attracted directly by the missionaries, sometimes inquirers brought through the influence of students, gained courage to confess the faith of Jesus crucified. In the first year alone there were as many as five baptisms, and it may give life to our conceptions of missionary labour to give particulars of one or two. The first was described by French as follows:—

'A man has been with me all day to-day (March 12, 1871), one of Keshub Chunder Sen's people, the Brahmoists, as they are called, one of their priests. He has been a very close and curious inquirer about all religions for years back, and rather a bitter enemy of Christianity. But his mind has been a little drawn towards Christ lately, and a letter I read of Tyndale the reformer to Frith the martyr, a short time before he was burnt at the stake, seems to have impressed him. Three nights ago he had a dream in which he was in great distress, and saw an old man, who said to him, "Read Acts ix. Read Acts ix." So he got out of bed and read that all night, and thought about it, but the verse which most fixed itself on his mind was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He could not get rid of this impression, and came to me on Friday; but I was gone to preach at Amritsar. To-day he came again, and begged me to baptize him. He says he has an aged father, and three brothers, and friends, all of whom will forsake him, but he wishes to come without delay to give himself to be wholly the servant of God and the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . He wishes, he says, to spend the rest of his life in preaching the Gospel.'

He was baptized on March 14.

Here is another case, a very simple and sincere pundit. He had been a poojari or attendant in the temple, on a good salary, at Thakoordwari, in Cashmere. One day he let the idol fall, and was greatly disturbed at this. He

knelt before it and prayed to it; he made a bed for it with soft pillows at night, that when it turned it might not suffer inconvenience. But he observed that always the idol took no notice of this, so he was unhappy, and thought he must have committed some great sin to make the idol so unkind. Thus urged by his accusing conscience, he fled from Cashmere and performed various pilgrimages in the hopes of getting peace, but did not find it. At last he bethought him of Mohammedanism. He would make a trial of that. He was recommended to go to the great authority and fakir of all, the akhoond of Swât. He set off and paid his respects, and stayed two or three days. He was instructed, and heard all the exaggerated statements of the akhoond's followers; especially he was told that if he thought of any particular sort of food in his mind, the akhoond, being a discerner of spirits and secrets, would send it. So he thought of milk and rice, and waited hungry day and night till morning; but no milk and rice came, so yet again he was distressed. The akhoond told him various austerities and labours and penances to be endured; but he thought to himself, 'of these I have endured enough already; I want more comfort than this.' So away he went over the mountains, suffering great privations and hardships, cutting himself by falls from rocks, and getting several hurts which brought him at last to John Williams' hospital at Tank, near Dera Ismail Khan. John Williams was a native medical missionary who had had some months of training at Lahore, and thus it came to pass in process of time that this poor pundit went there also, and was baptized in the 'hauz' reservoir.

The same year also a moollah and his young wife, aged sixteen, were baptized, who had to endure a good deal of suffering. On the morning of his baptism he received a most uncourteous and abrupt dismissal from the school in which he worked as Arabic teacher, a school supported by the Maharaja of Cashmere. He had to walk through the lines of boys, every one of whom held up his finger to

his mouth as he passed, expressive of supreme contempt. He said that that minute was like ten years to him, so terrible and so severe was the ordeal. His clothes and his wife's were set on fire and his house nearly burnt, so he came and took refuge in the college garden. After the baptism, the head Persian teacher of the school said, 'I'll give you a part of my own salary, only be a friend again. Let us both agree to think all religions equally false. I will do so, you do so too. There is one Supreme Being; that is all we need hold.'

Mr. Bateman, who had instructed him, officiated at the service, and the American missionaries, Mr. Newton and Mr. Forman, were also present. A purdah or screen was specially set up, behind which the young wife sat till the moment of the actual baptism. The moollah seemed thoroughly satisfied and happy and thankful in his new position, and she much strengthened. Miss Thiede had seen her three times. She was much troubled at first about her father and mother, who were strong Mohammedans of great respectability; but she took great comfort afterwards, and said, 'Oh, I feel such love spring up in my heart towards Jesus, that for His sake I am quite ready to part with father and mother and friends.' She did not understand the special word that French used for salvation, but when asked if she did not know what Jesus had done for her, broke out, 'Oh yes, I know He shed His blood for my sins.' 'The native women of our little flock,' French said, 'sat near her to keep her in countenance, and joined so heartily in the singing of the hymn, "Jesus is our beloved, Give your heart to Him."' A few weeks afterwards he wrote:—

'Our new convert, the moollah, was much beaten by a nephew last week with *shoes*, and then the same man used all the violent language he could think of to induce the wife to abjure Christ and desert her husband, and her father and mother were most imploring. She said, "I am your child, anything else you bid me do I will do, but I will never forsake my husband and his faith." Some two years later their little girl was christened in the same garden tank by the name of "Shottopryee," or Truth-loving. The man's name was Noorullah (light of God), the young wife's Rahmat (mercy).

But the gardens themselves must not pass without notice. Some attempt was soon made to remedy their neglected condition. Writing in March, 1871, to his boy at school in the hope of his coming out to India later, French said :—

‘So many fruit trees are being put in (even nectarines and vines, mangoes, oranges, plums, apricots, &c.) that you will have fruit all the year round if you wish it.’

A year later he wrote :—

‘You would have plenty of birds nesting in the gardens here. The trees have many nests of various species. We are very proud of one of our roses (the Cloth of Gold), which is really one of the grandest and sweetest roses I ever saw. One tree too, the Dhak, has indescribably splendid crimson corymbs (or clusters). What would an English gardener give to have it? The peach and almond blossom very richly in Lahore, but its roses are pre-eminent. God grant it may be as rich in the flowers and fruits of His spirit in many new-born souls. “Of this and that man it shall be said, ‘He was born in her.’ All my fresh springs shall be in thee.”’

To his eldest daughter he wrote on March 30, 1873 :—

‘Mr. Wade is training vines along a trellis by the side of a wall by which he has to walk from the house to the class-room in the middle of the day. Think of walking through a vinery to the class; not that the grapes are worth much, but the leaves are as useful as Jonah’s gourd, and do not perish in a night! . . .

‘Mr. Bateman and Mr. Gordon had a palm between thirty and forty feet high brought from across the river (Ravee) the other day. It is a date palm with a lovely feathery tuft; it was brought roots and all, so far as it could be dug up, and placed on three or four flat carts, and hauled by ropes from its prostrate position. It was such a curious scene. Many natives sat on a bank of earth opposite to our house to watch the giant uplifted. They brought their baskets of fruit and sweetmeats to make it appear that a little *mêla* or fair was being enacted. When it was at an angle of 45° or so, there was not strength enough in the rope-holders to lift it further; but just then thirteen English soldiers came in to tea, and you should have seen the energy and determination with which they set to work and pulled like Britons, and the old tree was soon erect, looking scorn on the little trees around, who must have felt they had got a monarch at last, and drooped their puny heads out of reverence and awe! The birds looked the most astonished, as they had never seen a tree grow up in that abrupt sudden way before, and hovered about as if aghast. But soon, I am sorry to say, the crows and mainas began to quarrel which should have the

tree to make their nests on. However, it is uncertain whether it will live and struggle on against wind and weather. It is kept well watered, but the wind sighs (soughs, a poet would say) through its sere leaves. I suggest that if it dies, its trunk would make two pillars for our new chapel when it is built, as I saw a mosque in Srinagar supported on 360 pillars of deodar.

‘Mr. Gordon is very industriously collecting better trees. The air is heavy and luscious with the scent of orange blossom. We could furnish hundreds of weddings (I should think), though few of the guests would like to taste the bitter oranges when ripe.’

But, after all, the garden was not large; all save one little quadrangle and a green bit of lawn (Miss French’s croquet lawn, as French would playfully describe it—although his daughter was in England) was given up to the college.

‘Our sweet little garden is like a rich bracelet of emerald, its greenness is most refreshing to the eye, and its smallness makes it so gem-like, that from the verandah upstairs one looks down upon it with great pleasure.’

Still, it abounded with animal life. There were the green paroquets perhaps in excessive number, and there were the great lizards that attacked their nests, and there were the ponies grazing on the croquet lawn, and there was the incorrigible pea-hen that would prefer attending lectures with the students to sitting on her eggs; and there was the mother-squirrel, too, whose young ones fell from the roof into the court, and whose determined energy in raising them afforded an apt illustration to one of the senior students of that energy and zeal they should display in seeking to raise up their poor fallen fellow-countrymen through Christ to God. Indeed, the squirrels swarmed so, that they had in the warm weather to be shot with bow and arrows: mongooses too—a sort of weasel-like animal, useful in eating vermin, even snakes—were pretty plentiful, and boldly came into the drawing-room, where the pea-hen assisted Gordon in chasing them from their retreats.

Doubtless these gardens were the scene of many helpful teachings. French notes with pleasure in his diary the opinion of an eminent native Christian, that the informal lessons by the wayside might prove of almost greater service to the students in many cases than the formal lectures.

When one of the first seven pupils had exclaimed in his ardour, 'How delightful if we seven might be builders up of seven spiritual churches in the Punjab!' French did not repress his enthusiasm, but rather replied with still greater enthusiasm of his own, 'Christ says not seven, but seventy times seven.' And then another of the students prayed 'that this garden in which they were gathered might have four streams, like the streams of Paradise, flowing forth all ways to refresh the barren wastes around.'

The garden served as well for practical refreshment. There was a constant danger that the pupils should be overworked. French never spared himself, and he did not spare them. Therefore his colleagues, with his full approval, encouraged bathing, cricket, quoits, and other games.

'Mr. Gordon,' wrote French, 'is trying to get the students to garden; but they don't take to this so well, the gardening caste being a distinct one. No one but a born gardener handles a spade; it would make him belong to the gardener caste. "What's to become of our Latin and Greek?" said one. "Oh, in this way," said another, and holding Greek book in one hand and spade in another he set vigorously to work. I told them many clergymen used the spade in England.

'On Saturday we came to a story in Irish history—how St. Columba coming to be ordained by a certain bishop found him ploughing his land, but he soon threw his smock aside and hastened to admit him to priest's orders. They looked with great astonishment at such an inconceivable thing.'

Of course, all this building and planting required money over and above the £2,500 for the purchase, and also a great effort had to be made to obtain scholarships for the support of all the students. Thus at the start there was a considerable burden of financial anxiety. But here French's periods of English work were helpful. His father's liberality has been already mentioned, and that of Gordon his old Beddington colleague. The large congregations at Burton, at Clifton, at Beddington, at Cheltenham, and at Christ Church, Hampstead, were also forward in supporting him; at Roxeth, Harrow, a studentship was raised in memory of Mr. Knott; of our public schools, Rugby and Repton sent offertories to the cause. Both Universities were stirred to

help. Dr. John Wordsworth (now Bishop of Salisbury) sent money to support a student from an association of graduates at Oxford, accompanying it with a very cordial note; and Dr. Westcott, who had now come to Cambridge as Regius Professor of Divinity, and was seeking to revive the life of the Divinity Faculty, forwarded an offertory from the terminal meeting of B.D.'s and D.D.'s as 'a hearty expression of deep sympathy,' adding:—

'The West has much to learn from the East, and the lesson will not be taught till we hear the truth as it is apprehended by Eastern minds. May it be that in the good time of God the catechetical school of Lahore may be reckoned among the fruitful centres of Christian teaching!'

French had already met with Dr. Westcott at Harrow, but from this time their correspondence became more close and intimate. It is impossible to mention all the various sources that supplied his needs; but the princely benefaction of the Rev. H. Houghton, of Cheltenham, must not be omitted. He gave £1,000, in memory of his uncle Canon Hall, to endow a native professorship on condition that the study of the LXX. should be included in the college course. Mrs. French, though the warning of the doctors and the claims of her large family concurred in preventing her from going out to India, was able to do most excellent service in disseminating information and collecting funds. The greater part came from England, but India, too, supplied some liberal supporters; in the first year alone, twice when work was at a standstill for want of funds, French received £100 from a veterinary surgeon in the army to enable him to persevere with it. Thus, at the end of 1872, he was able to write:—

'We are deeply indebted to the kindness of friends (chiefly friends in England, as our list of contributions will show) who have relieved us from pecuniary anxieties and liabilities, a burden which has lain very heavily on our Amritsar mission. What the Roman poet said of the Aeneid of Virgil, that it would never have been produced by a man who had to worry himself about procuring a blanket to keep him warm at night, is not a simile wholly inapplicable to the loss of power and of progress in some of our missions where the missionary has to spend his wits and energies in staving

off or wiping off debt. This trial, though not unknown to us in our early days, has been wholly unfelt during the last eighteen months.'

While thankful for the interest awakened, French was very much upon his guard against the advertising spirit.

'Colonel Lake,' he says, 'proposes to publish a small volume of extracts from our college reports, embellished by photographs. I sincerely hope he will not do this at present, or for years to come. I consider the college has to go through many testings yet, especially in the future lives and characters of the students, before any account of it should be written. This dreadful publicity is very distressing. How often do I think of those words, "When Ephraim spake trembling he exalted himself"—"When men are cast down, thou shalt say, There is lifting up." . . . The photos are to be added to the society's enlarged illustrations, which are to be exhibited at meetings! I *did* resist to the utmost the idea of photographs, but was beaten and driven into it at last.'

From material it is time to pass on to men. Buildings and funds would have been useless without a due supply of students and efficient colleagues to help in their instruction.

The College commenced with four students, but the numbers soon increased to seven. By the end of the first year it had averaged ten, the next thirteen, and in the third year nearly twenty. Thus the fears that none would be found to take advantage of it were sufficiently rebuked. The students were drawn from a large area, and, of course, their selection involved much correspondence with various missionaries. A few words must be said about the difficulties of this portion of the work. In his first annual letter French mentions several causes that prevented them from looking for large numbers. In the first place, he was more anxious to secure a good quality of men than a large muster, and so more were rejected than accepted of those who had applied. In the second place, in many missions the agency of catechists was becoming increasingly distrusted and their numbers reduced, perhaps unduly so. The few that remained could ill be spared by the missionaries for further training, being their most effective link of communication with their people. Again, other colleges were being organized by the Presbyterians

and (later) the Wesleyans, which further circumscribed the sources of supply. Lastly, he was not anxious that every able Christian youth should be attracted to the ministry, he felt it more likely to be healthy for the whole future growth of the Church that Christians should be distributed through all departments of civil life, exhibiting in each the special traits of excellence which its relations to the Gospel give scope for.

‘As regards the character of our students,’ he says in the same letter, ‘I think we have even more cause to feel cheered and encouraged. Intellectually, the average excellence is far superior to what I expected, and the power to store in their memories, and to give forth thoughtfully and independently what they have learnt, and think out fresh and original modes of exemplifying and applying principles, has often proved to me interesting and instructive. We have promise of two or three excellent linguists as far as the original languages of the Bible go, and about two-thirds are making fair progress in both¹. Some are too old to do much at languages, but in depth and reach of thought and clear apprehension of truth stand foremost. We could not have looked, I think, to have such uniform satisfaction in the moral bearing and blameless consistency of our students, in their unanimity and harmony, their regularity and good discipline, and that without any excessively strict and rigid rule. On the whole, their religious growth and advance in the knowledge and love and obedience of the truth has been gratifying and edifying to us. This, *as a whole*; for of course there are varieties.’

‘Of course there are varieties.’ Indeed there were, and

¹ Here, perhaps, is one of the points in which the college course was fairly open to criticism. Some of those associated in the work believed that French was too anxious to press the study of Hebrew and Greek upon all; that whilst there were some few prepared to profit by it, in many cases not enough would be learned to be of any practical service, only, perhaps, giving conceit of knowledge, and subtracting energies from more important studies. It may be that French's own passion for languages might lead to a mistake of judgement in this matter—there is room for diversity of judgement—but if there were a mistake, it is characteristic of the whole bent of his genius, which was to over-rate the capacities of others and somewhat unduly to depreciate his own. Some one has said of him, that his mission was to go about and make men noble by force of imagining they were so. It may be that he made more than one of his pupils genuine students of the Scripture originals by dint of imagining they were so.

that in more ways than one. To give an individual history of the students (save that it is impossible, with proper reticence) would be perhaps the simplest way of showing the rich variety of interest and of experience within the limits of the Indian missionary's field, and would do much to dissipate the notion so often felt, even if not acknowledged, that Indian missions—at least Indian educational missions—are wanting in elements of romance. Still, enough may be said to give some glimpse of the fraternity and its component elements.

They differed in race and nationality: there were Pathans from the frontier, Rajputs, Persians, Punjabis, and Cashmiris. They differed in social rank and standing. They differed in the religions in which they had been trained. Most had been brought up as Mohammedans, some as Hindus, and one at least as a Sikh. Some had embraced the truth in later life through great fights of affliction; some had been gradually influenced in mission schools; and some were children of native Christians, a second generation in the faith of Christ.

Thus amongst the most thoughtful was the son of old Paulus of Narowal, of whom the Moslems said when he was ill, 'It will be worth two feasts to us if Paulus dies.' Another was a friend and pupil of the famous Christian moollah Safdar Ali, who studied Hebrew with his wife, and whose mother wrote Christian hymns. Yet another was the son of a native Christian soldier. French thus described him in a letter:—

'We had such a fine old native soldier drinking tea with us on Sunday evening after church, over six foot, twenty-five years in a regiment on the frontier. His son is a student in our college, named Ishak. He has just come in to me, and brings on a plate from his father a little Oriental present of fruits, nuts, almonds, raisins, and pomegranates, all from Peshawur, he assures me. The object of his coming is to beg my leave to get married in the vacation approaching. Of course I reprove his haste, but he tells me the young lady's parents threaten to marry her elsewhere unless he immediately make up his mind and wait no longer than the vacation; so I cannot be so cruel as to interpose, the father consenting. Ishak had very much to do with his father's conversion.

He was sent as a little boy to a mission school, and every day when he got home he used to *distribute* (as the old man said) to his father and mother what he had learned of Christ's truth in the day. So they were drawn to Christ, and the regiment came to know it, on which they made a great collection among themselves, and brought it, all weighed and counted in a great bag, and laid it at his feet, saying, "Take this, only don't be a Christian." He said, "What good will rupees do me? I cannot take them with me when I die! The fourteen rupees I get as a native officer are sufficient. I want no promotion. I want nothing, only to walk in the straight way." Then they tried hard to get him turned out of the regiment; but it had a pious officer, Colonel Williamson, who put them on oath to say whether the man was of bad character, and when he found the only fault was Christianity, confirmed him in his appointment.'

The old father used to drive his son to his Hebrew books at three o'clock in the morning, saying, 'A soldier's son must certainly not be lazy.'

Then, too, there were the various degrees of intellect.

'With sixteen men,' French wrote to Cyril at Repton, 'who are picked men out of a good many missions, some of them a good way towards 1,000 miles off, I have much responsibility and much labour too, because they have entered at different times and are in various stages of advancement, some starting with the first Hebrew verb, and some able to read many verses without a lexicon. To teach all these in one class is something like as if Dr. Pears had to teach from the sixth form down to the lower first together.'

Thus there were all varieties, and the only common bond was a search after the truth of Christ. Some were to be trained as catechists, and some as clergy or lay evangelists. Most were members of the Church of England, but some were Presbyterians or members of some other Christian mission. The only bar to entrance—granted a spiritual aptness and just sufficient elements of learning—was an unwillingness to wear the native dress. One Anglo-Indian applied, who at first assented to this condition, then wavered, then retracted, then withdrew.

'One day,' says Dr. Imad-ud-din, 'a catechist in European dress came to read as a student from Delhi. French gave him a week in which to equip himself in native costume, then, as he failed to do so, he drew him from his place in class and set him straight upon his journey back again.'

From the pupils it is natural to pass to those who had to teach them. French was happy in his fellow-workers. Mr. Clark, who still remains the veteran missionary of the Punjab field, has been already mentioned. Mr. Bateman had special talent in dealing with young men and attracting them, and was very well suited for giving them guidance in setting forth upon evangelistic work. When Mr. Clark had mainly to confine himself to the Amritsar work, Mr. Wade, an able Islington man, who has since translated the New Testament and Prayer-book into Cashmiri, came to supply the gap; whilst Gordon's arrival from the famine-stricken land of Persia set Bateman free to return to more direct evangelizing work. It was a great joy to French to be joined by his old Beddington colleague, and though for some time he was of little use in lectures, the languages of Northern India being new to him, yet he was able to help in many other ways. And finally, immediately before he left he was joined by Hooper and Shirreff, who were successive principals. About Shirreff, French wrote (Oct. 1873):—

‘It seems my address at Oxford five years ago stirred him up to missionary work, yet I never fought more against going anywhere than I did against that visit to Oxford. How little one knows what God would have one do! But we must simply, calmly wait, and let Him gird us rather than impulsively gird ourselves.’

Yet though he was so loyally supported and ably seconded, the moving spirit of the whole was found in French himself. The college was his darling child: and with all a parent's fond affection, and all the force of strong determination that marked his character, he was resolved to see it pass the perils of its infancy. In spite of much ill health he clung to his post tenaciously, until the first set of students had completed their whole course, and had been sent forth upon their various ministries. The first year he was well enough, but early in January, 1872, he was struck down with dysentery at Khanpur, the southernmost point in a little itinerating journey he was taking in his Christmas vacation by boat down

the Chenab. He was ailing even when he started, and the last entry in his journal before his sickness is:—

‘Placidity of clouds floating in heaven; low, distant, partly snow-capped hills, Gandari chief of them; placid flow of river; placid gliding of wing-like sailing boats; placid floating, gliding of flights of birds through air; placid villages nestling; placid wide sand wastes;—should not one’s heart too be placid and at rest in Him, the Maker and Preserver of all these?’

When he was able to resume the diary, he made the following rough entries:—

‘Dec. 26. Left for Chācha.

‘Jan. 1. Still on steamer.

‘3. Chacha Ghat.

‘4. Ghannspur.

‘5. Khanpur.

‘7 and 8. Ill at ditto.

‘9. Started for Ghat on charpoy carried by coolies.

‘15. Taken on board Indus steamer (Capt. Jolly). Meantime (from 10th) in native boat in great distress.

‘17. On board Outram’s steamer (Capt. Davies).

‘20. Station, Multan.

‘21. Reached Lahore.

‘About one month in bed, another month in bedroom. Oh, that the whole Church of Christ would break forth into one bitter, fervent, prolonged, expectant entreaty that Christ’s following from India, Punjab, &c., at His return may be large! “To make ready a people” (Luke i).

‘Two necessities: one of not risking life where possible; second, of not risking college in its infancy, whether financially or otherwise. Which necessity should be paramount? In one case one seems to fall into the hands of the Lord, other into hands of men.’

These entries may be illustrated further by reminiscences of Mr. Bateman, who was French’s comrade on this expedition. He had been sent forward to do some preaching in a town upon the river-bank, where French arranged to join him in a day or two. Bateman engaged, as he was bidden, in his preaching, and left his servant watching by the shore. When he returned he found the boat had passed, and all the servant’s efforts to attract her attention had failed. French had mistaken the rendezvous, and had

himself put ashore at an almost desolate spot, beyond the reach of steamers, on the further bank. Bateman pursued him with all haste as soon as he got news of where he was. He found him in an almost fainting condition at the close of a twenty-eight miles' march, which would have been his last had he not met a friendly Hindu, who hired his miserable pony, baggage and all, to him. Thus he reached Khanpur, where two days' rest (preaching, that is, only two hours a day) failed to restore him, and it was then determined to return by river. He was carried on a litter with great suffering, and laid down in the bottom of a country boat. Now it was January 9, the college lectures were settled to begin on January 15. The wind unhappily was blowing down the river, and by the uttermost exertion they could not hope to reach Lahore within the week. French ordered Bateman to desert him and hasten back to college, saying that it was better to run any risk than to allow the students to suppose that anything was more important than their studies. Bateman, as it may be supposed, was very loth to leave him; but as to force his company upon him fretted him so much that it seemed the greater danger, he set forth, hardly expecting to see him in the flesh again. Most providentially the captain of a passing steamer (the Captain Jolly mentioned in the diary), a truly Christian man, happened to notice European baggage on the boat, and hove to and made full inquiries: and when he found him at the mercy of those lazy boatmen, he saved his life by taking him on board.

His letters will describe the progress of his illness. On January 31 he wrote to Mrs. French:—

'Alas! I am not allowed to write . . . as yet, nor indeed am I able to sit up and write for an hour or two, as Dr. Scriven is very anxious I should preserve the improvement already appearing in the symptoms, and I am compelled to be very obedient. He has no doubt that a healing process has begun, but fears the least relapse.'

Dr. Scriven was not merely a medical attendant, but a kind personal friend. His wife gave much help in the

college by working among the wives of the students, and her death, on the Feast of the Epiphany in 1873, was felt as a very heavy blow.

On Ash Wednesday, Feb. 14, French wrote in a very shaky hand to Mrs. Urmston:—

‘I must, I fear, beloved friend, break orders *just for once* to send a line of most grateful brotherly acknowledgement of your affectionate and thoughtful epistles received in this sick room, which I do pray you not to allow to interfere with needed recreation and your precious labours among various classes in Rawul Pindi. I can repay you in no other way but by earnestly commending your labours to Him whose and for whom they all are. There are diversities of administrations, but the same *Lord*. I seem down in the dust every way, specially a sense of deep inefficiency and inability in the Lord’s work. My leanness! my leanness! Oh that this day (Ash Wednesday’s) services may truly express the deep humiliation which should fill my heart and that of my fellow-labourers! I trust the Cross will be seen all the brighter and more glorious for the depths of corruption and helplessness it reveals. Surely, it is heaven on earth begun to exalt the Lamb that was slain, and to win hearts to flee from sin to Him.

“One only Priest can pardon me,
And bid me go in peace.
None other Priest can cleanse but He,
None other say *absolve te!*”

But I must dry my pen and close my paper. The Lord give you much comfort and joy in your dear children, natural and spiritual.

‘I am so sorry to have missed H. He seems a bright, happy boy. May his joy have all the rich sparkle which the love and joy of Jesus gives! Much love to you both.

* * * * *

‘Be gentle to poor —, and let grace in you triumph over what he does to vex you. I believe it will do so more and more. It is very hard to be resisted by those who should rejoice with and gladden us.’

On March 6 he wrote to Cyril:—

‘To-day I have wound my watch again for the first time for about seven weeks, and knelt down for the first time, as I have been too weak to do this. My heart has often knelt, I trust, but not my knees.’

Soon afterwards he made this entry in his diary:—

‘Don’t forget how, when I was at the worst, the dear students met in the large room (Bateman’s) and prayed together with tears that God would raise me up again, and from that time my recovery began.’

At the end of March he wrote to Mrs. French :—

‘I cannot wonder that you took it for granted I should start for England, as Mr. Clark let the cat out of the bag and made known the doctor’s desire. At first, when told I must go home, I began to set my face thitherwards; but when I considered how extremely ill-timed the desertion of my post would be, I felt as if I could not consent to such a treacherous abandonment of it, unless some violent relapse should show God’s mind unmistakably. I had, therefore, to look the doctor in the face and tell him that it really was a matter in which faith must have some share of the decision, as well as human appearances and the course which was ordinarily best. I then suggested Abbottabad, and they (the doctors) said (though unaltered in their general view) that certainly that was the *next* best plan, but they could be answerable for nothing. I must take on myself the whole responsibility; which, placing the matter in God’s hand, I have been content to do. The poor centurion’s faith in Christ’s power over diseases may well stimulate us to hope, if not to assurance, in cases where God’s work seems to require one’s presence. Still, it is very tantalizing. I must admit I have earnest longings and cravings for home and *you*; it is a great affliction, and one that seems to me to be more keenly felt daily, this long separation, and my love only seems to grow in intensity to you and our dear children.’

For Good Friday and Easter he went to Amritsar, and by April 7 was able to resume his ordinary work, preaching a thanksgiving sermon for recovery upon the thirtieth Psalm. But though better, he was still very far from well, and at his friend Dr. Scriven’s earnest desire, he migrated at the end of April with his whole band of students to Abbottabad, as the one chance of keeping life in India.

‘The people of Hazara, of which Abbottabad is the chief station, seemed not a little surprised at the sudden appearance among them of a band of ten Christian students, always ready to converse with them by the roadside or preach in their bazaars. I could not help feeling that such little migrations as these might on occasions prove very serviceable to the spread of the Gospel. It would be like occupying in force a new central post in an enemy’s country. Instead of the utter isolation with which Christianity is usually

connected in the minds of the heathen, they would be better able to realize the notion of the brotherhood and fellowship of the true followers of the Lord Jesus. We were much indebted to the chaplain, Mr. Corbyn, for the hospitality extended both to ourselves and our students. Nothing could exceed the brotherly kindness with which he placed his house at our disposal for many weeks.'

To Mrs. Urnston, in whose work among the soldiers he always took the deepest interest, French wrote in May:—

'I am doubly bound to pray fervently and perseveringly now for others, being shut out from almost all work myself, and girded by another instead of girding myself. This is the very trial of all others which cuts me most to the quick, and the one therefore which I needed. I was much helped this morning by a passage in Isa. xxxv., "Say to them of a feeble (original, *hurried*) heart, Be strong." One is so liable to hurry instead of exercising calm expectation till God's good time be come. I hurry sometimes through fear of nature's indolence coming in under pretext of God's calm waiting.

In writing to his wife about this time he said, 'Some of my lectures are given while writhing in pain.'

In July he wrote to his daughter:—

'A lady said to me this afternoon, "Oh, how hard it is to believe!" And I said, "If we think of it as a feeling and a quality, and a reception of certain creeds, it is; but when we are *in* Christ, newly created in Him, our life bound up in His, and He the fountain of the water of life from which we daily draw, and His Spirit showing us the things of Jesus, oh, *then* it is not hard to believe, because we have *known* Him from being *in* Him and cleaving to Him and being taught of Him, and thus we receive so happily and trustfully all that He tells us of Himself and of His Father and of His truth, of the mysteries of His nature, His grace, His providence, His will. Beginning from Christ as the centre, all the circumference of truth becomes so much more clear, and there is such a oneness and harmony in it all; or if there are some things not quite clear, yet we know His character so as to trust Him and be sure that it *will* come all clear, quite clear, without a difficulty remaining, if we wait patiently our little time of trial." . . . Have you thought of that precious collect, "Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be *cleansed from all* their sin, and serve Thee with a quiet mind"? That comforted me much in my illness, and that verse,

too, which I seemed to lay hold of as I never did before, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin." Oh, how full and glorious this is! no exception,—from all sin; and then one could sing in the night with tears of joy—

"Sweet in His faithfulness to trust,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend."

The last four or five days I have been much better, and seem to have before me some little prospect of recovery, so that it may be yet one year and a half before I look on your dear faces again, except in the photograph. But you would not wish the work to be broken up, and none in these parts have given the same attentive study to divinity in several branches and to the languages that I have done, so I have felt myself bound to stay if the work is to be kept up to the point it has reached.'

By the autumn, when the college returned to Lahore, he seemed to be really stronger, but was still at work against the doctors' orders. On October 31 he wrote:—

'We are at the end of our first month's school-work, and I have indeed the utmost cause for praise that it has been a month of such restored health. I dreaded it in the prospect, and the retrospect is full of thankfulness. The doctors had given me such earnest injunctions not to venture on Lahore at the beginning of October, but it seemed the path of duty, and it has been made for me a smooth and level one, and one on which an Ebenezer may well be raised. I feel disposed to be like the healed cripple in the Acts, walking and leaping and praising God.'

In the spring his sickness returned with violence, and the committee telegraphed for his recall. His early colleague, Stuart, was acting then as Secretary in London, and he wrote on April 25, 1873:—

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 22nd I sent you the following telegram:—

'Committee affectionately urge your immediate return home. Your health absolutely necessitates this.'

I must now explain to you the origin of this message, though I trust my explanation may come too late, and that ere this reaches you you may be on your way home, having received the committee's message as an indication of your duty in the matter. However, on the chance of this finding you still at Lahore, I would

just say that the long-protracted illness of which tidings have reached us from various quarters, has quite convinced the committee that you *ought* not to prolong the unequal struggle, but yield to the medical opinion and return home. We know what a trial this will be to you, but, dear friend, the Lord will care for His own work, and the foundations you have laid, and the influence which, please God, you will continue to exert, even from England, on the growth and development of your plans will not be labour lost. I wrote the same day to your dear wife, lest hearing the message indirectly she should have been alarmed. . . . She seems enabled to leave the matter very simply in God's hands, and feels sure that you will be rightly guided. With your present staff the college will not be left unprovided, and once you are in England you may be able to secure as permanent successor a man altogether after your own heart.

Farewell, dearest friend. The Lord guide you in this and all things is the fervent prayer of

Yours ever affectionately,

E. C. STUART.

But in the meantime, on April 7, 1873, he wrote to Mrs. Urmston from Ferozepore, where he was on a little itinerating tour in the Easter vacation, riding six or seven miles and driving seven or eight more daily, and doing a little preaching:—

‘A fortnight since I was on the eve of starting for Bombay and taking steamer, as so many friends, all the doctors, and almost a sense of necessity within myself were urging me in that direction. All the more thankful am I to be able to stand at my post a little longer—for another year, I hope.’

The ‘little preaching’ meant eleven sermons in the week; and the trip appeared to him to be like life from the dead. Of course, the telegram of the committee was met with a decisive negative.

Such was the spirit of the man. It is, perhaps, more difficult to give any clear sketch of the spirit and method of his work. The details of the lecture-room can never be a subject of popular attractiveness, and yet the training of natives for the ministry is matter of deep interest. French had the two prime requisites for any teacher: the power of personal attraction, the power of indefatigable work; his

pupils all loved and respected him and most of them caught something of his unwearied diligence. He might have many equals or superiors in points of method and detail, class arrangements, and time-distribution, and the like ; there might be many teachers more quick to see how much was taken in and apprehended, but few, if any, could surpass or equal him in the unswerving pursuit of his high ideal, and the ennobling influence of his chastened character, combining strength and tenderness in a remarkable degree.

He seems from an entry in his diary to have set, amongst others, St. Honoratus of Lerins, the master of Hilary of Arles, before him as a model. He describes how his countenance shone with serene attractive majesty, and he opened a seminary for the study of literature and science and the service of the Saviour. He notes his fatherly tenderness to his *family* of monks. 'In him we find,' they said, 'not a father alone, but our relatives, our native land, the universe.' He notes how he watched over their sleep and food and studies that each might serve the Lord with the measure of his strength : how he would sound the depth of their souls, solacing every grief, inspiriting to hope : how he kept up a marvellous correspondence on waxen tablets, of which his disciples said : 'It is honey which is poured into that wax, honey drawn from inexhaustible sweetness of heart.'

The portrait might almost be taken for French's own, so closely did he follow on the old ideal.

He was devoted to the students, and they very soon became devoted to him.

'I have never seen,' he said, 'more genuinely expressed gratitude, I think, than has appeared in some of those dear youths. This does not usually show itself at first. The severe course, and having again (after youth is passed, or boyhood at least) to submit to a fairly strict discipline, is a little surprising to them at first ; but they have now and again seemed to realize surprisingly after a time the advantages they hope to gain from the systematic course in which mind and soul teaching are united as best we are able to blend them.'

The link of fellowship was kept up in vacations.

‘Our vacations are of use, the longer one at midsummer, — in giving the students leisure for re-writing and re-casting their notes, which are rapidly written down from the lips of the lecturer, and also in making a beginning with fresh students who, whilst journeying with us, may be brought to the point at which they can join the class afterwards to advantage, and the shorter ones, — in increasing their practical acquaintance with their future work and keeping alive the glow of their missionary zeal.’

His first aim was to train them in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

‘Between our various Greek and Hebrew lectures, prayer-meetings, expositions, and sermons, we manage to distribute various parts of the Old and New Testaments, so that a wide acquaintance with the harmony of Holy Scripture as a whole may be attained. It is delightful to witness often the astonishment with which they light on fresh discoveries, made to them from time to time in the study of the original, of fresh lights and unlooked-for teachings; the beaming countenances which attest their joy thoroughly realize the text, “I am as glad of Thy word as one that findeth great spoil.”

‘Two evenings in the week we have conversational Bible classes, when all are encouraged to speak and open their minds freely, without the restraint of the class and school-room; and I have often jotted down afterwards remarks made by one and another, not only highly suggestive and instructive, but showing a very nice state of feeling, and giving distinct signs of personal leading and sanctifying by God’s good Spirit.’

Some idea of these social evenings may best be obtained by one or two examples. In the first he mentions, he took the opportunity of reading some of Wolf’s journals of recent missionary work in China. This led to an animated discussion of the relative progress and results of missions in India and in China. Soon afterwards they began the Epistle to the Hebrews. He was much pleased with the remarks of several.

‘Sadik on solemnity of such a message and peril of rejection; Imam on the splendid and orderly march of the exordium, brevity, simplicity, expressed in his own way. Andreas said he thought it was an image drawn from a building, that as long as the walls were rising tier above tier of bricks there was much promise indeed, but no shelter until the roof, i. e. Christ, was put on. The best is, many speak out of much deep conviction and genuine experience.

Ebenezer in his prayer almost broke down as he dwelt on Christ, spat upon and crowned with thorns for us, and put simply before the Lord the greatness of the Indian field and the crying need for labourers. He interceded, poor fellow, for those who, having come from England, are exposed to blazing sun above and scorching earth beneath.'

French said that they ought to put their knowledge of sacred truth into short *aphorisms* and make the people learn them, and then comment upon them. Sadik said, 'If I had a poor man brought very low from any sorrow or trouble or sickness, or near to death, I should dwell on one aphorism only: *Masih par dekh, Masih par dekh*—Look to Christ.'

At these meetings he often got interesting light from the students on native ways and customs. Thus one day, when they were discussing the verse, 'Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion, they are thy lot, even to them hast thou poured a drink offering, thou hast offered a meat offering. Should I receive comfort in these?' Kasim remarked that in Nerbudda territory smooth stones were used as altars, and there was a saying, 'As many Shivs as chalk stones!'

Another day, the ambiguity of the Brahmin oracles was discussed. To a mother inquiring about her expected child the answer is *putr na putri*. According to punctuation this will be: *putr na* a son not, *putri* a daughter; or *putr* a son, *na putri* not a daughter; while *putr na putri* (without any comma) means neither son nor daughter.

Closely connected with the study of the text of Holy Scripture was the study of its doctrines, the inculcation of a system of divinity. Thus in the first year he gave a course of lectures on 'The Being of God,'—'Proofs from Design in Creation,'—'The Best Arguments to be used with Infidels.' In the second year he gave the substance of several valuable volumes upon 'The Doctrine of the Person of our Lord,' and in the third year on 'The Work and Office of the Holy Spirit,' and the concluding articles of the Nicene Creed—Owen on the Holy Spirit, and the Fifth Book of Hooker, were part of this year's course. In preparing the first

lectures he owed much to Gratz; the works of Dorner and Martensen,—Lee on Inspiration,—and Liddon's Bampton Lectures were freely utilized; Butler's *Analogy* was closely studied.

'I do not think many can have an idea of the labour these classes cost. After all the time that I have spent on languages and theological books, I find that, to lecture usefully, an hour of preparation for each lecture is scant measure; often many hours are required even for one. The harmony of the gospels, too, always calls for thought and investigation. With the Mohammedans dogging our steps and scenting out keenly and industriously every real and imaginary difficulty, we cannot do as we would and confine ourselves wholly to the spiritual interpretation. The critical will have its place, and the first years of teaching will require the greatest labour. Then to put it all into intelligible and expressive Hindustani involves further torture of brain and culling of technical words from Arabic and Persian text-books, the Soofic literature, the Vedant, and other philosophical systems of the Hindus.'

This, surely, was no slight addition to the task. French might often be seen in class-room translating Chrysostom 'de Sacerdotio' or Augustine 'de Catechizandis Rudibus,' or Hilary on the Trinity, directly from the Greek or Latin into the native Hindustani, and not infrequently his morning exposition in chapel consisted in a similar translation of some choice fragment of an early father.

Church history was also a very favourite subject.

'It is our plan, not merely to dwell on the *facts* of church history, but on the *force* and *value* of the facts. Augustine's Confessions, the whole process of the agonising struggle by which, through vices of youth indulged, heresies maintained, and literature and science idolized, and a hundred other "rough, crooked ways," as he calls them, God's grace led him on and on to the final victory over self and sin, and made him for so many years the light and pillar of the African church, impressed the youths greatly; and his later history, too, and his methods and spirit of working as head of that church, will not be forgotten by them. . . . Mr. Gordon has that very beautiful engraving here, which you may perhaps have seen, of Augustine and his mother sitting at the window overlooking the sea at Ostia, five days before her death, and talking together over the blessedness and rest and perfect truth and full vision of heaven. I told them that I had seen his tomb at Pavia,

in Italy, whither it is said to have been brought by a Lombard king from Hippo, where he was bishop. They wanted to know whether the figures of the four angels, holding the corners of Augustine's shroud, as is seen in the marble tomb of Pavia, might not lead to idolatry. One said he had shown the heathen at Chumba in the hills a picture of Christ on the cross, and the people immediately folded their hands and made a salaam to it. I said that very likely in India, till the idols were all clean gone, such figures might lead to idolatry. They were interested in hearing how, for the last ten days of Augustine's life, he had his room cleared of all friends and acquaintances, and spent his time in prayer and reading the seven penitential psalms, which he had inscribed on the wall at the end of his bed. Last week, or last month, a great pundit died at Lahore. He had been once a teacher in the Amritsar mission school, but has been lately employed by Government in preparing books. Three days before his death, though never baptized, he would look at nothing but the Bible; and when propped up on his pillow, had the Bible propped up too, and said to his friends that they might worship whom they would, but he would have none but the God of the Bible. So it seems we are not the only preachers in Lahore; God is raising up witnesses from the people themselves.'

This linking of the ancient saint and modern pundit is highly characteristic of French's treatment of church history. Here is another sample connected with the same great saint.

'When I wrote three days ago we had nine new students, but have now only seven. The Pathan youth from Cashmere has left us to learn English and find some worldly employment more lucrative. Another youth from Delhi told me such a tissue of stories yesterday that I was obliged to send him away for three months to Amritsar, to see if good Mr. Bateman could make anything of him, and put him to trial, and by teaching him be the means of ripening his Christian character. So our little band, when replenished, has to be weeded again. Augustine says of his little band of students for the ministry whom he trained at Hippo in Africa, "I don't expect my house and those that live in it will be better than heaven, and yet some angels fell out of heaven itself."

'Yet I could find something to comfort me even in this; for some of the students, a little longer trained here, went of their own accord to him, taxed him with the lies, got all the truth out of him, and came and told me all. When I told the chief of them that I had resolved not finally to reject the youth, as he was so new a student, but to send him for a little deeper, closer training, he said so nicely,

“ You have done well ; for he might have stumbled and fallen if you had judged him harshly and sternly.” How sweet and comforting are these little marks of the tender sympathy of Jesus in thus mingling joy with our cup of sorrow, which I am sure He always does, if we take it meekly when He holds it to our lips with His own pierced hand.’

This study of church history brought constantly before his mind the interesting problems connected with the close relationship, and yet more marked dissociation, of natives and Europeans in the Christian Church in India. He was ever on the alert lest the native Christians should be formed in a foreign, uncongenial mould, stamped with the borrowed mark of English insularity, instead of developing untrammelled in all the joyous freedom of primitive simplicity. Those who would learn his views upon these points may find them at some length in his successive annual letters ; a few short extracts must be given here.

‘ As regards our training colleges, we must not forget that over against the colleges of Christian learning in the early ages there was a multitude of hermits living isolated lives in the desert, as like to Hindu Gurus and Sunyasees in mode of life as can be conceived, and with rather less learning, who had an extraordinary influence, and did most of the work that was done in leavening the masses outside the cities, besides their occasional meteoric visits and appearances in the heart of cities at the crisis of some great controversy, or when some plague was raging, and to throw weight into the scales of the Gospel when it was waging an unequal contest, as it seemed. We must be very careful about damaging the work of men of this class, to whom all great religious movements in India have been owing. . . . To such men as I have described, good vernacular theological works, emanating from our institutions, might be helpful, without stunting their growth and repressing their strong individualities. We do not forget to stimulate our students, as far as in us lies, by words and examples to choose rather the Indian Guru’s life than the hotbed artificial life of the foreign missionary, and, like him, to try to imbue with seeds of truth, and to assimilate to his own spirit and character, as formed after Christ, some one or more disciples, through whom he may stretch out and diffuse widely Christian influences¹.

¹ Perhaps these thoughts had been suggested to him by the case of a poor catechist, rejected by the Missionary Conference as useless, but

‘. . . One has a painful sort of feeling sometimes that at no long distance of time the tables will be turned, and the native church in this land be rather the missionary church to *us* than *we* standing in that relation to them; that while we become an empty vine, bringing forth fruit to ourselves, as Ephraim is described in Hosea, they will be the “branch of the Lord, beautiful and glorious,” full of freshness and vitality, marked by fruitfulness and growth, rootedness and extension. I have much hope that there is approaching a stage of native inquiry, at which they will appreciate the fact that the gospel of Christ has only an *accidental, not essential*, connexion with the English, and will take an independent stand on the Word of God, not ignoring at the same time the results of the great struggles and controversies through the sifting furnaces of which the Spirit of God has carried the church in ages long past, and purified and settled its main articles of faith.’

Holding such views, we can well imagine that it was a special pleasure to French, on his return from Jhelum in 1873, to welcome Nerayan Sheshadri and three or four other native pastors from the Madras and Bombay presidencies, who were passing through Lahore after attending the Allahabad Conference. He invited his students to meet them, and they passed a most delightful evening. It was then that Sadik spoke with unpremeditated fervour for himself and his fellow-students:—

‘Take a message of love from us to the churches by which you have been sent. Tell them from us that our fathers and forefathers lived in the time of a great and sore famine, and many of them died of hunger; but we learnt of God’s grace and special goodness to us, that Christ’s word is a great and rich feast, and there we found bread which has refreshed and satisfied our souls; and now that which is the longing desire of our hearts is to bring all our friends into Christ’s house of bread, some on our shoulders, some in our arms, leading some by the hands—yes, I repeat, some on our shoulders, some in our arms, some holding by the hand, that they may all eat, and be filled as we have been with this true bread of God.’

working with his whole heart on his own account. The man was old and poor, had both hands powerless, was very ugly, ill-dressed, eyes dripping, ignorant. But God used his zeal in a marvellous way. Inquirers of good birth, Mohammedans and Hindus, came to him. When he did not feel able to answer their questions, he gave them the Book, and said, ‘Read, read; take the Book, and come back to me.’ Several of those he taught in this way were found desiring baptism.

But while French formed bright expectations of native Christianity, he was not blind to its defects. He was aware that beyond the inevitable danger of youth and inexperience there were special failings of the native character, nurtured through ages of duplicity and insincerity, and he was never weary of deploring the great lack of native leaders of commanding powers.

‘One thing has forcibly struck me from remarks made by our students in the theological lectures, which is, that the ignorance of theology in the native church is deplorable, and that the various heresies of the Early Church are hastening to be reproduced. And though to many the possession of clear knowledge of doctrinal truth, in regard to the Trinity, for example, seems a very indifferent and insignificant matter, any student of church history, such as Dorner’s profound work on the Doctrine of the Person of Christ, will see that in the main there always went along with profound piety and great personal holiness a distincter apprehension of the eternal glory of the Son in the glory of the Godhead; and that in the prayerful study of the Word there was elicited growingly a tact and instinct by which the great church teachers held a straight and, for the most part, unswerving course between opposite rocks and quicksands of error, and had grace given them by the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity.’

Thus while French was very sympathetic with the aspirations of the Indian church for independence and originality, he was not ready to see it cut adrift from links with the past.

‘On the movement for a new Indian church I wrote to — to-day. I very much distrust such a movement, as I fear it would start with the idea of being independent of creeds, and would soon come to include much doctrinal error in its broad charity, and would be substituting an institution of man for the church Christ founded on His own sure and only foundation. I think the movement is in its origin inimical to the Church of England, and is an attempt to make a new church altogether, attached to no church of antiquity, whose system of doctrine and discipline should be settled afresh, and very mainly by Bengalis. They think to escape from the divisions and dissensions of ancient Christendom, as if it were not the very way to be most surely and painfully entangled in them, for the old questions are sure to arise; and if the results of

former discussions and former settlements are to be cast aside as so much waste paper, what a miserable waste of time and patience, and miserable repetition in every minute particular of those long weary wranglings, must take place !

Entries like the following also occur :—

‘Impossibility of one common church for all India, when one says, “Let there be a king” (bishop), another says, “No.” One says, “Let there be an aristocracy” (presbytery); another says, “No.” One says, “Let each congregation rule”; one says, “Let every one rule.” If there be a unity of letting each other live and grow lovingly, something may be done, though not so much as where there is a church possessed of both truth and unity, in which the Holy Spirit’s presence is exercising beneficent influence.’

Or again :—

‘They have begun Richard Hooker’s Fifth Book, illustrated by Bingham’s *Christian Antiquities*. I like them to know the habits and customs of worship and discipline in the Early Church, which were often so much more Oriental and more free from stiffness than our English liturgical services, borrowed so largely from Rome. What with Plymouthism, the Baptists, and a variety of American sects, there is danger of a most disorganized and undisciplined state of things being normal among us, and this makes me wish they should have some groundwork of primitive church ordinance and discipline to frame themselves upon. You in England will hardly be able to appreciate the necessity for this as we can, so many of the dissenting missionaries teaching that each man’s private judgment, guided by the Bible, is to be his supreme arbiter of truth, next, of course, to the European missionary, who would fain be church, and pope, and king, and everything.’

A further extract that bears upon the teaching of church history may be permitted before passing on to the practical, as distinct from the mere intellectual, training of the college.

‘We have been all of us struck, in studying this year the history of the mission of St. Aidan and his fellow-workers in Northumbria and Mercia, in the seventh century, with the much greater resemblance which the work of those old evangelists bore to purely native models than most of what our modern missionaries exhibit. Experience and, perhaps, fuller gospel teaching would set us on our guard to avoid their mistakes and their superstitions; but the sacrifice of ease and comfort, the abundance in prayers and labours,

in journeyings and hardships, in preaching and close, deep study of the Word of God, in simple daily services and psalmodes, in gaining access to the noble and well-born as well as to the lowly, in making a few chosen disciples the depositaries of higher Christian learning; the calm study, at one time in silence and secrecy, in the recesses of the forest, or in a cell, like the jhompri or yogi of the Hindu and Sikh recluse; at another time, the effort to spread the Word wide abroad, to cause it to run;—all these and many other incidental phases and characteristics of their work may well lead us to ask whether we have ever yet known what it is to be a missionary; whether we have yet any right conception of what it is to tread in the footsteps of our Lord and His apostles; whether our conferences and our organism do not help us to serious self-deception, and, by an imposing parade of new plannings and schemings, hide from us the serious mistake which underlies our present so-called mission system.

‘The very last thing which has been practised amongst us as missionaries was what the greatest stress was laid and effort expended upon by Hindu sect-leaders, and by the early British and Anglo-Saxon missionaries, as well as by Mohammedan moolahs everywhere: I mean, giving a few instruments the finest polish possible; imbuing a few select disciples with all that we ourselves have been taught of truth, and trying to train and build them up to the highest reach of knowledge attainable to us. It is but seldom that this has been the relation of the missionary to the catechist, of the schoolmaster to the student; what the Soofee calls “iktibas”—lighting the scholar’s lamp at the master’s light. The perpetuation of truth (must we not add of error also?) has in every age depended on this efficacious method of handing down teaching undiluted and unmutilated.

‘I was struck with some remarks made only this morning by one of our students as he sat at breakfast with us. “In other countries,” he remarked, “men often look to see what learning a man has, and the amount of philosophy he possesses, but in our country they look more to a man’s character and condition. They ask, ‘Is he covetous, grasping, ambitious, proud; or is he poor in spirit and in purse, setting little by himself?’ For instance,” he said, “if a fakir stretches out his hand (to beg), he gets not a pice; if he sits still and asks nothing, money falls about him on this side and that.” He said also that it had been much laid on his mind of late to inquire what he could do to show his gratitude, and to repay the teaching he had got. “The *teaching*” (as he said) “I have got, and I am deeply thankful for it. But now comes the *doing*; how shall I set about this?”’

‘The doing, how shall I set about this?’ Enough, perhaps, has been said about the intellectual training, the

knowledge of languages, and Scripture and church history imparted; but the design of the college was something more than this. Its object was distinctly practical, not merely to form students, but instructors disciplined to teach. For this end special pains were taken with pastoral theology, and above all with homiletics. The students came there to be trained as preachers, and the preparation given was both in theory and practice. They were shown the choicest models, and instructed to analyse the sermons of some of the best writers. Beveridge French found too dry for them, but they were much delighted with some sermons of M'Cheyne on the Song of Solomon. The Puritan divines and ancient fathers and modern theologians were drawn upon impartially to furnish subjects for the daily exposition in chapel, and finally the students were encouraged to write sermons themselves for criticism and correction. Now and again some specimens are given.

‘I extract for you a few words which I translated, which pleased me very much, from a sermon of Kasim, one of our students, last week. You know they write one every fortnight to be looked over. It was on “It pleased God, through the foolishness of preaching,” &c. “This thought occurs to me, last of all; let us meditate and think for a moment that we are standing underneath the cross, and the Saviour speaks to us each and says, ‘All this I bore for thy sin’s sake, to reconcile you to God, and make you inheritors of that bliss for which you were created at the beginning.’ What answer ought each Christian to make to this? Surely, he should, with bitter sighs and groans ringing through his heart, cry aloud and say, ‘Alas! alas! Father, this is my sin!’ I stand amazed and overwhelmed at this love of the God of truth and grace, who thus gave His only beloved Son, and sent Him from the world of eternity to the world of time, at the very selfsame time that we were adding sin to sin, and were rebels and traitors,” &c.

‘I told him it was a little too long, and that being Hindustani, and written in the “shikesta” character (a very running hand), it had taken me long to read. But he said, “How could I help it? Such a fervour sprang up in my heart as I thought of the Cross that I could not restrain myself.” . . . They often much edify me, dear fellows, by their simple power and heart-fervour, and clear apprehension of the truth of the Word.

‘Sadik brought a sermon of real power on 1 Cor. i. 19, 20. “Where, O Pharaoh, is all your host, and its vaunts, chariots, horsemen, &c.? Where, O Sennacherib, the 184,000 valiant

soldiers? Where is the scribe, he that counted the towers? Where, O Goliath, thy proud speech, haughty bearing, sword, spear, &c.? Where, O Satan, thy determined effort to break the power of Christ and to uproot His Church? What of the Cross, the grave, the seal, the stone, the soldiers? Christ is risen. So the soul that has come out of darkness and death and bondage to light and liberty can say, 'I was once thy slave, O Satan, thrall to thy tyranny; but where is all thy craft and effort and skill to destroy? In Christ I am more than conqueror.'" This was the substance of his thoughts.'

Another, Sohun Lal, a young Brahmin by birth, with a deep love for his country and people, full to overflowing with native figure and proverb, and a great favourite with his brother students, in one of his sermons said:—

'We poor Hindus had lost our own mother, and were like a child drinking the milk of another mother than our own; but now we have found and come to drink the milk of our true mother, now that we have found the true God, the true Saviour Jesus Christ.'

The same Sohun said that he saw rising up before him in his sleep at night the forms of his brethren, pleading with him to come and teach them the Word of Life. (This, said French, is as it was with St. Patrick.)

But the training was practical as well as theoretical.

'I am trying,' wrote French in the early days of the college, 'to perfect more our arrangements for giving a *practical* training in preaching and other ministerial work to our students. Mr. Clark and I take one or more in turns out with us to preach at the gates and in the bazaars, letting them preach a little also. I encourage them on Saturday to go out two and two by themselves into the villages round about Lahore, and to distribute books, converse with the people, bring in inquirers if possible, and learn the state of things as regards the preparation of the people for the gospel. One or two are very zealous in this matter, others will be so, I believe. On Sunday morning, before our bazaar service, they stand at the doors and gather the people together by preaching. It will be bad for them to be too exclusively occupied in learning and reading without exercise and practice.' . . .

One of the rules was 'no unauthorized preaching,' and this was the rule it was the hardest to preserve unbroken. Often French felt very unfit for the work after a day's

exhausting labours in the lecture-room, but to see the great city close at his doors and not to preach in it appeared to him as bad as Jonah's sin.

'Daily occupied as we are in the study of God's Word, it would be hard if Lahore reaped no fruit from our researches. And a great refreshment, I can say, we often find it to disburden our hearts of the pent-up fire which every entrance into the "penetralia," the glowing hearth of God's living oracles, must engender and quicken. I find a great difference here from what we experienced at Agra. Here the opposition is far more bitter and systematic and concentrated; there our preaching was usually treated, if I remember rightly, with supreme contempt, and we had nothing like the congregations which often gather round us at the Lahore city gates. One blind moollah, who has a large band of disciples, appears to distribute them in stations along the haunts most frequented by missionaries, to hinder the gospel from being heard and arouse antagonism and disgust by all available means. In one place counter-preaching has been lately attempted, as in Lucknow and elsewhere. There is an increasing dread of preaching and its effects, and I am satisfied that, in spite of themselves, many do listen eagerly to longer or shorter portions of our addresses, and carry away impressions, though they dare not stay long, for they tell us that lately the moollah threatened to disannul the marriages of all who listened to Christian preaching. All this is so much evidence to the secret power which, it is felt, the Word of God possesses. "His princes shall be afraid of the banner, saith the Lord, whose fire is in Zion and His furnace in Jerusalem."'

One of the principal stations was a little chapel by the Lohari gate, used both by the American and English missionaries. Benches were arranged outside to attract auditors, and services were held within, not always very tranquilly, exciting some degree of interest.

After a while it was arranged that the lesson reader for the week in chapel should speak outside before the service. French or one of his colleagues would be by, to send up a text on a slip of paper if he were in perplexity, or to draw him away by gentle force if he became too vehement, or otherwise suggest, control, encourage. Sometimes the students' arguments were somewhat amusingly original. One day a moollah asked French why he was not a Jew, since he believed in the Law (Toret).

‘I told him, of course,’ says French, ‘that it was a question of *race*: that the Jews were great friends of mine. He could not understand, if the Jews committed such a sin, as we suppose they did, in crucifying the Lord of glory, why they should not be kana (one-eyed), or some bodily mark of shame or penalty be borne; to which Ebenezer replied, native fashion, that this was not God’s way. If a firm and true believer had not four eyes given him for his faith, why should they have only one for *unbelief*?’

Another day, as French, Bateman, and others were engaged in preaching at this Lohari gate, there was a great excitement, and turnip-tops were flying freely, aimed in the first place at French himself as the leader, but alighting with impartiality on all his group of followers. French finding speech impossible, declared that he would pray for them. ‘You pray! You dog, you infidel!’ they shouted; ‘you Christians have no namaz’ (form of prayer). Though French could have pronounced their Moslem namaz as accurately as his scorers, he chose a better way. He knelt down in the dust before them, and poured out his whole heart to God in simple prayers, till by degrees the shouting fell to silence, and all who listened were completely awed by his prophetic dignity. At such times as he wended homeward he would remark (so Mr. Bateman tells) with great simplicity, ‘You see, brother, we are the off-scouring of all things to *this* day,’ laying playful emphasis upon the ‘*this*’ that lingered in the memory for years.

As time went on the opposition grew. The moollah above all things anxious to make himself a name, invited French to public controversy, like that with Rahmatoollah at Agra. French, not believing him to be possessed of any true desire for enlightenment, declined, like Nehemiah, saying he was doing a great work, and he could not come down.

Another missionary, formerly a dashing cavalry officer, but wholly wanting in controversial ability, here boldly stepped into the breach. The meeting was arranged; the moollah came down armed with piles of books—Arabie, German, English. They were to make in turn a few remarks, and hasten to the points at issue. The moollah, panting for argument, was very brief in introduction. The

missionary, with his Bible only, gave a most clear and pointed Gospel sermon, said he had got no more to say to them, and left the moollah to gather up his books and go away again.

‘It makes one shudder,’ says French, ‘to listen to this man’s slanderous misrepresentations of the divine testimony, and the derisive shouts and howls of triumph his harangues excite when he can raise a crowd, and assail any preacher whose presence in the bazaar is reported to him. To experience the effect of this in Lahore is bad enough; but what is worse is that through almost every part of the Punjab his works are industriously and systematically circulated, and the word of God is to us, as to Jeremiah of old, a reproach and derision daily. Pray for us, that the image of the suffering Saviour, enduring on the cross the taunts and calumnies of men, may be present to His servants to calm and embolden them, and that they may be enabled to act wisely, patiently, and temperately, and to anticipate in the confidence of faith the overthrow of this, as of every other antichrist, with the simple weapons of His truth, or with the brightness of His coming.’

These tactics were in part successful in driving the missionaries rather to the gardens outside the city walls, where the quiet, peripatetic method, eluding the moollah and his followers, was more hopeful for the present. Next year the opposition took a further turn. Mr. Gordon, writing in August, 1873, when French was absent in the hills, after describing the opposition of the Wahabi, adds :—

‘By-and-by a Hindu, ambitious of hearing his own voice, started a-preaching on the opposite side, and attracted a large congregation. Then a Brahmo followed, and now (strangest of all) the Mussulman, Hindu and Brahmo have made a joint-stock company, and they all preach from the same platform to the same audience. This goes on night after night, and so the three missionaries who are left in Lahore feel it a point of honour to coalesce in the daily duty of repelling this systematic attack upon the true faith, and maintaining a garrison in the citadel.

‘In this warfare one has constantly to remind oneself that the weapons of our Master’s ordnance are not carnal, and that we do indeed “wrestle, not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, with the rulers of the darkness of this world, and with spiritual wickedness in high places.”’

It may be added that through his own gross moral sins this moollah’s influence had been entirely discredited

even among his co-religionists before he died; and one of his pupils is now a Christian clergyman at Narowal.

Besides the preachings in the city, there were the longer expeditions in vacation times. These became more and more organized: and during the long vacation in 1873, French's last year, all the students were divided in little bands amongst the college staff and one or two other missionaries for training in itineration.

One of these journeys may be chosen as an example of many others, because it brings us into a new country and shows us French in close association with a younger friend.

The Jhelum mission is connected with the name of George Maxwell Gordon, but its initiation was due to French; and in December, 1872, the two men went together to search out its capabilities as training-ground for the Lahore evangelists. Making for Jhelum (where they spent the Christmas) as a starting-point, in thirteen days they covered 130 miles of country, preaching in all chief places, and selecting Pind-Dadan Khan as the best centre for future missionary work.

Here they were close to the great salt mines, whence the salt was hewn in massive blocks pure as crystal, some pink-coloured and some like ice; and here they saw the monuments of Runjeet and his successors; and came in contact with the sect of Bhaburis, a wealthy sect of Sikhs whose temples had white glistening steeples almost like English spires, and who were most particular about the sacredness of insect life. With these French had an interesting conversation upon the subject of Santosh or perfect peace of mind. When they inquired what God was, French answered first in the words of the apostle, that 'God is love,' and next in those of Anselm, 'God is the sum and height of all perfection.' With both rejoinders they were satisfied. Their notion of obtaining peace by the accumulated merits of their holy men he met with arguments from Martin Luther. But the tour is chiefly noteworthy for the delightful picture it affords us of the

intercourse of two great souls of very different endowments.

‘Mr. Gordon,’ writes French to his son Cyril, ‘borrowed a little white pony for the journey. He says in his funny way he is glad it is so small, as he would not like to ride higher than I do. He is taking great pains with the language, and sits for hours listening to my addresses in the bazaars, jotting down words he does not know to ask me afterwards. He takes great care of me, even making egg-flip if he sees me exhausted; and he kneads away at the bread (when we cannot buy it) like a professed baker.’

There were five large towns in the district thus selected, in which no missionary had ever been stationed, although each town contained at least one native Christian family.

The latter part of French’s tenure of office brought with it a serious increase of care, in helping to place out his students on the completion of their college course, and corresponding with them in their several spheres.

December 15, 1872 (immediately before the Jhelum journey), was a red-letter day in the college annals, for then Bishop Milman ordained the first two of the students¹ who entered Holy Orders. French had looked forward with some apprehension to the bishop’s visit, as he knew that he regarded coldly the part he was taking in urging on a ritual remonstrance; but all passed very pleasantly. The bishop was well satisfied with the examination of the candidates and the inspection of the college as a whole. He made this entry in the station book:—

‘Mr. French’s college supplies a great need of the Church. It promises to give us really useful candidates for the ministry and educational work of the Church—men of ability, devotion, and earnestness, thoroughly trained and prepared for the development of the spiritual life of the converts, and for the necessary controversial work. I recommend that from time to time the native clergy should come in for a month or so in the course of each year to revive their knowledge and deepen their devotion with the college teachers. I think that from these men evangelists might be chosen, who could have the supervision of a small circle of pastors, and so improve both themselves and them, and help forward the future organization of the native Church.’

¹ John Williams and Imam Shah.

The Bishop also gave a prize for the two best essays, 'On the Methods of presenting the Truth most usefully and attractively to the Sikhs, Hindus, and Mohammedans of the Punjab.'

'His lordship desired,' said French, 'that I should present the candidates to him at the ordination, and I can hardly imagine anything more solemn and affecting than presenting one's own preparandi on such an occasion, just because of the close relation it bears to a more solemn occasion still, of which the apostle speaks, "that we may present every man perfect in Christ."'

French had translated the longer ordination hymn into Hindustani for the occasion, and it was sung at the service. There was a great gathering of native Christians and others afterwards to meet the Bishop, and French had the pleasure of sitting at dinner between Madho Ram, the first ordained student from Agra, and General R. Taylor, the founder of the Derajat mission.

The students soon became scattered: one at Azimgarh, two near Amritsar, one at Dinapore, one at Bunnoo, one in the Kangra valley, one lifting up the banner of the Lord in Fathgarh; and so the call for correspondence grew. But more than this, some of the students received a higher call. Benjamin, a bye-student, as French calls him, at the opening of a bright career as medical missionary in Cashmere, was drowned whilst bathing in the Jhelum; at the time of his death he had some hundred patients daily. Yusuf sank through consumption at Delhi, and owed to Tara Chand, who visited him in his sickness, that he owed his real conversion to days spent in the college. Ebenezer, after only a fortnight of active labour in the Jhelum district, was carried off by fever. In his delirium he preached to those about him. He was ill when he left the college, and had to miss the last examinations, where he had usually come out first. When French said to him, 'I have great confidence, through Christ, your crown will not be starless,' he replied, 'Oh no! even if I never preach any more my crown will not be starless. God has used me to bring some.' One day a school-fellow met him

and said, 'I wept when I heard you had become a Christian. How ever came you to believe in the Trinity?' 'Ah,' he replied, 'you wept for that; I should weep indeed had I to part with the doctrine of the Trinity.' All these died in the one year 1873, and three years later Andreas, who had succeeded Ebenezer, and was the right hand of Gordon in the Jhelum itinerancy, was also called to rest. 'Tell Mr. French,' he said, 'that I have no fear of death, but joy and confidence.' On St. Andrew's Day he received the Holy Communion in his bed for the last time. Gordon remarked to him that St. Andrew's example was one that he had well followed. He replied, 'Ah! our work is poor enough, and we deserve nothing for it; but what a beautiful text that is in Revelation: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, that I may obtain that crown! Christ left everything for us, it is only right that we should give up a *little* for Him. Mr. French was always saying this to us. Alas, how few there are who are willing to do this! I should greatly like to finish my work at Pind-Dadan Khan. I have a great desire to preach. The people are bad, yet we must tell them of the Lord's mercy.'

But, if some were taken, more remained, and to these French, like St. Honoratus, frequently wrote, if not on tablets of wax, yet, at least, in words of honey drawn from his sweetness of heart. His diary records many such letters; but none of those written to the actual students at this time have fallen into the biographer's hands. The Rev. Tara Chand, however, whom French had instructed at Agra, and then sent for further instruction to Bishop's College, Calcutta, under his friend Dr. Kay, has sent a series of ten letters written to him between the years 1859 and 1887, touching his baptism, his college studies, his ordination, his family bereavements, his literary work for the church, and other matters. Of these, four may be quoted as specimens of the tone of loving sympathy that French adopted in all his correspondence with Indian Christians.

(I.)

MY DEAR TARA CHAND,

Walthamstow, *May 24, 1859.*

I sincerely thank God that He has so strengthened you by His Holy Spirit as that you have been enabled before many witnesses to witness a good confession of your faith in Christ. I scarcely dared hope that this grace would so soon be granted you, considering the great conflict and suffering it involved, in separation from those nearest and dearest to you. May your eye be kept steadily directed to Him, the author and finisher of your faith, the pattern and the model for all those who should after endure the cross and despise the shame; and to that recompense of reward which is so touchingly and cheerfully set before us in the second and third chapters of the Revelation of St. John. I trust that when I remember the affliction you have been encouraged to pass through for His Name's sake, I shall be cheered also to bear more uncomplainingly and joyfully my lesser cross. Our comfort is, *οὐκ ἀφήσω ὑμᾶς ὀρφανούς.*

I am glad to hear you are learning Sanskrit. It will be the case with that language, I trust, as it was with the Greek language. The Greek was once the vehicle of idolatry; afterwards it became ennobled in the immortal works of the early Christian writers, Irenaeus, Origen, Chrysostom, and others. May it be your lot, and that of others like yourself, to transfuse the Sanskrit with the blessed truths of the Gospel, and so render it not a dead, but a living and life-giving, language. Let me hear from you again, and believe me

Your very sincere well-wisher and friend,

T. VALPY FRENCH.

(II.)

MY DEAR TARA CHAND,

Walthamstow, *Dec. 10, 1859.*

Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I am glad that you continue to remember me, and occasionally to write to me. I do not forget you in my prayers. You have indeed cause to praise God that He has induced the hearts of a few others to follow your example, and break off the trammels of idolatry; and we must regard these instances as great encouragements to 'abound in the work of the Lord,' knowing as we do that 'he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.' You have the great privilege of being hired into the vineyard of the Great Householder *'early in the morning,'* not like some others, at the eleventh hour, after they have stood 'all the day idle'; and he who finds his great reward in being allowed to labour for so good and forbearing a Master, and in seeing dead souls quickened by the resurrection power of the Saviour, will heartily rejoice that he has the prospect of lengthened service, and that it may become his high office, as an ambassador of the Gospel, to point many souls

that are in blindness and darkness to that 'life and immortality which is brought to light by the Gospel.'

I cannot but feel deeply with you in the separation from your family which your Christian profession involves. But the Christian Church, wherever it is established, seems founded on such faithful and self-denying confessions, such resistance unto blood, such crucifying of the flesh. Yet I do trust and pray that you may be spared a *protracted* trial of this sort, if it be God's will; and that those objects of affection whom you have forsaken at the cost of such bitter suffering for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, may ere long be restored to you again; and that though 'He cause grief, yet He will have compassion, according to the greatness of His lovingkindness.' . . .

If Madho Ram is at Calcutta, give my very kind Christian remembrances to him, and tell him it is my earnest desire that he become more steady and fixed in his purposes, because I fear that by changing from one place to another he is losing his influence and unsettling his mind, as well as causing pain to those who wish him well. Write me word about your studies.

I am, yours with affectionate Christian regards,

T. VALPY FRENCH.

(III.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Hampstead, *July 24, 1863.*

Having seen in the papers a few days ago a notice of your ordination among others, I must not delay to offer you my sincere congratulations and hearty good wishes in connexion with that solemn event. I can well remember my own ordination, and it seems to me that a service could hardly be framed better calculated to impress lastingly those whom it concerned. The Epistle especially seems even now to thrill through my heart as I think of it, 'Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord,' &c. Into what a near, and intimate, and ever-present relation does this passage seem to bring us with Him who 'holds the stars in His right hand,' i. e. the ministers of His Churches, His under-shepherds. May you live and labour so faithfully, unweariedly, unreservedly, that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, you may receive a *crown of glory* that fadeth not away. Bunyan's short description of the preaching of the Gospel, as seen by him in the picture in the Interpreter's house, always struck me very much. Part of it is, 'The *book of books* was in his hand; the law of truth was in his lips; the world was behind his back; a crown of glory was above his head; and he *looked as if he pleaded with men.*' You will doubtless do as I often do, look to the Epistles of Timothy and Titus, with 1 Peter, and the Epistles to the Philippians, and 2 Corinthians,

as supplying ever new thoughts to stimulate, arouse, and encourage the Christian minister in his life-long conflict. May you be made an instrument of turning many to righteousness; and seeing, as John the Baptist did, Jesus *increasing*, and find your joy fulfilled in *His* increase, though it be to your own *decrease*, as regards prospects of worldly promotion. I have always felt it a real honour to be allowed to sacrifice any honour or advantage for Christ's sake. How noble the example of the apostles, who rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name! I was much pleased to have your letter, written in November last. It will always be a great pleasure to hear of or from you, even though I should not again see your face in the flesh; but sometimes I hope that I may be sent forth yet again to a third period of service in India, in the country and among the people on whom my heart is so much set. . . . I trust Kassim Ali is witnessing a good confession, and waxing stronger and stronger, holding on his way: exhibiting in himself the *dying* of the Lord Jesus, and also the *risen life* of Jesus. I should be so glad to hear of him. My affectionate regards to him, and to Ram Chander also, whom I truly love in our Lord Jesus Christ. I hope you have still leisure for your Hebrew and Greek studies.

I am, dear Tara Chand,

Ever your affectionate friend,

T. VALPY FRENCH.

Will you remember me very kindly to Hira Lal, when you see him? Few things in this world would gladden my heart so much as to see him boldly acting up to his convictions, and becoming your and my brother, and fellow-labourer in the Gospel. The Lord grant it that he may be one of the Epaphrases of India!

(IV.)

MY DEAR MR. TARA CHAND,

April 9, 1884.

It seems strange that in so short a space of time your beloved wife should have followed Mrs. Winter to the grave, and by the very same complaint. The trial must have been a sorely grievous one, and all the more so as you were in the land of strangers, though I trust not without proofs of sympathy and brotherly Christian regard. Had Mr. — been at Kumaul, it would have seemed less lonely and desolate for you. Still, no human sympathy can fill such a void as is left in your home and heart by the removal of the one who seemed so urgently required for your children at your present age. A widow left alone is bitterly bereaved, but I think a widower is even more resourceless and helpless. He who has promised '*I will bear, and I will carry,*' can alone support and comfort you and your children. . . . I trust you will take great pains in searching out the *heart* of Holy Scripture,

and pray much to be clothed by the Holy Spirit of God, that what you speak may not be your own, but His. I never venture into the pulpit without wrestling for this ; then I am kept calm and peaceful, however large the audience may be. I hope A. A. is standing fast in Christ, and that it may please God more and more to reveal His Son in him, that he may preach HIM among the Gentiles. I must not add more to this. I hope it will not be so very long before we meet again. I fear I have but a poor remnant of my life to give to my Saviour, but we have to gather up the ' fragments that remain,' that *nothing* be lost.

I remain, with truest good wishes, and regards, and much sympathy,

Your affectionate father in Christ,

THOS. V. LAHORE.

Rev. Tara Chand, Kurnaul.

This chapter may be fitly ended with the story of Mr. Maya Das, a Christian gentleman now in a high position under Government in the Punjab, but formerly a bigoted Hindu.

His first contact with Christianity was as a lad of sixteen in Lahore. One day when Mr. Forman, the American Presbyterian missionary, was preaching in the bazaar, and speaking of the attractiveness of Jesus as a great argument for Christianity, a man across the way exhibiting a monkey had gathered a far greater crowd. The sharp young lad was quick to notice it, and by some shrewd remark about this relative attraction dispersed the missionary's audience. Before departing to search out new hearers, the preacher laid his hand kindly on the urchin's shoulder, and just said, 'Yes, you are very clever, but there is something more in this than you *yet* understand.' The boy was greatly struck by this display of gentleness, and next day went to watch the missionaries' compound. Mr. Newton was preparing to go out to preach, and through the bad work of a cobbler, a box quite full of useful crockery, which he was loading on a camel, fell to the ground, and was completely broken, compelling him to postpone all his journey. But he did not lose his temper over the mishap. And so the lad went home to ponder his experience, for there was more in it than he *yet* understood. He joined the American mission at Ferozepore under

the native pastor, Isa Charan, and there French found him in April, 1871, engaged with his friend, Buta Mall, in diligently studying Scott's commentary on the Bible. Next month he was baptized. 'Since the battle of Ferozepore,' wrote French, 'there has been no such struggle. Praise God for the marvellous strength and courage vouchsafed to His servant.' Mr. Newton's son, Rulliya Ram (a sturdy young convert), and Maya Das, set out for the cantonments in a little dogcart with a view to his there obtaining baptism. A crowd rushed after them and stopped the gari. Newton was dragged out, laid in the dirt, his hat knocked off, a clod thrown at him; Maya Das was carried off with violence by legs and arms to the city, and shut in his house, and the doors locked on him. But on the way they passed the house of his master (an Englishman), who sent his three sons in their shirt sleeves to the rescue. These kept the door till Newton (when recovered) and Rulliya Ram had fetched the kotwal, or local superintendent of police. At first, even he was powerless through the great uproar, but on learning that the house was Maya Das's own, he broke open the door and set him free, and next day the young convert was baptized, in spite of these attempts to hinder him. His mother cast herself before young Mr. Newton's feet, and cried, 'Give me back the heart of my son! I want the heart of my son!' She thought that it was magic. Maya Das himself wrote afterwards:—

'Christ has found me at last. I am a wonder to myself. . . I have told the police I have nothing to say against any one, so it is all over now. My employer has offered me very kindly place and shelter in his premises. When I go into the city I am followed by men and boys, as if my face were changed. Oh! none but the Lord can give me courage to stand all this coolly, and the more I suffered the happier I felt! And glory be to His name that some even come to me secretly to talk with me quietly about Christianity. I sincerely hope that the Lord will awaken many souls to His own glory. Hoping you will not forget me in your prayers, I am, with best respects,

'Yours very obediently,

'M. D.'

Soon after this his old friend, Buta Mall, deserted him. On this he wrote:—

‘My caste-fellows have counted me an outcast. All my caste is now in Him who is my all-in-all. The thought of my wife (who will not write or even speak to me) is indescribably bitter; but I can only pray, “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”’

At this time French’s hopes beat high for him. He hoped that he might be the head of ‘a little independent, wholly indigenous band of apostolic labourers.’ Maya Das himself suggested his throwing up all chances of promotion, and coming on a pittance to the college to be trained for mission work.

Then suddenly he openly apostatized. Rulliya Ram, his old acquaintance, wrote:—

‘He is a man full of strong feeling, full of enthusiasm. His mother and wife may by appealing to his affections have persuaded him to yield. . . . If Maya Das was an impostor, I might as well begin to doubt my own existence.’

When Mr. Bateman had received from him ‘a somewhat explanatory letter,’ French wrote again:—

‘I cannot but hope and believe that in first joining yourself to Christ outwardly, you were misled by the strength and excitement of emotion, and by feelings mistaken for convictions, and that you will be enabled to return upon a stronger and more lasting basis, a basis not of feeling but of simple resting and leaning on God’s testimony concerning His Son, and simple obedience and acquiescence in the authority of His revealed truth. . . . The Soofee and the Brahmo often attain to rapture and to ecstasies, but it must all collapse, because there is no substance and solid core underneath in oracles of God so well-proven, so holy, so impressively constraining, so in agreement in their parts, so simply clearing up and solving puzzling problems, as many as our finite understandings can compass.’

He signed himself:—

‘Yours with much sorrow, but still more of sympathy and hope,’
‘T. V. FRENCH.’

The next year was for Maya Das a time of constant struggle. His own convictions drew him one way, his wife and mother in the contrary direction. He accepted a government

appointment at Multan, and gave up the thought of coming to the college, but his faith was ever growing stronger. In November, 1873, French wrote suggesting that it might yet be his to be Christ's standard bearer on the banks of the Jhelum, and to cry aloud of a greater king than Alexander—"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and having salvation."

But the most interesting portion of his story still remains. The former Hindu, Maya Das, became, under God, the means of the conversion of a bigoted Mohammedan, whose very name, Fath Mahomed, means 'victory of Mahomed.' The zeal of Fath Mahomed had been aroused by seeing a village moulwi, as it seemed to him, completely vanquish a Christian missionary in his arguments, and drive him from the village. Soon afterwards he himself got into eager controversy with Mr. Bose, the Bengali missionary, of Ferozepore; for this he read through the New Testament, but only found it to confirm his faith in Islam! Maya Das himself (writing in 1892) describes his own communications with him thus:—

'Fath Mahomed is a native of Mamdot, near Ferozepore, and was a very bigoted Mohammedan, and when he heard of my conversion, he wrote to me to Muktsar, where I was tahsildar (without any previous acquaintance), that although I was right in forsaking the religion of idolaters, I have still committed a great mistake in not embracing the true religion—the religion of Mohammed. I felt slightly offended at first, because a boy who was then employed on canal-work, on only a few rupees a month, wrote so impertinently to a full-blown tahsildar! (this was actually the feeling of the natural man); but a "still small voice" said, write a gentle reply and give your own reasons why you are a Christian. I did so, which led to a regular correspondence, and it continued for ten months, after which time I was transferred to Ferozepore (nearer F. M.'s home), where F. M. came to see me, and still advocated the cause of Mohammedanism most warmly. I asked my Mohammedan orderly to cook food for him. F. M. then said he wanted to go to a mosque where a grand lecture was to be given by a great moulwi. I said, "Certainly; do what you like." He came again, and after meeting him a few times, I asked him whether he believed that it was the same God who was his and my Creator also. After a slight hesitation, he said certainly it was one and the same God who made him and me. I then asked him whether he had any objection to our

praying together to our common God. He again thought a little, and said, "No, he had no objection." And then and there I knelt down, and he also did bend himself, and I prayed to God that as He is our Creator, He may be pleased to lead whoever of us (two) was going on the wrong path to *the right path*. I think both of us said "amen" together. F. M. then went away, and then wrote again and asked certain questions as to the divinity of our Lord. I sent on his letter to Padri Sadiq, who too opened correspondence with him, and sent him some books, one of which was the translation of Mr. Hooper's *What think ye of Christ?* Imagine my joy when one day dear Fath came to me, saying he wants to be a Christian! I ran in to my room, and told my late wife that I rejoice, as a soul is saved! And, as I had reason to think that he may not be properly looked after spiritually at Ferozepore, I sent him with a letter to the Rev. R. Clark, who baptized him; and then it was arranged that Fath should receive training as a preacher, which he did in the Maha Singh Garden, and now is a pucca and zealous padri, a servant of Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord!

Dr. Hooper, who tells the story in his report of the Lahore school (1878), adds the detail that Maya Das, as a magistrate, was able to protect Fath Mahomed on his baptism, and speaks of his great thankfulness that the Lahore school had been set on foot, and could provide the very training needed in this special case. Fath Mahomed (now known as Fath Masih, the victory of Christ) was one of the first natives ordained by Bishop Matthew as deacon at Batala, December 20, 1891. The 'victory of Mahomed' converted to a trophy of the Saviour's love! May we not see in this the silent augury of brighter triumphs of the cross in time to come?

CHAPTER XII.

CASHMERE AND THE AMARNATH PILGRIMAGE.

‘For my love they are my adversaries : but I give myself unto prayer.’

— *Ps.* cix. 4.

‘All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation’s wondrous choir,
Opened in mystic unison
To last till Time expire.

.

‘Man only mars the sweet accord,
O’erpowering with “harsh din”
The music of Thy works and word,
Ill-matched with grief and sin.

.

‘Hence all thy groans and travail pains,
Hence, till thy God return,
In Wisdom’s ear thy blithest strains,
O Nature, seem to mourn.’

J. KEBLE.

THE native state of Cashmere, long famed for its beauty, was thrown open to European influence in 1846, when Henry Lawrence visited the country, and established Goolab Singh as maharaja. Lawrence was very conscious that his protégé was not all that could be desired (he was reported to have caused a pundit to be flayed alive), but he believed, and rightly, that he would not go against the English, and the existing ruler was no better. Thenceforward the lovely valley of the Upper Jhelum, 130 miles east of Rawul Pindi, with its temperate climate, its lofty mountains, its delicious roses, and its attractive wild-sport, became a favourite resort of Englishmen during the summer months. Here they were, in some respects, outside the

bounds of civilization; and as for a long time no means of grace were provided, and there was no strong controlling public opinion, it is not surprising that their conduct was often such as brought disgrace upon the Christian name; whilst the natives, seeing no 'place of prayer,' formed their conclusions that the English never prayed, and looked on Europeans as mere atheists.

In the year 1854 Colonel Martin and Mr. Clark made a tour in the country, and preached and opened a dispensary. Goolab's assent was somewhat cynical. 'My subjects in Cashmere,' he said, 'are very bad. I'm sure that no one can do them any harm. I'm rather curious to see whether the padri sahibs can do them any good.' This was, however, but a passing effort, and not till 1863 was a permanent mission of the C. M. S. established, with the encouragement of every Christian officer in the Punjab. Mr. Smith of Benares, than whom no better man could have been found, was first appointed to the post. The prospects of success seemed very good; whole families began to seek for baptism; but soon charges of one sort and another were trumped up against the converts and inquirers, and many were imprisoned. The mission was allowed no settled home or place of worship; the missionaries, with other Europeans, were not allowed to stay during the winter months. Runbeer Singh had followed in the steps of Goolab his father; and Pertab, who succeeded in 1885, misgoverned equally, till at last, in 1889, he was deprived, in great measure, of his power which was transferred to a native council advised by the British Resident.

Since then the country has been opened out much more: there is a good carriage road from Murree, and even talk of a railway; and restrictions affecting foreigners have been removed. The mission has been strengthened, and an admirably organized hospital, as well as a leper asylum, has done much to show the inhabitants practical fruits of Christianity. There are now fifty native Christians and five hundred scholars in the Christian schools.

When French first visited the land, all this was in its infancy. In one gallant effort to reach the district, he had been stopped at Dharmsala by fatigue and fever. Now, cheered by Clark, one of its pioneers, he made a fresh attempt. On May 21, 1871 (the Sunday after Ascension), he wrote in his diary:—

‘Clark had been impressed all this morning with the thought, “Why should we not go to Cashmere and get turned out, if necessary—yet, at least, try?” If this be of God, may *He* by His Spirit prepare and sanctify us for the work, prevent and follow us.’

The country had peculiar attractions to French as a centre from which Buddhism had spread. Ever since he had come across some ancient Buddhist ruins at Baloozai, in the Yusufzai district, he had taken a great interest in that religion. Thibet, which is still Buddhist to this day, received its Buddhism from Cashmere twelve hundred years ago. *Five hundred* missionaries spread the new religion, and the valley of Cashmere is still full of the relics of this vanished creed. ‘If the Cashmiris were so bold and energetic in old times in preaching a religion of *Atheism*, whose chief hope was *annihilation*, why should not *one* of them come forth to preach the *living God* and *everlasting life*, which is a full salvation now to every poor sinner?’

It was with such high hopes as these that he set out at the beginning of July, 1871, and entered the country by the fine route over the Pir Punjal Pass, accompanied by Robert Clark, who was determined that *this time*, at least, he should not starve. On July 13 French wrote to his daughter from Poshiyana:—

‘The road usually lies along the side of brawling, foaming streams, snow-laden, and sometimes red loam laden from the hills, according as they are of the higher or lower ranges. Occasionally these streams have to be crossed, and it is nervous work when they are deep and angry. One or two have been nearly up to the horse’s back, and the stream rolling impetuously, so that I have been thankful at night to find that we are all counted true, without loss of life among our servants. But the further we get into the heart of Cashmere we find a rough, rickety sort of bridge over

these brawling hill-streams, usually consisting of pine frunks stretched from side to side, with cross boughs, and sometimes a little earth thrown over these. The day before yesterday we crossed the first pass, called the Ruttenpir, about 8,400 ft. above the sea; to-morrow we have a grand pull up a steep ascent, 11,400 ft., called the Pir Punjal, for which we are resting a day in preparation. I have not been in the strongest health, as I left Lahore a little weakened with hard and anxious toil, but these cool hill breezes begin already to revive me, and the scenery grows daily finer and grander.

The Cashmiris, to whom we preach daily, are, on the whole, an industrious race, but till after to-morrow we are among a more mixed and motley population, not the true Cashmiris exclusively, though much of a piece with them. The women are far more industrious than the men, like the ancient Egyptians; the women work in the fields, with hoes chiefly; the small children, hardly above babies, with hair hanging in six or seven long plaits on their shoulders, handle their small hoes by their mother's side, and are quite a sight of rustic loveliness and goodness. In this village we have our tent on the roof of a zamindar's house, which is turfed over, being flat; rather shaky, parts of it grassy, as if it were a garden plot. From the roof the grand Pir Punjal, sometimes unfurling its cloud-curtain, stands out imposing, with snow lying in its rifts and furrows, bright crimson under the flush of sunset, and a sort of light chocolate grey at day-dawn. Immediately opposite us are pine forests up to the very hill-crests, pointing heavenwards their spiked, slender shafts, with drooping boughs as of softest drapery. The hill we are encamped on is more bleak and bare, chiefly grassy, with heaps of stone in wild disorder. We are in a village at the edge of a precipice, where we hear well at night the roar of the swift stream beneath. It is built in terraces, sloping steeply to the edge; houses scattered here and there, the roof of the one below forms a sort of promenade, or place for the little herd to lie down in, for the one immediately above. In preaching yesterday, the whole juvenile population of the village poured out, and I was quite cheered with the bright beaming, fast-fixed eyes of some of the dear little girls. I don't think you could have helped kissing them if you had been there, spite of the dirty little faces and thick woollen sort of nightgown, which does for day as well as night to all appearance.

... Yesterday we kept piercing a very deep defile, crossing and re-crossing by the bridges (as above) the same dashing, fretful stream. Looking before us, where the two steep declivities seemed to meet at some sudden turn, I saw one point where a soft, almost velvety, turfed green mountain met a rough, hard, scowling sort of mountain, its opposite neighbour. I could not help thinking how in life sometimes two strangely opposite and sharply contrasted

characters are brought together, and I wished one of our modern allegorical painters could have been there to point the moral.

‘We have a few medicines, which our native doctor, the candidate for orders, distributes judiciously, the most earnestly sought for everywhere being quinine, which every village in India seems to have heard the fame of—the white powder which is the panacea for all their fevers, at least. I am obliged to be chary in dispensing mine, as I have not much left. . . . The thunder lowering makes us fear we may have to cower in the cowhouse to-night for shelter. This is the only *hotel* we have in these parts, a cowhouse not of the cleanest. Last night a cow began chewing our towels and wax cloth coverings for boxes, and seemed to resent the dispossession it had been subjected to.’

The following day he thus continued his account to Mrs. French:—

‘*Allahabad, Cashmere, July 14.* . . . The pass is nothing formidable, as the path is fair. On reaching the height, the deep ravines and fine pine forests which overhang them are left behind, and the first view is of a vast grassy plain, a little undulating, browsed by endless herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, droves of horses, much like a Siberian steppe, I should think, only much more limited and softer and less stern. The grass is of the richest green at present, interrupted here and there by sections of boulders carried down by past glaciers, perhaps. A gentle descent brings us to the spot where we now are, an old Mogul sarai; for the Mogul emperors, when they held the country 250 years or so ago, had imperial resting or halting places erected at each stage of their march, of most solid and massive structure, each containing a masjid, court of justice, throne room, and abundance of accommodation for retinue of the usual vast dimensions, horse and foot soldiers, with zenana, &c. These are very conspicuous objects all through our route; they are mostly in ruins, but enormous blocks of masonry and portions of well-roofed ancient buildings attest the splendour of the design and the wealth lavished on these monuments of a rule, which sometimes crushed and sometimes cherished, was a blessing and curse alternately to the ruled. All is bygone now, but, like old Rome, it is great in its decay and desolation. Here to-night we are lodged in rooms decorated with fine old Saracenic arches of admirable symmetry, and the panellings of the walls bear marks of good colouring and careful finish.’

‘*July 15.* I think how the children, with their little baskets, would delight in the multitude of flowers and ferns which make the hillsides so gay, and would clamber after them up the little pathways with intense zest. If you could meet with some second-hand book on Himalayan flowers and trees (there are several by various authors), it would add immensely to the interest of these

journeys. . . . For the sake of the many Buddhist remains in Cashmere, I have brought St. Hilaire on *Buddha and Buddhism*, one of Mr. Knott's books, which will furnish some information to help us. . . . The vale of Cashmere just bursts on us a little this morning.'

‘Srinagar, July 20.

‘A seven miles’ avenue brings one at last to Srinagar (the city of prosperity), a place which I had often wished some day to visit, and which seems well to repay any amount of effort by its very unique and remarkable situation. Its two great features are the broad Jhelum, which flows for some five or six miles right down the heart of the city, forming its great artery and means of transport from one part to another; and the imposing, though for the most part stern and barren, mountains, from which the river is fed, and which seem to wear frowning or smiling aspects as the weather is bright or lowering, but always form a majestic background, which, as the windings of the river are followed, vary their aspects delightfully, in a way one could not forget. . . . The houses all along the banks have firm basements of huge rocky blocks and slabs below, which alone could resist the force of the noble river in its flood. Over these there are two, three, or even four or five storeys, partly of stone (below), and of brick and wood work (above), with far protruding balconies supported on posts, perhaps like some old Dutch houses I have seen. The woodwork and the posts, which do the work of pillars, look very flimsy and crazy indeed, leaning in all directions; yet on the third and fourth flats one sees groups sitting fearlessly, to all appearance. One thing is certain, if they came down with a crash, all would be precipitated into the river, and, as the people seem *slightly amphibious*, they have, doubtless, calculated on this as a last resource, and hope all will be well. New temples here and there display the Maharaja's devoted adherence to idolatry and lavish support of its worship. The better houses have special ghâts, or flights of steps, to the river, and for the rest the public ghâts suffice. It is a curious sight to glide down the stream five or six miles and see the swarming masses of humanity, whose occupations and recreations or their dwelling-places bring them down to the river banks, and to whom the river seems the centre of their life interests, and almost of their life itself. It is a sight one could not forget. The river being only eighty-five yards or so across, their pursuits and mode of life out of doors—almost indoors too—is plainly visible, and may be watched and made quite a study, so different from the broad Thames in London. The population of the place is said to be 150,000 souls, of whom 20,000 only are Hindus, the rest Mohammedans. The beautiful shawls, gilding, filagree, and exquisite carved woodwork, with cloth and woollen manufacture of great strength, give great distinction to this place and Islamabad. It is

curious to find the suspension of Parisian trade affecting interests so deeply in so distant a spot of the earth. They are rejoicing in the news of Paris being taken and becoming like itself again.'

From letters to his father and the Juvenile Association, a few more details of description may be gleaned:—

'Srinagar, Cashmere, *July 26, 1871.*

'... I am sitting in the open air under the shadow of a plane tree, with its luxuriant foliage, spreading boughs, large, elegant, five-fingered leaves, making a splendid shade, and branching down to its root almost. It is called here the chunar, and the great object of English travellers here, of whom there are some 200 or 300 each hot season, is to secure either one of the maharaja's little guest houses, or—an alternative I have gladly chosen with Mr. Clark—to secure two or three of these plane trees in a group, and pitch our tent under them, not far from a flowing stream. Under five of these trees our little camp of four small tents is pitched, with two other small hospital tents, where our student, John Williams, long trained in European system of medicines, receives native patients....

'The grand old Jhelum (Hydaspes) rolls through the city, sweetening and cleansing as well as refreshing it. There are boats and bridges enough to bridge a Hellespont. The people seem excitable and quarrelsome, and from boat to boat and one bank to another (a hundred yards across) they are gesticulating bravely but safely as their quarrels wax warm. The boatmen are specially vigorous in these, and the boatwomen, they go on till night abusing each other, and then they turn a large earthenware pot upside down, and bottle it up (pot it up, I should say!) till to-morrow. The handsome, finely chiselled faces seem quite as Jewish in expression as the Afghan, though one might suppose, from the full-formed and perfectly beautiful features and forms of many, both men and women, that there was some Greek blood in them, which possibly is the case, considering for how many centuries Greek kingdoms existed between the Indus and Jhelum, after Alexander the Great fought Porus on the banks of the latter....

'We have a boat at our service to get up and down the river streets, for preaching or other purposes, for 18s. the month. There are lesser streams and canals, as in Venice, shooting up right and left into the heart of the city, but of these we have seen little yet.... On a height stands a commanding fort, built by Akbar. The maharaja's palace faces the river with a lengthened and bold front, with a gilded Hindu temple at one extremity, where the maharaja, when in Cashmere, administers justice in sight of his idols, to

whom he is immensely addicted, and performs constantly, himself or through others, various magical and religious rites, as Balak and Balaam of old, to ward off the dreaded British invasion.

‘If God bless us we shall be blessed in spite of this, but Cashmere sees much repetition, alas ! of what brought Israel low for a while, yielding to the enticings of the daughters of Cashmere. British Christianity never shows itself in more fearfully dark and revolting aspect than in these parts. People seem to come here purposed to covenant themselves to all sensuality, and to leave what force of morality they have behind them in India. . . . However, there is more than a sprinkling, of course, of moral and pious people, and the chaplain this season is an earnest, well-taught, evangelical preacher and worker.’

In a letter to the children about the same date he prettily described the swimming of the little girls :—

‘The poor women came down the ghâts, or flights of steps, with their large water-pots, also bringing their babies to be washed, who squeaked much like English babies when put into the water. The most amusing thing was to see the little girls swimming about so fearlessly in the river. They wear their hair in a number of long plaits hanging down behind, and these float along after them as they gambol in the water ; such bright, smiling, sunnied-eyed little urchins you seldom behold, more like little water-nymphs than anything else. Little creatures of four and five seem to be as happy in the water as out, or happier. They are so intelligent that Mr. Clark says they would make wonderful progress if taught in schools ; but that day is not yet in sight to us, though it is, doubtless, to the Lord, who made them, and who died to redeem them.’

In his next letter to his wife he wrote, on July 28 :—

‘Heavy preaching here in the morning amidst much opposition, and then work with students, preparation for future work of various kinds, incessant calls in the way of correspondence, make this seem but little like a holiday ; still, the out-of-door life is healthful, and our boat often relieves the fatigue of long distances. We usually work till 4 or 4.30, then dine, read, and walk till tea at 8 ; after an hour’s more work or so, we are fairly tired out, or feel we ought to rest.’

The nature of this opposition will appear from a letter to Cyril next day :—

‘I am just come in rather fagged from a long preaching in the bazaar here to rather a noisy crowd, which at times, however,

seemed awed by God's word into complete silence, which gave the opportunity of giving some close thrusts, I hope, at their consciences. At any rate, God opened a door of utterance to us to make known the word of salvation through Christ. At first, and for some time, a poor, low, base fellow put up a shoe on a pole, and held it up in front of us as a mark of contempt and indignity; but I got rid of this mockery at last by knocking it off the pole, and setting my foot upon it during the remainder of my discourse. Yesterday was the noisiest and most turbulent day we have had, for, being close to a great masjid, or mosque, of very "hoar antiquity," the Mohammedans became rather infuriate, and drove the hearers away with switches of withes, and we had rather a hard time of it. One venerable old moollah, who knew Mr. Clark in old time here, called this morning. He has a great leaning towards the Gospel, and reads it often at home, for which he has been in trouble with the authorities. Giant Pagan is not as decrepit, and emaciated, and palsied here as he was in England in John Bunyan's days.'

But it is the diaries, daily rough jottings as he came in tired from his work, which throw the clearest light on the vicissitudes of preaching. The following extracts are given as they stand, some in English, some in unstudied Greek, from the time he entered the valley:—

'11. Descent on valley of Cashmere . . . very interesting. *εν αγορα πολυς ανταγωνισμος και εριθισμος* (in the bazaar much opposition and faction). Why come to Christ? First to die, then to live. Cf. Rom. vi.

'*μαχη εγενετος περι του λογου ακουοντων τε και μη ακουοντων* πασα η αγορα εταραχθη: . . . οι μιν τεσσαρες ανταγωνισται ανεστησαν τους εβελοντας πολλαις μηχαναις εκωλυσαν και απηγαγον ετερωσε και πολλην βοην και θορυβον εκινησαν πολλοι δε μηδε δυναμενοι αντιστηναι του λογου μηδε υπερεγκειν αυτου το βαρος ως ωκυτατη δρομη διεφυγον.'

[There was a fight of hearers and non-hearers. The whole bazaar disturbed, the four enemies arose; by many arts they checked the willing ones and drove them elsewhere, and stirred much noise and shouting; but many, unable either to withstand the word or to endure its weight, scattered in flight as fast as possible.]

'20. Reached Srinagar to-day; encamped near church . . . went down Jhelum five or six miles in boat. Cashmere *holds out*. "In nothing terrified by your adversaries; which is to them token," &c. Why did Mohammed keep out of sight the second coming of Christ as he did? There is a secret feeling the Gospel must prevail. Why be obstinate and determine to perish with Hinduism? &c.'

‘21. κηρυγμα εγενετο πρωτον εν αγορα. αγοραιοι τινες ανδρες ραβδα εν χειρσι λαβοντες τους ακουοντας πληξαντες απηλασαν ομως δε ο λογος του Κυριου τισιν εξ οχλου ηδυσσµα εδοκει.’

[Preaching at first in bazaar. Some idlers took rods in their hands and drove off the hearers with blows. Yet to some of the crowd the word of the Lord appeared as a sweet savour.]

‘22. κηρυγμα. μαλακια και ηρεµια τις της λαιλαπος.’

[Preaching. Some softening and lulling of the squall.]

‘Contrary part; but I give myself—prayer. Beginning of 107th Ps. Take also Gen. i. 1-3.’

‘24. Moved from Sheikh Bagh to an open place under chunar trees.

‘κηρυγμα. θηριομαχια. ησαν δε και οι προς πολλην σπουδην ακουοντες και τοις ανθεστηκοσιν εµβριµωµενοι.’

[Preaching. A wild beast fight. But some heard very eagerly, rebuking the opponents.]

‘25. κηρυγ. Much hearing to-day, and much acceptance of the word with some.’

‘26. Preaching on other side of river. Much opposition at first, then the Lord seemed to stir and impress the people a little, and some riveted silence ensued. Oh, may He deepen and carry on His own work in souls! Took three first verses in Genesis i. with the words, “God who commanded the light,” &c., 2 Cor. iv. and end of vi. chapter, which seemed specially to interest and awaken.’

[This subject was suggested by the story of an officer who went to dine with a friend. His host said, ‘How are you? How is it with your *soul*?’ ‘Oh,’ said the officer, ‘I never think of that!’ After dinner he got him to take his Bible and read Gen. i. to ‘darkness upon the face of the deep.’ ‘That’s *you*, that’s *you*! Now go on.’ He read to ‘and there was light.’ ‘That’s what we *want*, that’s what we *want*.’ The officer’s mind was stirred, and he became converted.]

‘27. How Christianity meets all wants.

‘Buddha’s desire—to escape age, decay, sickness, death, desire, &c.

‘Mohammed promises to gratify desire perpetually.

‘Brahmin yogi—to be absorbed in God.

“‘Samipya, sarupya, sayugya,” &c.

‘All heightened and purified in Christianity.

‘Try to get among students, some who are really desirous to give selves up to this work of showing how all wants are satisfied in Jesus Christ. Show Brahmo Samaj how only *seemingly* satisfied elsewhere.’

At this point in their labours they spent a day for their refreshment at the famous lake.

‘On Thursday both Mr. Clark and I were so tired that we took a holiday, and spent it in visiting the gardens which adorn the

margin of the lake or "dull." They were mostly the work of the Mogul emperors, Jehangir and his successors, who spent a part of each hot weather in Cashmere. Water is turned into them from the mountains which overhang them, and by an expensive apparatus gushes forth in hundreds of fountains, and flows in stone reservoirs through the gardens. They rise in terraces, and are in fair condition still. Chunar and fruit trees, chiefly mulberry, cherry, apple, pear trees, form a refreshing shade. . . .

'The lake (some ten or twelve miles long and six or seven broad) is very full of vegetation, almost choked by it; it often looks more like a river meadow than a lake.

'The magnificent lotus flowers, with their deep rich pink and their floating plate-like leaves, add much beauty. We dined in one of the gardens. . . . It is now allowed to catch fish in the lake; for twelve years it was forbidden, for a reason which will amuse the dear little ones.

'The late Maharaja Goolab Singh died, and it was declared by the pundits that he had migrated into a bee, on which account bees were prohibited from being kept in the valley. The pundits further gave out that the bee, disporting on the surface of the lake, was snatched and eaten by a fish; the soul of the prince being in some fish, all fishing was forbidden, lest the said fish should be caught and eaten. Twelve years or so after, a cow died and fell into the stream, and was eaten by fish, whereupon the raja said his father could never have migrated into an animal which did anything so dreadful as to eat a cow, and rejected the pundit's decision altogether, and gave leave to fish as before.'

On their return to Srinagar, opposition at once revived, and the authorities began to interfere.

'29. Great hurlyburly close to great masjid.

'Tremendous fight on banks about some little boy. One party got hold of him and threw him violently into river as if a stone, others pulled him out, and it seemed as if they would have torn the child in two.'

'31. Fled from our camp at Chunar Bagh through sudden floods. Again allowed to pitch in Sheikh Bagh. Heard from Babu that our preaching had been complained of to the Wuzeer Punnoo. He was afraid we should be insulted. This, Mr. Clark sent word to him, we should be ready to put up with.'

'Aug. 4. We are still in the pleasant residence of Sheikh Bagh¹, as

¹ The Sheikh Bagh was a residence, surrounded with high walls and poplars, granted by the maharaja to the English visitors. The upper

the chaplain is away, and the ground our tent was pitched on is still damp and miry. It has been a great relief to us to be under roof for these few days. Yesterday morning we went to pay a visit to a nonagenarian moollah, of whom we heard as a liberally disposed man. It was at the far end of the city. Our boat stopped at his private garden-gate, opening on the river, and we passed under a trellis hung with bunches of grapes in profusion to his house. His room of audience was up two flights of stairs, delightfully cool, and with a lovely view of river, mountains, and gardens intervening. He was reading his daily portion of the Koran, which he interrupts for nobody, and we had to wait nearly half an hour, talking with his sons, pupils, and attendants. I was introduced to him as a "hafiz," or "one who knows the law or the Gospel by heart," a title which, of course, I disclaimed, and which was given me, I suppose, because I quoted texts to them frequently. Our conversation chiefly ran on the great evil of the world, and the need of Christ's return to restore and regenerate. I told him of some of Daniel's prophecies. He and his sons said they were also looking for Christ's return. He had the tea brought, which was highly drugged and perfumed, and poured out of a samovar, or a kind of teapot used in Russia, as you know, the fire being inside the teapot instead of outside it as in ours. The cups were of real china, much of the same sort which used to adorn our great-grandmothers' sideboards. Some native bread and sweetmeats were also on the tray. I left a Persian New Testament for his sons, and hope it may be read.'

'5. The worst day we have yet had. Insults almost *insupportable*. Spoke on Heb. ii. ; little to relieve the sadness of the day. What one felt to-day was that, in face of so many seeming failures of fulfilment of God's word, one must be blind to all but His simple commands and directions, and leave all fulfilment and all clearing up of His own truth and righteousness to Himself. "Dead to himself, and *dead in Him to all besides*;" and "*all is right that seems most wrong*, if it be His sweet will." Every Christian is a crucified man; does not know Christ till he is especially self-crucified, and in self is included all that is one's own — own religion, wisdom, strength, glory. "Let not wise man glory," &c. This one great secret of Christ's truth, and Christ Himself, slays the dragon, the "rakshas" of self — *none else can*.'

room was the church; at this time very ill-appointed, it would seem. French had to send his own camp-table when he administered the sacrament. The lower room served as the chaplain's residence. There was nothing distinctive to mark it to the natives as a place of worship. There was a little graveyard, too, where generally, year by year, one of our fellow-countrymen was laid to his last rest.

The next days were a little better, but on the 8th and 9th the insults were revived.

‘Days of violent abuse and scurrilous attack of all kinds. Afternoon of 9th set out for Goolmurg, as the weather seemed to weaken us, and we were making no way towards vigorous health.’

There was, perhaps, another reason for their departure. The Wuzer had complained to the Resident, and the latter wrote to restrain the public preaching.

Against these restrictions French at Goolmurg sent a vigorous protest, of which the substance is here given :—

‘*Aug. 11.* (1) We shall hope to adhere as nearly as in conscience we are able to the instructions we have received from you, but we cannot but think it hard ; and in no other native state in which I have preached before, whether large as in Gwalior and Jyepore, or small as in Tonk and Kerowlee, has such restriction been placed upon us. It seems hard that every form of teaching, except the Christian, should be “licita” in a stato which exists by protection of a Christian Government.

‘(2) There is no liberty conceded of purchasing or renting a place in the city ; we are left, therefore, to the one resource of preaching in places of public resort, with every effort on our part, by friendly attitude and gentle bearing, to disarm prejudice.

‘(3) We have never stood on the bridges ; on one occasion only close to a mosque—these being non-essential points we gladly, in regard to these, desire (as we have always desired to show respect and deference to Government, both our own and other) to fall in with your request. Wholly to abandon every place of public resort, where the broad places are such as to hinder no man’s business, and there is no danger of roads being blocked up, simply because of some angry words, and ridicule, and abuse with which we were assailed, would be a reason which, if pushed to its furthest limits, would stop almost all preaching of a public character everywhere, and would be an oppressive and vexatious infringement of liberty, such as, I think, our Government could scarcely approve. Certainly it would in no way commend itself to our consciences in the sight of God.

‘(4) Angry disputations are not to be wondered at in religion touching the deepest and most vital interests of man, and awakening within himself the most terrible struggles he is conscious of, and this must be expected to be the case in the outer world as in the inner world of the heart—but this is not confined to Christianity. Hindus *v.* Hindus, Mohammedans *v.* Hindus have always held these ; but there has been liberty, for the most part, among the old Governments of India. Lately in Benares the English

troops or police were held in readiness to prevent ebullition of feeling and collision between two rival sects of Hindus. The maharaja is at liberty to take any such course, but not to interfere to prevent the preaching of the Gospel on the part of the English, or to prevent forcibly full religious liberty in a country under British protection.'

To this protest and a letter of Mr. Clark, Captain Girdlestone sent a very courteous reply on August 14:—

MY DEAR MR. CLARK,

... If you will read again my letter of the 8th to you, you will see that my prohibition, couched in form of a request, extended only to preaching in the neighbourhood of mosques and temples, and on bridges and approaches to them. I also expressed a strong opinion on the imprudence of preaching in other parts of the city, but I carefully refrained from using such words as could be construed into a prohibition. The point was left, as it still is, to your discretion; and so far was I from feeling that you would accept my recommendation that, at the time of writing my former letter to you, I communicated also to the Wuzcer my wish that, in the event of your continuing to preach in other parts of the city than those prohibited, such arrangements might be made as might ensure, as far as possible, that you should be treated with respect and not assaulted, and that no collision should take place.

Perhaps Mr. French will be kind enough to accept this as an answer to his letter as well as to yours.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

CH. GIRDLESTONE.

The station of Goolmurg (*mountain field of roses*), whither the missionaries had retired from the hot unsavoury streets of Srinagar, is now a well-established sanitarium. In those days it afforded but scant accommodation, and so was a great resource for poor officers who found the other hills too costly.

'Here,' says French, 'a small tent or two of the most uncomfortable kind, with a log-hut or cot made of pine branches intertwined, costs little or nothing. I think I never saw English ladies in such hopelessly desolate abodes. As it has been raining nearly all day to-day, pretty heavily at times, the huts and cots were swimming, and the tents reeking inside and out with moisture, and the poor ladies sitting *outside* with wood fires to comfort themselves with, like backwood settlers.'

On the day of his arrival he wrote to his daughter :—

‘I wish I had words and leisure to describe to you the beauty of the spot where I sit now to write. . . . First of all, there is the charming vale of Cashmere, of which the poet Moore sings, “Who has not heard of the sweet vale of Cashmere?” or some such words. This stretches out on the left hand, with its soft green flowery meads and orchard-groves, interrupted only by low eminences cropping up of yellow clays, which the sun gilds with a peculiar brilliance at times, as its gleams flit fitfully along the plain. In front of us is an undulating region of pine forests, with a sloping glade, or green flat as the case may be, most tempting to any who are charmed with park-like places. . . . Then to the right, oh! such a valley, reaching up and up with a winding ravine, of which portions only here and there come into sight, with the snake-like silvery stream, which comes with gentle flow just at present from the small snow-field above, which usually veils itself very coyly and bashfully, but at times lifts its cloud-veil and discloses beauties which attract me greatly, for I am always haunted with memories of perpetual snow-cliffs. . . .

‘There are a dear, pious old couple, an American lady and gentleman, up here. He is sixty-five; of course, it would not be right to say how old she is, and I don’t know either. They have a son a missionary, but this delightful old pair thought they would like to go round the world, and specially visit their son in India. . . . They went by the San Francisco route *via* Japan and China, and have been a year or so here. I breakfasted with them after a long ride up the latter half of the road from Srinagar yesterday morning, and it was quite a treat to see such a courageous, hearty, aged couple battling with wind and weather, toil and tide, sea and mountain, as they have done. They are so patriarchal, and the old man read his day’s lessons (Jer. xxxii.) at prayers so softly and feelingly. It would be a subject for Millais to paint that group in the tabernacle of palm branches. They occupy a lovely knoll on the highest part of the ridge almost, with quiet forest pathways behind for quiet promenades. Above the grassy, undulating tableland, with its deep depression in the centre, rises on all sides a round belt of pines for about one thousand feet; then, above these, other greenest of green meadows; then gaunt, giant rocky cliffs above, with patches of snow and mists travelling along their peaks, and hovering soft and tremulous first on one and then another. I have never seen any scene quite like it before. It is a most affecting contrast to me after the noisy, abusive, crowded streets of Srinagar, where we have been preaching day after day lately, to come aside for a little while and enter into God’s own chamber, as it were, and shut the door about us to keep the outer world out.’

Here they spent about a fortnight, helping the chaplain

in his ministrations and having pleasant intercourse with Mr. Long, the missionary from Calcutta, whom French describes in very racy terms:—

‘He is full of information of value, and brings forth mass after mass of piles of learning he has accumulated, and now he is come to study Cashmere, and to glean from the celebrated pundits of this district some more sheaves to add to his stores. He is really a wonderful man, and is a great lion all over India for his unwearied efforts in behalf of the *serfs* of the soil, as he believes the *ryots* to be. . . . You will remember that he was imprisoned once for a month, so that he is a sort of martyr for popular liberty. He is perfectly bronzed, and like a wild man of the woods—more like a jogi than any one else. The doctors forbid him living in India any longer (he has been thirty-one years or so in it), and this is his last hot weather here. . . . He proposes living in Russia henceforth, as he is exceedingly attached to the Russian language, church, institutions, &c. He studies Russian some hours daily. We tell him, when the Russians enter India, we shall expect to see him return installed as chaplain-general of the Forces. He stayed some weeks or months at St. Petersburg, and made the acquaintance of the leading savants and litterateurs there.

‘He is going to hold a conclave of Cashmere pundits next week, when we go down the hill again; and another such durbar of pundits awaits him at Lahore, where the great (but anti-Christian) Dr. L. is to entertain and fête him. His liberality of sentiment, with which I cannot at all concur, embraces everybody in a bond of amity and comity which seems of wondrous elasticity.’

By Aug. 24 they were at work again at Srinagar, with the usual vicissitudes of opposition and success. Thus on the 25th he wrote in his diary:—

‘Preaching in new bazaar. Sorely harassed by opposition. Great ingenuity of hinderers. First, dirt from top of house, then pelted with dirt and bricks, then lime burnt and scattered in air. Had to get behind pillar to escape stones. Clapping of hands, whistling, hooting of all kinds. Book taken and given me back, torn by youth, saying he had read it; must give to boys and youths no more. Keep it by me to remember to pray for Cashmere. A merchant out of lalach (covetousness) took us home, and gave us some tea out of china cups. There were malachite cups from Ladakh, which when moistened are used as eye ointment; if poison put in by enemy the cup cracks and reveals the treachery. Come home sadly heart-broken. Clark’s beautiful prayer about Christ’s omnipotence, man’s extremity.

“We have preached to dry bones, now come home to preach and

prophesy to Thee. Come from the winds, O Breath. Abraham's intercession, if ten righteous, might it be so in Cashmere. One God—against this, the Hindu; one Mediator—against this, the Mohammedan; against both, the corrupt heart of man."

'Five hundred Cashmere Buddhist missionaries, not one a missionary for God and Christ. Is God dead? Are the prophets so powerless and effete that one will not come out? not one thirsting after God's righteousness, after *purity of heart*?'

The 26th was 'a much more encouraging day,' of which he wrote to Cyril:—

'I preached about the idols being utterly abolished, and the little hill of Zion being exalted above their high mountains of the Himalaya, Nanja Parbat, Dhaulagiri, Kinchin Gunga, &c. It was very different from yesterday, when we were pelted with dirt and stones for about an hour, and I had to get behind a pillar to screen myself, and preach half from behind it as best I could. However, an Irish court in London would be worse still, and the stone of their heart is worse than the stones they throw at us. To-day my bag of books was nearly emptied, besides one or two forcibly carried off which we did not mean to part with. One little boy begged for one for an hour, but I could not give him one. He followed me down to the boat, and when we pushed off from the land he stood with outstretched hands begging still. It would have made a pretty picture.

'27. Must leave a sad dark blank for to-day's preaching, one of such unrelieved sorrow and resistance to the truth.

'One blind woman rushing about with a stick, laying about all that were present to hear.

'28. This morning a little more hearing, but much spoilt by a drunken, frantic fakir, whom the enemies of truth put forward, who leapt into the air, with demoniacal gestures and distorted features, in the wildest, most fiendish manner. I told them they were welcome to their moollah (as they called him), if such he was—much good and truth they would learn from such a man. A school close by was let loose, apparently for the very purpose of shouting and interrupting, but was not so bad as sometimes.

'O Cashmiris, this love in our hearts to you, is it from heaven, or from Satan? If we preached for lucre or for raj, might be Satanic; if for your souls alone, then how so?'

At last, leaving Srinagar, they went to Islamabad by boat, and preached at a great *mêla*. The Cyclopean Buddhist ruins at Avantipore and Muttun (or Martand, the Temple of the Sun) excited their great interest. French was stirred

to fill half a note-book with rude sketches, quite an unusual thing with him, and speaks of having begun to celebrate their fame in poetry; but the sketches would not enrich our national collections, and the fragmentary verse is lost.

Two years later he revisited the country with Mr. Wade and the young doctor 'Benjamin,' who lost his life so sadly at the conclusion of the trip.

In Cashmere he was this year kindly entertained by Mr. Wynne, the Resident, who invited him to meet his old Rugby friend, Douglas Forsyth, just starting on his famous Kashgar expedition. But the chief interest was the Amarnath pilgrimage, in which he took a part. They went by boat from Baramulla to Islamabad, from whence the pilgrim route strikes up into the mountains. From Chandunwari (mountains of Cashmere) he wrote on August 2:—

'Two days by boat up the Jhelum brought us to Islamabad. We set off for Amarnath next morning, and have marched the last three days steadily upwards towards the famous pilgrim's hill. It was a very laborious and stiff pull up rocky heights to-day. I sent back my pony; after trying to ride him for a mile or two, his hoofs began to be splintered and broken with sharp jagged edges of rocks, and we were fain to do the rest on foot, and so it must be for the three remaining marches, if, indeed, I have strength to master them. I am surprised to find I can push on at all in the escalading of these heights, but the air grows cooler as we ascend, and the scenery is grander and more imposing, filling one's heart with gladness and one's lips with praise ever afresh at the wondrous work of God. . . .

'Happily for us, the maharaja's son is on his way to the Amarnath shrine, and is only a march or two behind us, so that to some very limited extent "the crooked places are made straight and rough places smooth," and literally "the stones gathered out of the way"; and everywhere leaf-buts and screens are being erected, piles of faggots heaped up, provisions stored, little illuminations planned, ground smoothed for his tents and those of his followers; even bridges of very light texture thrown over mountain streams, which we should else have the *inconvenience*, if nothing worse, of crossing.

'I met a party of pilgrims under some trees, where they sat panting and resting after the fatigue of the steep ascent. I gave them a little address, and asked them whether they could not find God at home, that they had come to the top of this steep hill in search of Him? An old man replied that though it was true

He could be found at home, yet it was pleasing to Him to be sought with toil and self-sacrifice. Toilsome no doubt this journey is, and much of the merit seems to consist in the privation and fatigue these poor pilgrims endure. The journey, too, is taken under pressure of a severe fast and scanty clothing, which, before reaching the summit of Amarnath, they exchange for an apron of birch-bark (called *bhogpūtra*) as more acceptable to Shiva, their deity, than ordinary clothing. I could not but think, as these poor fellows made me go before them yesterday, how gladly one would be allowed to lead on a real pilgrim band, singing from the heart the hymn which Bickersteth has, I think, "Onward, Christian pilgrims." I thought how different the old Jewish pilgrims, singing their Songs of Ascent: "How amiable!" "I was glad when they said." &c. The crowd of pilgrims does not pour up this part of the valley for two days hence, as the rule is, that the silver umbrella (*chūtri*) comes first—i.e. the maharaja; and then the other umbrellas in size and colour, representing (degree) of yogi-ship, or rank of sanctity: very broad and dingy yellow coloured umbrellas, the austere set of yogis. We have left Benjamin and his assistant, with their medical mission stores, a little way down the hill to work in the villages.

'Much of the impressiveness and solemnity of Amarnath seems connected with its majestic approach. There was much in the greyish-red limestone mountain and its towering minster-like peaks, peculiarly combining gracefulness and massiveness, to remind one of pictures of Horeb and the plain at its base, where

"Israel lay on earth below
Outstretched, with fear and wonder."

Anything more ridiculous or puerile than the "darshan," or sight of the deity, with the hope of which the poor pilgrim is beguiled as the goal of his expectation, it is scarcely possible to conceive. Heathenism has to eke out, therefore, its wretched husks of consolation by bringing to its aid the wealth of some of the most stupendous handiworks of God. . . .

'The laborious climbs up piles of stones and pathways of very precarious footing, above chasms and ravines, though easy and almost inviting to the young intrepid mountaineer, were very exhausting to the aged pilgrims and feeble women, whom we found at times lying half-dead on the footpath, as if gasping their last breath.

'The day after our arrival was specially bleak and inhospitable. Cold winds and driving rains from the glaciers, which every stray sunbeam showed brilliantly white with fresh snowstorms, were very chilling and damping to the energies, even in attempting to work within tent. The poor servants said three days like it would kill them all. The next day was bright and genial, and my friend, Mr. Wade, with a native student of our little train, accomplished the last ascent over about a mile of snow. I must confess to have

recoiled with a reeling head from some of the dizzy pathless heights, and not gone so far as I intended : for I had only meant to go to a certain distance from the cave, through a kind of scrupulous fear I had of being supposed to have achieved the utmost height, not from curiosity or for information's sake, but because I believed in the religious efficacy of the *darshan*. I found reasons afterwards to feel I had judged soundly in abstaining from the "forbidden look," in the evident wish of some of the pilgrims to represent us to themselves and others as having a common object with them in sharing their pilgrimage.

The cave, which is only an exposed hollow in the gypsum rock, has been visited and painted by several Englishmen. The sight, or "darshan," resolves itself into three things:—(a) A mutilated black stone image of the bull of Shiva. (b) A huge block of ice, clear as crystal, about seven feet by three, and perhaps two feet high, on which a blanket is spread, and the offerings of the pilgrims reverently laid, varying from one pice to several rupees. These are said to be shared between the maharaja, the pundits, and the yogis, who are fed daily whilst within a certain fixed distance from the shrine. At Muttun, five stages off, I saw them summoned by the "shauk" call to partake of the daily dole. All the yellow-ragged, chalk-smeared members of the throng are singled out, and seated in a circle to be fed. (c) A number of pigeons in the holes of the rock. Each little party, on emerging from the cave, makes its vaults ring by crying aloud, "Amarnath Ji ka jai," or like words ; and it is contrived that a pigeon should be disengaged and fly out of the cave at the same time, and this seems the climax and witness of the "darshan." Of this there seems no doubt, even on these poor pilgrims light enough has dawned to make some of them doubt of this being any manifestation of the Deity ; so, when asked in what the "darshan" consists, they say that it has a shape of which their souls have an impression, though it is indescribable to others. What disappointed me most was to find how few there seemed to be who had set out on the journey from a fervent heart-sprung desire to find and see God. To such one hoped the disappointment would be wholesome, and the Gospel crossing their path at such a seasonable hour would prove refreshing. Such there were, I believe, but fewer than one's hopes.

The same day, about ten o'clock, the maharaja's son arrived with a large retinue, and then the pilgrims flocked in by troops. It was a curious sight, from the knoll on which we were, to see the successive line across the broad plain, like emmets from an ant-hill. This procession continued for eight hours or so, till some 7,000 were gathered, mostly from Cashmere and the Punjab, but a goodly number also from the large towns of India, as far as Bombay and Calcutta. At evening, the smoke of the cooking-fires

rose like a cloud from the slender tents, which were pitched on a gentle slope beneath the Horeb-like hill. The tents were densely packed with human beings, crowding together to secure some warmth. Those from the plains of India evidently felt the cold keenly. Some, very few, succumbed to cold, weariness and hunger, and left their bones on the way. This was nothing, however, to the percentage of deaths recorded by Hunter as decimating the pilgrims of Jagannath, where intense heat, flooding rains, cholera, malaria, bad food, and the stifling effluvia of the huts at Pooree, slay their thousands annually. The next day was the great day of the "darshan." In order to secure this, there must be a rigid following of rules, ascending by one rather precipitous route, and descending by another. The inversion of this would forfeit all the pūnya, or merit. The first march homewards, too, must follow a certain difficult path, or the "darshan" is lost. Our chief intercourse with the pilgrims was on their homeward way. Many of the most interesting conversations were held by joining ourselves to them during the marches, each of which along such roads occupied about five hours. The native doctor and his stores (an invaluable accessory to the missionary on these journeys) we had left three stages back; but even the few medicines we had with us were of use in conciliating the hearts of the people, and not a few expressions I heard of recognition of the kindly sympathising treatment of the padri sahibs.

At the end of their first march the poor pilgrims found enough to damp much of their newly-kindled fervour, whatever such a "darshan" of such a deity as Shiva was worth: pelting rains, dripping sycamores, birches, wild cherry trees and pines; and long dank grass, with mire and marsh hourly deepening. However, pine branches readily igniting even under such circumstances, the poor creatures made the best of it, cooked their rice or *ātā*, and prepared for another march. The coolies, with their little chafing-dish in a wicker-basket, screened from rain by their outer clothes, seemed most comfortable of all. Some few conversations of great interest took place that evening both with poor and rich, unlearned and learned. At dark we had a large group of the latter gathered round our tent, who asked for a complete account of what we believed mookti (salvation or emancipation) to be: when it began?—what the means of it?—what it freed from? One old man seemed specially warm and hearty in the inquiry.

Another, who had read (though a pundit bearing the Shiva's mark) Dr. Pfander's *Mizan-ul-Haq*, wanted a whole Gospel, or Law, or Psalms; for, when he found verses quoted, he had often wished to verify the quotations, and could not feel satisfied till he did; so he begged hard for one of these *whole*—a portion did not seem to satisfy him. I had one copy of the entire Persian Gospel, but it being the only one, I would not make him a present of it, as

I could not part with it without testing his real earnestness. He left me, but soon returned with the chilkie I asked for the book (a shilling in value), and carried it off, clearly with great relief to his own mind. It is very gratifying thus to trace the co-operation of the Tract and Bible Societies, and to trace also the extent of the results of the labours of my revered predecessor, Dr. Pfander, whose portrait one's memory must ever lovingly preserve. Pfander and Duff always appear to me the pair of men whose work has most largely told on India amongst missionaries. This, however, is known only to God. Perhaps the work of the former, as being a written work, bids fair to last the longest. Would that our missionaries were but half alive to the value of the brain and the pen (with prayer and pains) as joint instruments of graving truth deeply even in the rocks of men's heart, where the spoken word glances often swiftly off the too-smooth surface.

The dearth of everything in these upper valleys made the pilgrimage a very hurried matter, so it was only by continued marching abreast of the pilgrims, and peripatetic preaching, that anything could be accomplished. The opportunities at the Hardwar mēla must be much greater. A group would sometimes be found seated in a walnut grove, or apple orchard, or under the shadow of a great rock, or by a spring of water; these were often found ready to listen to short addresses. The bulk of the people appeared to be Brahmins, and were, on this pilgrimage at least, Shiva-worshippers, as opposed to the Vishnu-worshippers of Jagannath. There seemed to be many excellent pundits among them.

"The sadhus and yogis appeared a terribly debased and greedy, sensual lot, constantly intoxicated with bhang, yet incessantly boasting of their poverty and chastity, and their life of perpetual "bhajan," prayer and praise. There was scarcely a man amongst them who could read. No doubt many of them started on the ascetic course with some high aspirations. One cannot help hoping that, by appealing to the relics and reminiscences of these, some slumbering soul here and there may be re-awakened. St. Paul's description of the Cretians would not be inapplicable to most of these; yet how lovingly and touchingly he pleads even for such as these, likening himself to them, and bringing himself to their level, as it were: "For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another" (Tit. iii. 3). Their wandering, mendicant habits, and the way they intrude themselves on all classes of the community, and the awe, if not respect, which they inspire, render them capable, if under the influence of the Gospel, of being useful colporteurs or strolling preachers. . . .

"Only one such man among the Amarnath pilgrims seemed attracted by the Gospel. He reappeared at different points of the

march, and sat down to listen with a determined air, and was evidently of a serious and thoughtful cast of mind altogether—not without refinement and education, able to appreciate the books he got from us—with the sort of countenance one does not forget. Another person we could not forget was an elderly lady, who must have been a Sikh—at least, her memory of texts and passages out of Nanuk and the Grunth seemed prodigious. She was a person of great dignity of bearing—probably of high family. All, at least, seemed to look up to her with reverence, and she could say what she pleased to every one, which she did with a natural eloquence and easy grace which was quite striking. She walked on foot, like the rest, performing her march daily; she seemed to be quite alone, but might have had retainers in the rear. She took to us greatly, and to our books. We had four or five conversations with her, and the Gospel seemed to charm her. If the pilgrimage were a romance, she was certainly the heroine of it. She promised to come and pay us a visit in Lahore. Were she truly converted to God, we thought what a powerful and striking lady-preacher she might become, with God's blessing. I was addressing a group of sun-worshippers on the witness borne by the sun and moon to the great Creator, out of the nineteenth Psalm, when she suddenly appeared, and in a quiet, yet powerful voice, with uplifted hands, brought testimonies from Nanuk to the truths I was trying to proclaim. It was a curious and very unwonted sight—a prognostic, let us hope, of many such sights in days yet to come. There is no doubt that in the age of Nanuk, his female disciples played a very important part, as well as in the modern Kookie (so called) reformation of Sikhism. These things carry us back to the curious old notices of Druid priestesses and German prophetesses which we have in Tacitus and Caesar; or, still better, to the honourable and most serviceable place assigned in the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles to womanhood, ennobled and elevated in Christ. The last we saw of her was on the Jhelum bank, between Islamabad and Srinagar. We had taken a boat, and were dropping down the river; and she recognized us from under a grove of chunar (plane) trees, where she was resting on her journey, and beckoned to us her salaams. Well may we pray that the good seed may take root in that seemingly well-prepared heart, and that she may become herself of that good seed sown by the "Son of Man,"—the good seed are "the children of the kingdom." I was sorry I had not more copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress* with me, so very apposite for pilgrims; and still more sorry that I had not the Prophet Isaiah in Hindawi, which one finds so searching and arresting to idolaters.

'The important ceremonies of this pilgrimage appear to end at Muttun, a large village of pundits under a fine grove of chunars.

‘The whole place is musical with the sound of gushing springs and flowing rivulets, not improved by the “shauk,” or hoarse shell of the numerous temples; for there are upwards of fifty pundits’ houses, with some large schools and religious institutions. Muttun is the corruption of Martand, a Sanscrit name for “sun,” to which deity a large (and once very splendid) temple is now dedicated. There can be little doubt it was Buddhist in its origin and early worship. Now that Buddhism has well nigh disappeared from the Indian soil, leaving little witness but these and other gigantic ruins, the Hindus ignore its past existence wholly—hardly know the name of Buddha or Gautama in these parts; appropriate the temple of Muttun to their own sun-worship, and attribute its erection, as of all Cyclopean buildings of the kind, to the Pandus of old classic renown. The Hindu pilgrim finds part of his “darshan” in the old Buddhist temples.

‘At Muttun books were rather eagerly sought after, and some few very favourable hearers gathered round us. It was not the great day of the “sun-festival.” At Islamabad, three miles further, one of the pilgrims had got a *Pilgrim’s Progress*, and had evidently read it to profit. He had Nanuk’s books with him also, and seemed (like the old lady) to have discovered a kind of “præparatio evangelica” in them. The Sikh looks for a perfect guru, as the Hindu for a “sinless and spotless incarnation”; both are exhorted to find what they seek in Christ. The pilgrim spread his blanket under a shady chunar, and asked me to teach him more, which I did for some time; and gave him a copy of the four gospels in Punjabi, his native tongue. He accepted it with great reverence, and when I went in to get some breakfast, began reading it to a considerable audience about him, who, however, made him finish with Nanuk, and, as I thought, were rating him soundly for taking the rôle of a Christian teacher. On the whole, I met with none more earnest and more powerfully drawn to the Gospel than this man was. The sloks or couplets of Nanuk and Kabir would afford a most interesting subject of study and investigation to the Christian missionary who could find leisure to devote himself to them. They are certainly very wonderful as witnesses to something like Christian morals; but they are tinged with Pantheistic elements, which damage their force seriously and vitally in most cases. The new and supernatural birth is certainly symbolized in them, but is not at the root of the system as in the Gospel. Sikhism is, however, far more naturally allied to Christianity than Mohammedanism. When, as now in Lahore, the Brahmo, Mohammedan and Hindu, leagued in unholy alliance, stand on one platform in the bazaar to preach anti-Christ, and to resist the truth, no Sikh is found fraternizing with them; or, if ever, but rarely and feebly. Yet there are signs of a tendency to relapse into Hinduism. I was certainly surprised

to find some of them at Amarnath ; but I do not think they came with a heart.

‘Would that Cashmere might soon have added to its world-famed beauty and loveliness, “the beauty of the Lord our God” ; that added to its flowers of myriad shapes and hues which deck its lakes and meadows and hill-sides, and its lavish abundance of fruits in countless orchards, might be added yet those flowers and fruits of heavenly growth, of “life and godliness,” which might blossom and ripen to the glory of the Great Husbandman, whose true Vine Cashmere has never yet known, and, till it does know, can never know peace.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RITUAL REMONSTRANCE AND OTHER CORRESPONDENCE.

‘O pater luminum da nobis intellectum ut cognoscamus veritatem :
O pater spirituum da nobis animos ut defendamus cognitum.’—PEARSON’S
Prayer before Lectures.

‘I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.’

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

THE present chapter contains such extracts from French’s correspondence as may best convey a notion of his divers interests outside the limits of his work in college.

A Ritual Remonstrance occupied his thoughts a good deal during the year of his most serious illness in 1872. It was the time of the Bennett judgement in England, and the minds of many men were very naturally filled with vague alarm at the strange innovations of Eucharistic doctrine. Giant Pope as well as Giant Pagan seemed lifting up his head. In a letter to his father-in-law, written September, 1872, French explains the part he took in this matter.

‘The Church of England in India seems to be more and more paralysed in its action by the inroads of ritualism and positivism, and good men, especially those in high quarters like General — and others I could name, instead of lifting the banner and resisting these inroads of error, fly the Church of England as tainted and given up of God. It has been apparent in some sad cases in connexion with an appeal to Bishop Milman I drew up at

the request of some pious officers and others, who "sighed and cried" over the downward tendencies of things, and thought all should not be surrendered without an effort. Men are scattered far and wide, and it is difficult to make a rally and amass signatures. We may have some three hundred. The Tractarian organ published the appeal last week with considerable abuse and ridicule. But the wide apathy upon the subject is deplorable. . . . Much thought and expression of thought has been awakened throughout the Diocese, and Mr. Welland, Colonel Reynell Taylor, Sir W. Muir, and others think the appeal an instructive exposition of the real principles at stake. However, what has been done has been done in great weakness, chiefly lying upon my bed. It is rather apart from my true work in India, except as all of good or evil that takes place in the English body out here must filtrate into the native soil beneath. It has been a little curious that this move, long talked of and meditated, seems to have come to an issue as the result of a little knot of officers and missionaries gathered in our cottage in Abbottabad. The result will be as God pleases. I hope it is really a movement of prayer quite as much as of protest, and aims at building up at least as much as at breaking down.'

As there are some who find the exact type of French's churchmanship a topic that almost rivals in its interest his missionary work, and as his action on the present occasion has seemed to some of his critics hardly consistent with his own wide toleration of others, and even his own actual practice as a bishop afterwards, sufficient extracts from the document are given to show the general drift and scope of it. With the bishop's answer, and the remarks of the committee in reply to that again, it was published as a little pamphlet, and may still be found *in extenso* by those who are most curious in bygone controversy.

'We cannot but observe a steadily advancing process by which the conversion of the table of the Lord into the semblance of a Romish altar is practically being effected, though we are far from saying that those in fault err intentionally in this matter, or foresee the probable issues.

'(a) Among other things, which strike us as tending to produce these results, is the excessive attention paid to the decoration of the Lord's table, both on ordinary occasions by candlesticks, vases of flowers, and other imposing display of ornament; and more especially by the careful and artistic drapery of the table for the greater festivals of the Church's year.

'(b) This is followed by elaborately studied postures, crossings,

genuflexions, obeisances, and the like at the various services ; most emphatically at the administration of the Lord's Supper, when there is the greater danger that, through the adoption of such ceremonies, uninstructed minds at least should receive the impression that the Lord's table is to be regarded as an actual altar.

‘(c) Added to this is the frequently practised elevation of the elements (the cup especially), with other marks of adoration, all of which are observed in many instances to have the effect of attracting the minds of the worshippers towards that doctrinal teaching which avows the conversion or transubstantiation of the elements corporally and materially into the body and blood of the Lord. . . .

‘We are behind none in respect for the godly examples, monitions and ministrations of the faithful rulers and pastors of the Church of our fathers. We sympathize heartily with every legitimate effort to enforce the duty of a more reverential performance of divine worship than has prevailed amongst us, and to impress on the careless worshipper the binding constraint of the Sacraments of Christ's institution. But we do not find authorized in our Prayer-book, or even shadowed forth in the New Testament, a system in which the healthy action and free outgoing of the Christian life is repressed by the system which brings all Church members into subjection to their spiritual guide in every crisis, almost in every act of their soul's life.

‘The soul, thus preoccupied with the sense of its dependence upon the life-long intercession of an earthly priesthood, will find little need to re-assure and strengthen itself in the apostolic teaching of the perpetually enduring priesthood of our Lord Jesus. And what pains us most is that under the plea and pretext, nay in some cases doubtless with the well-intentioned purpose, of exalting the Saviour's honour, is wrapped up teaching which does Him the deepest and deadliest dishonour, by the stealthy usurpation of His office and dignities.’

The protest then referred to the notorious fact that many thoughtful and devout men were alienated by such practices and doctrines from the communion of the English Church ; whilst others, less seriously disposed, were disgusted with all Christian worship whatsoever, and led to make entire shipwreck of their faith. It pleaded on behalf of soldiers as those who could not plead for themselves, and in the smaller stations specially were left without a remedy ; it pleaded for the native church, prone while weak in the faith to be beguiled from the simplicity which is in Christ ; and it concluded with these words :—

‘Having said thus much, we desire with all respect to place the matter in your Lordship’s hands, pledging ourselves to fervent and continual prayer that the Spirit of power and love may direct and control your decision to His glory, and suggest such a course as may tend to the healing of our wounds, to the more lasting promotion of truth and peace, and to the saving and building up of souls.’

The protest was received by Bishop Milman with scant sympathy. He took exception to the want of definiteness in the charges brought forward, denied all ground for the alarm, retorted the untidiness of many missionary churches, and blamed the appellants for want of charity. His answer, however, ended with a word of caution against all rash innovations.

In conclusion, I must add my earnest hope that my inability to accept your statements may not in any way be an encouragement to any needless novelties or useless developments. I have, indeed, great confidence in the faithfulness, devotion, and wisdom of the clergy and laity generally, but one evil of unsubstantiated and vague charges is, that their necessary rejection by authority may suggest or tend towards the opinions or practices which those charges condemn. I therefore, though I believe it to be unnecessary, think it right to add this warning.

May the great Shepherd of the sheep guide us and guard us all, and make us to be of one body and one spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who is above all and with all, and in us all. Amen.

Your faithful servant in Christ,

R. CALCUTTA.

Calcutta, *Feb.* 28, 1873.

It may be added that French, though apparently rebuffed, yet learned from private sources that the memorial had been of some effect in checking appointments of an extreme character. He says of his own part in the matter:—

‘The Indian press discusses variously the appeal, some blaming the petitioners, some the bishop, some both. The worst of it is the Presbyterians make capital of it to vent their rancour against the Church of England, which may well seem black and blue all over with blows from friends and enemies. It is a great thing to feel one has tried to do one’s duty regardless of man.’

But if French was alert against the dangers of an ex-

cessive ritual, he was still more alive to dangers of ungodliness. 'It would be a sad repetition of the words "*Graecia capta ferum*,"' &c., he wrote, 'if India should tame her rulers into irreligion.' To illustrate this side of his character, and show that he was as bold in private as in public protest, a letter may be quoted which he wrote to some professing Christians who yet abstained entirely from public worship:—

'Will you bear a friendly reproof from me as regards God's house? Doubtless you have private reasons, into these I do not, of course, inquire; but may I ask you to consider seriously whether any of these could counterbalance the effect produced on those less serious than yourselves, who would shelter themselves under the excuse afforded them by the absence of others, more or less professing piety or regarded as such, and the effect, too, on the heathen and Mohammedans, whose heartbreaking remarks we have to hear, and blush as we hear them say from day to day that Christians have no care for God and His house of prayer, in fact have no religion.

'Nor—if the righteous scarcely be saved—can we safely omit any of the means of grace and helps to growth in holiness which God Himself has provided. Considering, too, the doubts and difficulties, reckless denial of and opposition to God's truth, which are floating abroad everywhere like a contagion, damping faith, chilling love, weakening spiritual power, can we have hope of resisting these effectually, except in the path of obedience and childlike imitation of Christ, and simple surrender of self to God's will? "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." "We are witnesses, so also is the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that *obey Him*."

'In quiet, prayerful consideration of this subject much more light will dawn than I can throw upon it. Yet I cannot leave this place without this testimony to my best wishes for your spiritual prosperity.

'Better to be trodden on the ground, befouled, bemired by feet of every by-passer, than to shut one's mouth and bear no witness for Christ.'

In the English soldier he always took a special interest. One English sergeant at Rawul Pindi professed himself so anxious to join his college at Lahore, that even the restriction about native dress would not restrain him. The negotiations ended, however, in his giving the whole of his year's savings to the work. The letter following, a pleasing sample of his correspondence with his children, ends with describing a soldiers' service:—

MY OWN DEAREST CHILD,

Feb. 13, 1871.

It seems so strange to me that you should be growing up into a young woman, and that I your own papa cannot have a peep at you to see what sort of difference height and age and more fixed features, and perhaps a more thoughtful expression, give. I often try to fancy to myself what you must be like; but I hope some day mamma will be able to send me a fresh likeness of you, that I may not bear in memory what you *were*, but what you are. I find it harder and harder to keep up correspondence with my beloved children, but as time runs on I long more and more to do so, and find more pleasure in doing so. For though a mother is loved almost or quite as much as she loves, yet I think a father loves more than he is loved, because he has so much fewer ways of telling out and showing his love. There is only one, our dear heavenly Father, whose acts of love to us we experience and may realize vividly every day and hour, if we watch for them; and every thought of love to Him in our hearts, is *His thought* of love to us echoing and reflecting itself back in ours, as you remember St. Paul says, 'After that we loved God, or rather were loved of Him!'. So this is not philosophy, but real sober fact, truest of all true things. I must think of you as long since back again at school, and deep in German, Italian, French, and I know not what other depths of history, and heights and flights of poetry and music! I'm afraid I was once a little proud of languages but I have had many hard knockdown blows from that text of St. Paul's, 'If I speak with the tongues of men or of angels, and have not *love*,'—you know the rest. And then I think, too, that it is the number of things well thought out, clear *ideas* in one's mind stored up and sorted in an orderly way, so as to be ready to hand when wanted and to be carried out in practice, and not so much the number of sounds one has picked up, and words for expressing the same thing—as, for instance, bread, pain, brod, roti (Hindustani), lehem (Hebrew), döddäez (Pushtu), nān (Persian), &c. Here are seven words, but only *one* thought or idea; so in one way I have learnt seven things, but only got *one thought*. Yet each language has some beautiful words of its own, expressing certain images or thoughts peculiar to the people who speak it, so that Goethe used to say a man who knew three languages had three souls! But now, I must have done with philosophy, or you will vote papa a bore, and his letters too! I suppose what made me think of *bread* so much was my subject yesterday at Meean Meer Church, where I was preaching to the officers and soldiers of several English regiments in behalf of my schools. I am so fond of preaching to poor soldiers! There are two long aisles of them, one side red coats, the other dark green

¹ Apparently a verbally inaccurate reminiscence of Gal. iv. 9.

coats. They come, since the Mutiny, to church with their swords on, which make rather a clatter sometimes on the stone or plastered floor, when they get tired of listening. Others stand outside the doors with muskets and bayonets to keep guard. Well, I preached to them about bread from Isa. lv. First, what was *not* bread; second, what *was* bread. As good old Mr. Hensman used to say, talking about sermons, that good brown bread was better than whipped syllabubs any day!—i.e. as you will understand, good plain useful sermons better than magnificent fly-away oratory. Then I tried to show them from the chapter what God called Bread.

I. The Lord Jesus Christ. The bread of God is He that cometh down from heaven. This is expressed in two ways in the chapter.

(1) The everlasting covenant, which always points to Jesus Christ.

(2) The *sure mercies* of David, as in the eighty-ninth Psalm, where the same Hebrew words are used, and referred to Christ, as St. Peter tells us in the Acts.

And He is our bread, (a) because Truth is bread, and Christ is the witness of Truth and THE TRUTH. (b) Because His life is the life of our dead souls. (c) Because the bread which He gives us is His flesh, which He gives for the life of the world, i.e. the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, when the soul receives and clings to it for all its hope, is bread to us.

II. The word of God is our bread. As in the tenth and eleventh verses, you see the illustration taken from the rain and snow, which causes the earth to bring forth and give life to the bread-producing corn. . . . Of course, yesterday I dwelt much on 'seed to the sower,' because our work in the Divinity School is to try and bring out of the Bible seed-lasket seed for the sower, i.e. for our students.

The connexion of students and soldiers is illustrated in another extract:—

'In calling on some of the families (of students) I found a pious English soldier sitting with them. It is curious that, not finding religious sympathy in the regiment, they like to come and make friends with the educated native Christians. I should think they must communicate a good deal, like the deaf and dumb, by signs, one not knowing English usually, and the other not knowing Hindustani; but it shows how in Christ Jesus is neither Jew nor Greek and national barriers are broken down.'

Mr. Wade told French it was no unusual thing to find a student explaining to some soldier, from church history, the dangers of Plymouthism. Nor was it only in church

or Bible reading, or lecture, or pleasant social evening at the college, that French came in contact with the British soldier. If there were cholera in any station where his travels brought him—however poor his own health at the time might be—nothing would induce him to leave, so long as he could help the chaplain, or comfort any sufferer.

Another branch of work was with the educated English-speaking natives. French had been elected a member of the Senate of the Punjab University, which gave him a position which he was not slow to use, and when the American missionaries invited him to lecture to the students, whom they gathered in their schoolroom, he gladly answered to their call. The following extracts refer to some lectures on Luther, which he was asked to give in 1873:—

‘I have not time to do the subject justice at all, though my heart always warms in studying Luther, and I long that the youths should study him too; for the veil over their hearts can only be taken away by such a clear and bare vision of the Lord Jesus as was given to Luther. One would wish on such a subject to have the gift of a Ryle or a Stowell, but still God can and does work through the weakest. . . .

‘Poor fellows, it makes me very sad to look at them, so many with strong convictions either stifled, or forcibly quenched and kept under by others, especially at the present moment. Many points in Luther’s character, of course, gave me an opportunity of pleading hard with them. I hoped my duty in this way would have ceased with last night, but as I was compelled to acknowledge I could not finish the subject—only got, in fact, to preparations for the Diet of Worms—I was let in for a second lecture a fortnight hence, and must think out some fresh methods of reaching the hearts of these young men. I do not think they much like coming to such close quarters; distant artillery suits them better than hand-to-hand bayonet struggle, yet such an occasion could not be lightly thrown away. Several of the Brahma Samaj people, and one or two leaders, were present last night. I don’t think they were very much pleased at the outspoken plainness. However, one of them said, “Sir, I hope there may be some Luthers among us.” “I hope so, too,” I said. He went on to say, “It’s true, we’ve not got a pope here among us, but there are others who wish quite as much to keep us in bondage.” I dwelt on the thought Keshub Chunder Sen once brought out, that the truth and religion for which Luther fought was their own—Eastern, not Western in

its origin. They had ten parts in David — and though their own books had many flashes and sparks of truth, yet the sum and crown of all truth was in the Gospel of Christ. I dwelt much, also, on the sharp and bitter heart struggles through which every really great leader and teacher of pure truth must pass, as illustrated by Luther. I quoted Professor Westcott's letter to show them with what real interest and sympathy universities of the West looked on schools of the East, especially in the matter of religious education. All this part of the lecture seemed to awaken much interest. . . .

'I am glad to have got over my second Luther lecture. I think it was better liked than the first. . . . One of the Brahmo Samaj got up afterwards and thanked me, and said what a great need they had in India of Luthers to fight against and redress the errors and corruptions under which they groaned, only unfortunately he thought that they need only go back to the teachings of some of their old Rishis in the Vêds, and not to the transforming, new-creating doctrines of the Gospel on which I had been trying to lay all the stress possible.'

Keshub Chunder Sen himself was lecturing in Lahore at this period, but it does not seem that French had any personal communication with him.

His correspondence with his friends and relations will throw light upon French's character and views of the claims of home and missionary work, and standard of missionary self-devotion. At times his zeal might seem to incur a just charge of enthusiasm, as his heart grew sore at seeing India denuded of efficient missionaries. Thus, when a Mr. C., whose father was a doctor, retired from the mission field for the sake of health, French wrote to him to say that he should not cease to hope and pray for his return, and that he must *not* be vexed with him for saying so, for *one* death of such as he in India, would be worth six lives in England. 'There now,' he added, in writing to his daughter, 'if I say such things as these, people will say your poor father is going quite out of his mind.'

With reference to a question from some lady about translation work, he wrote to the same daughter:—

'When I hear of any lady taking such work into heart and hand, I usually think of you, and wish it could be you. But I know that only God can call you by His Spirit and His provi-

dence to this work. At any rate, I shall so like teaching you a little Hindustani . . . that will not oblige you to work in India, but it will help you much if the door should ever be opened. Since I have seen what Mrs. — and Mrs. S. and others have been blessed to do in India, I feel more what a great sphere of good and useful service India is for ladies; and though they will have some severe, perhaps bitter and heart-rending, trials . . . yet oh! to suffer for such a Saviour, whose agony and bloody sweat, whose cross and passion, have done such great things for our souls, is it not incomparably greater than all the ease, comfort, and perhaps absence of peril and suffering, which is supposed to belong to England?’

The next letter to his son Cyril, whose mind at that time was divided between entering business and trying for the Indian Civil Service, is dated Lahore, Sept. 30, 1871, and contains a further allusion to the missionary call:—

MY OWN DEAREST BOY,

It seems to me a long time since I wrote to you, and on this, the first day after my arrival at my Indian home, I shall try to send you a few lines. . . . The same course of reading will, in many respects, be helpful for business in England, or for the Civil Service in India, especially in regard to mathematics, history, natural science, and general information, not forgetting *modern* languages, especially of England and Europe generally: making notes for yourself, if possible, getting well acquainted with the characters of the great men, and comparing and contrasting one with another.

Merivale's *History of the Roman Empire* and Grote's *History of Greece* are full of great characters, strikingly portrayed, as Corbulo and Agricola in vol. vii. One gets one's mind like a picture or portrait gallery in this way, and they again remind us of the times in which they lived, which gave occasion for their greatness to exhibit itself. Never mind always agreeing with what the historian says; have your own opinion sometimes too, only let it be well supported by facts.

In reading Herodotus and Thucydides, I kept a little dictionary of my own, in which I put down every notice as I came across it of places like Argos, Phocis, Miletus, Egypt, or of characters like Nicias, Pericles, Cleon, if they come in the poets putting down the quotation also; so one gets to know the full history of the place, or the man, as if one had to draw a picture, and one gave the nose, another helped us to the mouth, another the brow, &c., so the complete image is formed. Hallam on the *British Constitution* is rather a stiff book. His history of Europe, too, is heavy

reading, but it would have to come in preparing for the Civil Service. But it (the Civil Service) is a grand opportunity for doing good in a princely way, and serving God by an irreproachable, loving, and beneficent life in the sight of many millions. I say nothing of the mission work, because that comes of God, when a man is called to it, and if he is not called he had better break stones on the road, or paint door-signs a great deal than take it up. . . .

From the instances I see of Hindu youths who adore Shakspeare, and know all about English poets, historians, lord chancellors, &c., yet are as depraved and vicious and lying, or more so, than before, I am satisfied that only to be new-created in Christ Jesus unto good works is of any real lasting use, and helps a young man to persevere in grappling with doubts and false notions, and vicious thoughts and propensities, and makes him a pillar and prop to those about him. These are but few, but I do pray God my eldest son may be such, worthy of his grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It is a beautiful text, 'Let him take hold of *My* strength and make peace with Me, and he shall make peace with Me.' . . .

Your own ever-loving father,

T. V. FRENCH.

In another letter to the same correspondent, after recommending him 'to learn by heart and read aloud, as if you were the very orator spouting in the assembly,' a certain splendid passage in Demosthenes' *Aristogeiton*; and begging him in the next holidays to read a fine book by the late Baron Bunsen, called *God in History*, and to say what parts most struck him, and what parts he doubted about; and speaking yet again of the fine characters in history and of his own great interest in Wesley's *Diary*, and Brainerd's *Life*, which he was reading with his students, he concludes in the following words:—

But above all, let us, my dearest boy, study the holy, loving life of our dear Saviour, so as by beholding, as in a glass or mirror, the glory of the Lord to be changed into the same image. All rays of light scattered and distributed among good and holy men meet, are gathered into one, in Him, and there is no shadow in His light, no darkness *at all*—all light. Oh, what will it be to be *quite* like Him, and to see His face, see Him as He is, and to serve Him, and know Him, and enter into His joy for ever! That your life every day may be a preparation for this is the prayer of

Your very loving father,

T. V. FRENCH.

Such letters as this must have been very delightful and stimulating, though they may seem, perhaps, to expect too much of a boy in the Fifth at school. One more extract is, therefore, added, to show that other objects of boys' interest were not beyond the father's thought and sympathy:—

'Kite-flying is their great game just now, and they seem as eager in it as English boys are at football. The kites have no tails as ours, but they have immensely long strings, which the natives grease in some way, and then draw through fine sand, and the game is to cut each other's kite-string up in the air, in which case, I suppose, they claim the kite. It is a very *safe* game, at least, and as the kites are up in the air, they do not break their shins as at football. They are slowly taking to cricket, but only in the big schools. Men play at kite-flying as well as boys. I have never seen them run so hard about anything as after kites. Usually their rule is, never run when you can walk, never walk when you can stand, never stand when you can sit. Hare and hounds they would think great madness. . . . Some oranges and apples that came as presents to-day will help us very much in camp. Our khansaman did not think it could be Christmas without a small cake, so he has made one with some sugared crust. I wish I could send it you. I dare say you are often *very* hungry before dinner comes—at least I used to be.'

His younger children, too, were not forgotten in their father's letters:—

'I thought of little Edith yesterday (as her age corresponds) when I was reading a little anecdote, which I send her.

'Doddridge had a lovely little daughter, whom God took at the age of nine years. One day her papa said to her, "My dear, how is it that everybody seems to love you?" She answered, "I don't know, papa, unless it is that I love everybody."

'Now a story for Wilfrid, to warn him to write very plainly and clearly. A gentleman wrote to his friend in India to ask him to send two or three monkeys home to England for his children; but he wrote the 2 or 3 so unclearly, that it looked like 203. So when the monkeys came, lo! and behold, there came in the ship 163 monkeys. The gentleman said he had tried to get *all* the 203, but could only find 163. So the troops of monkeys came pouring out of the hold of the ship, much to the poor gentleman's dismay, who resolved, I dare say, to write more clearly for the future. I am reading the life of the great St. Wilfrid. Can Wilfrid guess why I am so much interested in reading it?'

The next extracts shall be from letters to his old missionary colleague Leighton, who had liberally helped his college:—

Multan, May 18, 1870.

Your affectionate letter of last week gave me much pleasure, and I will lose no time in replying to it. I am grieved to hear that your health has again suffered, and demanded cessation of study and present anxiety. I trust the words may be true in the case of your dear parish ‘and *should sleep* and rise night and day, and the *seed should spring.*’ Your turn of enforced sleep may be the time when the seed is swelling and germs of life developing. While superintending this mission temporarily I have one day (this week two days) of hard school work, and am thus reminded of our old days at Agra. Happy days they were in many ways, though chequered with deep sorrows, which we shall carry the scars of to our graves; but if they are only among the marks of the Lord Jesus, our sorrow shall be turned into joy. . . . God has given me marvellously restored strength, which I know not how to praise Him enough for, when I think how your heart’s earnest cravings after the dear old mission-field have been of necessity repressed hitherto. Still, I believe you are on our dear Saviour’s mission list, though not, I fear, on that of our C. M. S., and St. Peter’s office as an apostle was far from being a less honoured one when he stretched forth his hand and another girded him, than when he was young and walked whither he would; and many a missionary in fixed, humble, though ungranted purpose, will be higher in the ranks of the kingdom than those who seem in the forefront with outflow of energy and ardour—so I believe and expect, at least. . . . I thank you heartily for trying to help forward the work my heart is set upon. . . . I cannot forget your dear parish, and I do rejoice with you that you see grounds of hope and some fresh awakenings of conviction. . . . I should have liked one of my boys to be with you in the holidays in the snug rectory. I must not add more, for time is very scarce, and a hot wind has been blowing all day.

Nov. 7, 1872.

I do not like to delay a mail in replying to your loving letter, because your mind is evidently in suspense, and you have long been waiting for an answer from the Sanctuary to your fresh inquiry as to what His will is in reference to your fresh offer of yourself. First, let me thank you most lovingly for your new gift to our college—both from your good sister-in-law, and from yourself—especially for the *saered* part of the gift, which is in memory of your departed son and my godson; it is *one* last link of connexion between him and myself and my work. I suppose that through life you will find it a scar on the heart that cannot well be

healed, though there was so much to comfort you concerning him, and one always may rejoice (especially in days of rebuke and blasphemy like these) in the words of the old Greek hymn :—

‘The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;—
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.’

As regards your desire to return once more to the land of so many happy and so many sorrowful memories, I trust the Society’s decision will be entirely and wisely ordered of God. My illness of nine months’ duration this year has made me a little fearful of advising a return where the breakdown has been decided and prolonged, and the doctors’ orders peremptory. . . . I should, under your circumstances, deprecate your coming, unless you could hold your living (as I did) for one or two years, to see how India suited your health in the fresh trial of it. Many would welcome you heartily, but with a family (I am not sure how large yours is), unless there are private means, so extremely hazardous a risk should scarcely be run, so far as I can see the way in such cases. My wife has means, therefore (though we had not riches), it was not quite like exposing a family to the risk of utter want, or extremely limited and scanty resources. . . . Had I quite my own choice, I think I should return to occupy the neighbourhood of Agra, and traverse the old Rajputana roads, seeing that that part of the country has been so denuded and deprived of missionaries. But I wish to be a vessel set on whatever shelf, or in whatever niche, the Lord of the house is pleased to use me. . . . There are always abundant itinerating districts, which might be newly occupied, if it was clearly the Lord’s will you should come out to us again. It is only just lately that our weak and impoverished missions have been reinforced.

The last extract is from a later letter, after Mr. Leighton had removed from Bispham to his present charge in Manchester :—

‘You seem to have quite a missionary sphere appointed you, and I rejoice to hear that your health proves equal to its heavy weight of responsibility. I expect to see very many of the foreign labourers assigned a place *below* the workers in our large merchant cities in the great day of final award. From having known and tried something of both, I am almost disposed to give the palm to the standard-bearers in these vast Ninevehs with their myriads of the poor and suffering. But the reward is most of all in being

allowed to work anywhere, with such a Master and under the banner of such a Captain.'

One other series of extracts will show his interest in the Persian work of yet another former colleague, Mr. (now Dr.) Bruce. At first French had been grieved at Bruce's leaving India :—

Multan, *March 8, 1870.*

. . . I thank you exceedingly for the interesting and important news your letter contains about yourself and God's work in Persia generally. It leads me wholly to retract any urgent representations I may have sent you through others, praying you not to desert your old friends the Afghans. The openings you appear to have discovered seem to challenge you to remain until some more direct veto from God be put upon your following up these remarkable leadings of His providence. My heart sympathizes deeply with the working of yours, and I would gladly use any little influence I possess to induce our Society to sanction your remaining to fan the little coal that seems left, or the little spark that is now kindled, among that ancient and remarkable people. You are clearly working hard, and making considerable progress in Arabic and Persian; you could, perhaps, do so nowhere better than where you are, unless it were at Cairo. The present phase of the relations of Islam and the Gospel imperatively demands that we should have good Arabic and Persian scholars among our missionaries; and may God make you a polished shaft, hid in His own quiver for purposes only now breaking upon you, or in His good providence to be revealed.

Please God, I shall follow with the utmost interest God's thoughts to *youwards* as they are progressively developed, thoughts which cast into the shade all our little plans here, except so far as all tend, I trust, to the advancement of the same blessed cause of truth and the kingdom of our adorable Redeemer. Don't let the Church of England lose your affections, I pray you, spite of blemishes. Countries which from the beginning have been used to the discipline and formularies of a church cannot (even if others could) *bear* a purely spiritual and *informal* system. Our blessed religion is neither form nor the absence of form, but it spiritualizes and sanctifies the outward, using such time-honoured and simple ritual as that of our beloved Church for stepping-stones to heavenly things. Your little church of twelve at Hamadan charms me; it is a most primitive picture, like that of the upper chamber. I don't believe Mr. Venn¹, had he known all you tell me, would have laid

¹ This may refer to some decision of the C. M. S. Committee, but personally Mr. Venn had always been in favour of the retention of the Persian mission.

a veto on your free exercise of missionary judgement to go forward and do *great things* and *yet prevail*. What was thus said by Saul to David was typical of the covenant blessing which we inherit as Abraham's heirs. I shall now read the word of God about Persia with increased interest, and I hope I shall have at least one special day a week for remembering you.

TO MR. BRUCE.

Nov. 29, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

We have seen brief notices of a movement in your city, which has excited our prayerful interest and sympathy. How much of it is true we cannot say, but doubtless there are new grounds of encouragement which are enlarging your praises and your anxieties and hopes at once.

I have begged Hughes to send you from Peshawur ten copies of my little work. I take great shame to myself that I have not sent you a corrected copy, but I have been almost crazed by the multiplicity of work thrown upon me and the infinity of detail, so that little seems to be done thoroughly and exactly: horses with three legs, and carriages with three wheels! Forgive this playful figure. I hope before this reaches you our dear brother Gordon will have arrived, and that he will, during his visit, greatly strengthen your hands and refresh your heart¹. He will enter in his quiet, loving, warm way into all that is now occupying your attention, whilst you travail in birth of souls till Christ be formed in them. May you have that word fulfilled, 'She remembereth no more the anguish. . . . I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.' We are mourning much barrenness as yet, and can only look across to you with yearning yet not envious eyes, and rejoice with you that time has revealed the Lord's purpose in making you bent upon Persia. Clark and I have been thinking to-day that perhaps you might be able to send us *with* Gordon one or two spiritually-minded youths, who might, after rapidly acquiring with Gordon the Hindustani, go through our two years' course, carrying back their note-books to Isfahan or elsewhere, and so helping your work forward as trained Christian teachers. I do talk Persian, as you know, though, of course, rather of a literary kind. . . . It would be very delightful, dear brother, if your work and mine could thus be in any humble way associated, for at present the King has delighted to honour you, and if I can hold your horse's rein, like Mordecai's, in your progress through the city, gladly indeed would I have my services put in requisition. . . . Do get, if you can, the second series of McCheyne's sermons. I find them a wonderfully effective method and instrument of

¹ This was the famine time in Persia, and Gordon stayed to help.

reaching men's hearts, native as well as European. In conversing with inquirers its imagery and impressive (language) strikes at the conscience, and its weeping yet manly appeals are calculated to arrest and win. . . . How thankfully should I learn that H. Martyn's year in Persia had had any direct connexion with the movement, if it proves genuine and lasting. We must not, I hope shall not *sin* by ceasing to pray for you. May many Iranians be trained up by you to come and build the temple of the Lord, when He reigns on Mount Zion.

With much brotherly love to your trio, and *your little Zion* in Isfahan,

Yours in great haste and greater sincerity,

T. V. FRENCH.

The revision of a little work upon the Psalms, *Injil Dāūd* (or *The Gospel of David*), occupied all his spare moments during the opening months of 1874. He was joined before he left by Hooper, his successor in the work.

On March 19, 1874, his last day in Lahore as simple missionary, the love borne to him by the native Christian congregations of Amritsar and Lahore found expression in the presentation of a chogah or cloak for himself, and a Cashmere embroidered shawl for Mrs. French. Imad-ud-din and Kadshu read addresses, and several of the English residents and American missionaries were present to express their sympathy.

One other matter may be mentioned as illustrating the old adage, that 'coming events cast their shadows before them.' On November 26, 1873, French wrote to his father-in-law:—

'I hope it will not be quoted in the English papers (as it is a pure mistake, I believe) that I have been appointed Bishop of Lahore. It has been so stated in the Punjab papers without the *slightest* foundation, so far as I am aware. I had even a letter from Mr. Clark to-day of congratulation and most loving brotherly joy. All that is true is, that it seems likelier than ever that we shall have a bishop. A visit once in four years makes the bishop seem very scarce indeed, and as church matters, I may almost say religious matters, are rather looking up since the exemplary and highly esteemed Lord Northbrook succeeded the unhappy though able Lord Mayo, it is to be expected that so great a need of the Indian church will be ere long supplied, though not out of the missionary list.'

An extract from a farewell letter of Mr. Shackell, one of the ablest missionaries in North India, bearing date on the day of the presentation (March 19, 1874), will further prove that the announcement, though it might be premature, seemed to those who best knew him a natural foreshadowing of an honour that would be very widely welcomed :—

‘How great will be your joy, my dear friend, to see your family once again, returning, as you are, worn with toil, but not weary of the good work, for rest and refreshment! Will you give yourself the needed rest? I fear you are only moving from one sphere of labour to another, and that thus it will be to the end. The resignation of Frost¹ will lead the Committee to urge you to supply his place. There would be a great field for your great powers, but I hope you will be determined to take rest, and then, if God will, return to us as our chief pastor. To have you rule over us would be a joyful day for the Punjab and Sindh, and I cling to the hope that it will be so. May you be guided aright, and meantime may you enjoy the trip home, and meet with gladness those so dear to you.’

¹ Then principal of the C. M. College, Islington.

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. EBBE'S, OXFORD, AND CONSECRATION TO THE BISHOPRIC.

‘Si vous nous ordonnez de paraître parmi les hommes et d’y remplir des offices publics, devenez, de plus au plus, O Dieu, la règle de nos actions, le but de nos efforts, la loi de notre vie. O Dieu, qui êtes tout vérité, sainteté, beauté, tout honneur, justice, donnez-nous de grandir dans l’amour de tout ce que vous êtes. Donnez-nous, de plus en plus, la bienheureuse incapacité de trahir la vérité dans notre langage, d’abandonner la justice là où nous la voyons outragée, d’applaudir aux succès du mensonge . . . de trembler enfin et de nous taire devant les hautaines insolences des impies.’—PERREYVE.

WHEN he had left Lahore after the presentation, French felt a weight of toil and care removed from off his shoulders. His gratitude and his relief appear in every entry in his diary and every note. At Allyghur he saw much of a Shobha Ram, and another, and their delight in meeting him made him exclaim, ‘I could not again (after that) ever call natives ungrateful.’ He saw the Connors, too, who had come hatless and shoeless, with their family in pitiable plight, into the fort at Agra. ‘The old man,’ he said, ‘seemed overjoyed at seeing me again, and arranged his daughters in order, so that I might lay my hands on each to give them my blessing—the first time I have ever been asked so to do!’ March 24 and 25 were spent with the Muirs. ‘Days of heaven upon earth, almost.’ At Bombay he received this short missive from Hooper:—

‘Ο Ἀφγανὸς χθὲς ἐβαπτίσθη ἐν τῷ βαπτιστηρίῳ καὶ χαρὰ ἐπληρώθη.

So all was joy.

In Italy he spent some days of eager interest at Ravenna,

Bologna and Florence. He was most anxious to avoid the May missionary meetings, and timed his journey to rejoin his wife and family upon the evening of May 1, 1874. 'What shall I render unto the Lord?' is his entry in his diary that night. One of his first engagements was to preach the Ramsden (missionary) sermon at Cambridge on May 24. Indeed, in the providence of God, a great part of his time in England was now given to our universities. Some extracts from letters to his successor Hooper will show his engagements:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I wish you could have enjoyed with me the Cambridge visit of last week, enjoyable in all respects, but that the witness I delivered was painfully feeble, I fear. But there was a glow there of the Holy Spirit's kindling (I am persuaded), which, if my feeble testimony could not foster, at least it could not quench. Among the leaders of the missionary movement there are Professors Westcott, Birks, Cowell, Hort; and Messrs. Moule (2), Lang, Kirkpatrick, Appleton, Hoare, of the men in honours, or fellows and tutors of colleges. Thus, if Oxford is initiating a missionary movement, Cambridge is running a neck-and-neck race with it in honourable emulation, and rivalry, and mutual provocation to love and good works.

Incessant deputation work, relieved by occasional visits to relatives, together with hours devoted to instruction of my own dear children, to whom I owe some portion of my present leisure, as you will admit, cramp my correspondence sadly, though they do not prevent my being associated with you in heart and prayerful remembrance, most especially at this trying season.

My own health is greatly restored, though I feel that nerves and brain have gone through a good deal of shattering, and that the quiet of a Continental chaplaincy, which I hope to undertake from next month, is likely to benefit me greatly. . . .

The anxiety for missionary tidings in England is almost at fever heat, and I have not yet learned to subordinate other claims to those of India's deeper need. In Professor Westcott the Lahore institution seems to have stirred up a wonderful determination to grapple in Christ's strength with the whole question of Indian, Chinese, and other missions, such as would mark him out, perhaps, in the Romish Church for the head of a new order for the propagation of the faith. What a blessing might such a man be as an Indian bishop! . . .

I get various proposals adapted to fix me permanently in England, but wish to keep myself unfettered and unpledged till

I see how far my own health is firmly established, and how far my dear wife would be equal to sustain again the burden of so large a family. . . . My luggage has quite lately arrived from India, so she only saw her Cashmere shawl (presented by the Christians) for the first time yesterday. She is greatly gratified by this remembrance of her on the part of the native flock. . . . I shall not hope to hear much of the views you have formed of the best methods of working with the students till after the long vacation. You will have matured your method and course of study more perfectly. . . . Please to give *bahut bahut* salaam to all the dear students, whom I try to keep constantly on my mind in prayer, only with more quiet and leisure abroad I hope to have them better presented to the mind in their distinct individualities. I do believe confidently that the Lord has called you to be a great blessing to them—though it takes time and patient (often, as it seems, thankless) toil to discover and realize that. With true brotherly love to dear Wade, Clark, Shirreff, Bateman (I hope gradually to keep up correspondence with all as occasions arrive), and with affectionate regards to your dear wife and yourself, I am

Your truly affectionate friend,

T. V. FRENCH.

To Professor Westcott he wrote :—

‘You will, I know, considerably forgive my having delayed so long to acknowledge your most kind remembrancer of my happy and enjoyable visit to Cambridge, in the shape of your little work on *The Gospel of the Resurrection*, which I have already begun to read with interest and profit, and trust to add it to the list of works of living Cambridge divines, of which my students at Lahore, and the North-Indian church through them, will reap lasting and substantial benefit. I feel it is a great advantage to study the broad principles which yourself, perhaps more than any other Christian writer and thinker of our universities, have struck out on the aims to be kept in sight, and the methods to be pursued, in preaching the Gospel to the heathen nations of the world.

‘To us, who are embarked in the work, and are sent into the field, it belongs to carry into detail of practice those principles (and others akin to them), with such modifications (you would allow) as experience suggests and necessitates.

‘I can hardly imagine a work touching on more subjects which would (treated as you treat them) call forth my heart’s interest and sympathies more, than the little work you have been good enough to send me. . . .

‘This note (as you will see) is merely an acknowledgement, and needs no answer. I should think it meritorious to save you five minutes’ work, even of the lightest kind.’

The next letter, addressed to Mr. Hooper, refers to some troubles in the College.

‘I have just been reading a very sorrowful journal of yours from the college, detailing the troubles connected with —— and some of his comrades. These things cause one such anguish of heart that the whole matter has awakened my very deep sympathy with you and Wade. I doubt not there is a “must be” in these things, and that, like our dear Lord, His servants also must be perfected through sufferings and temptations. I imagine that, as Indian natures are constituted, there will always be, in the case of a change of principalship, a tendency to try insubordination, to gauge the determination of the new principal, and to discover up to what point independence, perhaps even resistance, may be carried. I had it at the beginning of my course, though with a smaller body of men to make the attempt, and it calls forth all the *man* in one, and throws one on the wisdom, power, and high priestly succours of Jesus, especially calling for the harmonious blending of stout, strong purpose and loving forbearance. All these special difficulties will call for our intenser and more fervent prayers on your behalf.

‘Your present trials (after the *εὐκτατος βοήθεια* is realized) will all be helpful, please God, in building up yourself and the college, and the experience gained will help you to strengthen yourself in the kingdom. My own state of nerves is a great thorn in the flesh, for it disables me from speaking my heart out as I could desire on missionary topics, but the sufficient grace will be given, if waited for submissively and patiently, in God’s good time.

‘One may well be thankful if, through the grace and pity of a pardoning God and Saviour, one may creep in the last and least into the kingdom.

‘The Lord will not, I believe, take His eye and heart off you, but will fill you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. Pray for me that home may not enervate and emasculate; I shall hope steadily to remember your dear soldiers at Meean Meer. Twice in the last three years the Lord has answered prayers of this nature, though it was not His will to grant me the blessing personally, which is humbling but stimulating.’

Shortly afterwards he took the chaplaincy at Schwalbach, and then went for a tour in Switzerland with his wife and elder children. From Schwalbach he wrote to his daughter:—

‘It is almost all water-drinking here, which is a vast improvement on wine-drinking, is it not, dearest E.? Yet the hills are clad in

vine garb, and will be rich in hanging ruddy clusters when you see them, I believe. I am sorry and ashamed I can't get on faster in German, but to say the truth, I am afraid of learning too much of it, and too fast, lest my Hindustani suffer, which I need especially now in revising and recopying my work on the Psalms ; so I give several (three or four) hours a day to the Hindustani, and one perhaps, or less, to German. You will force me to alter my course a little, will you not, or perhaps will do a little Hindustani with me also? I have a good deal of writing and thinking for my sermons, as people study the Bible more richly and deeply, I do think, and the superficial strata and crust of the word are not enough. Happily, people will not listen contentedly to meagre outside scratches of the word of God, but want deep searching and diving ; and what a blessing this is when one thinks of the apostle's rule : " Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in *all* wisdom." Does not the apostle love that word *all* just as the Psalmist does ?'

The eldest daughter, in a letter written a little later, gives an interesting picture of the family holiday life, showing that even in his holidays his former self-denials and student habits followed him. There was work all the morning till 1 o'clock, Cyril reading classics with his father, the daughters French and German and English to themselves ; then lunch, then a walk, tea at 6.30 or 7, and in the evening Ranke's *Popes*.

'Our dinners,' she says, 'come from an hotel in three little china dishes, in the shape of shallow strawberry baskets. We always fare well, but papa will help us first, and I fear must stint himself. . . . I am afraid our drawing-room is very untidy at times, for really the number of books and the scanty bookcase were never meant to keep company. The people are in regular bondage to their doctors. They must drink the water, bathe, rest, walk about, just when he tells them ; are not allowed to think, study, or, in fact, use their brains at all. Papa offered to lend one lady a book on Prophecy by Auberlen. She got off it by saying that the doctor did not permit hard thinking.'

To Hooper French wrote again :—

'It is very pleasant to meet with such loving cousins and friends of yours as the Misses D., and to talk together of you and your work, which has for several mails past enlisted my deep sympathy, for the trials must have been at times almost heartrending, at least I should have felt them so, for ill health made sorrows as well as responsi-

bilities sit very heavy, and overcloud that peace which should have been as *παρεὺς* in the heart, as if they were tokens of God's displeasure and rejection of one's works, so that one could not prosper in them. However, the chief effect has been, I believe, to drive me for refuge to prayer in your behalf and that of our infant institute, that the Lord may not lay more upon us and it than we are able to bear, but will give us the comfortable realizing of His help again. . . . Miss A. D. seems a great sufferer at times ; but it is like half a dozen sermons to see her hunger and thirst after the word of God, which brings her to the house of God with much bodily pain and suffering, there and back, then and afterwards. What some English ladies bear and do out of their fervent heart-love to the Saviour seems always a standing rebuke to one's easy-going ways of working. High places in the kingdom are surely in store for such. . . . I shall not expect private communications from you, unless some matter arises which you wish privately to communicate, as I am sure you have more than enough on your hands, and I half killed myself by trying to keep pace with the correspondence. I shall never quite recover it, I fear. The loss of night rest in such a climate excites the brain, and the nervous suffering in lecturing afterwards was indescribable.'

Whilst he was abroad the living of Erith was offered to him by Lord Wynford, and he was glad to accept it and have a settled work again, instead of the continual rush of engagements as a deputation. He wrote hence to his eldest child on October 21, 1874:—

'There will be much for you to do, I hope, in school, choir, district, &c. You will pray very heartily that you may have much happiness and usefulness in Christ's service. There are a few nice people, but some sharp and bitter controversialists who give me some trouble ; but trial and chastening is *very* wholesome for us. Oh, that we may be ever like Jesus in bearing it meekly and lovingly, and taking up the cross, so as to follow Him simply and unreservedly. This sweetens for us the bitterest cup, and turns gall into meat almost.'

In the beginning of December Mr. Hathaway, on behalf of the Trustees of St. Ebbe's, Oxford, offered the living to French, in the event of Mr. Barlow's resignation to go to the C. M. College, Islington. The matter remained some months in suspense. On December 3 he wrote to Mr. Hathaway:—

'I can scarcely think of any other call which could have led me at

present to contemplate for a moment the resignation of this living. . . . But a call to work in Oxford in a ministerial capacity, with its attendant opportunities of supplying missionary information, and of helping in ever so feeble a way to foster and cultivate the missionary spirit which seems to have been awakened there, is a call I dare not hastily decline without charging myself with grave unfaithfulness to my Master and His great cause. . . . It is a great comfort to me to feel assured that the Trustees will not fail to seek divine direction and guidance in every stage of this important matter.'

Finally, he made the choice depend upon a sum sufficient being raised in Erith to restore the parish church, and as the whole amount was not forthcoming decided, with many misgivings, in favour of the Oxford living. His former curate, Mr. Hardy, succeeded him at Erith.

St. Ebbe's was an interesting but not an easy charge. The church, familiar to all Oxford men, is a solid, unpretentious building, with a fine old Norman arch in it, in a quiet street, amid a poor part of the city. The population of the parish is more than 2,000 souls. There had been a succession of able rectors, including Frederick Robertson, and Bishops Waldegrave and Baring; and French was worthy of his predecessors. He worked hard, and many undergraduates attended his preaching, or gathered at his house on Sunday evenings after church to study the Greek Testament. After his first summer holiday at St. David's in 1875, where he busied himself in preparing a paper for a missionary conference on the principles of missionary bishoprics, and in revising his Hindustani work on Messianic prophecy, he took a house in Keble Terrace, near the Park. His journals during the greater part of the next years are missing, and there is comparatively little correspondence. But one or two details may be recorded. Bishop Hodges, of Travancore, writes:—

'It was in the beginning of 1877, when I had gone to Oxford for special study with a view to going out as an educational missionary, that I had the privilege of a few precious months of close personal intimacy with the veteran missionary, as his assistant in the parochial work at St. Ebbe's.

'He often spoke of India and of his longing to go out again; nor

would he admit the suggestion that perhaps, by his personal influence over a select body of undergraduates, he was furthering the cause of missions as much as if he were himself in the field again. And so he patiently continued, devoting himself unreservedly to his parochial duties, "wishing, not struggling, to be free," never "off duty," with a tenacity of purpose and restless energy of spirit that seemed all too forceful for his bodily powers, weakened, as no doubt they were, by his previous labours in India.

The writer of these few notes made a beginning in the study of Sanskrit along with his former friend and colleague, the late Bishop Poole of Japan, then curate of St. Aldate's, Oxford. The only available time for united work was after all parochial engagements were over. As they were painfully spelling out their grammar as usual one night, a knock was heard at the door, and in walked the beloved elder brother French, with his peculiarly bright inspiring smile of loving sympathy. He had come to fulfil a promise of help, and soon all three were engrossed in the *Hitopadesa*, and so continued till the college clocks began to tell the near approach of midnight. A deed of that sort burns itself into the memory. . . . There were those who might out of their leisure have spared time to help a willing student, *had they thought of it*. French, in spite of the overwhelming pressure of his engagements, thought of it, and robbed himself of necessary sleep to do it. And such throughout was the character of the man, the most unfeignedly humble, self-renouncing of men, yet withal resolute in purpose and lofty in intellect, strong with a strength that would not bend but in magnanimous meekness¹.

It is an interesting picture, the three future bishops gathered together for study in these Oxford rooms. Another indication of his missionary influence may be found in the fact that, on at least three occasions during the two years, or little more, of his tenure of the living, he held special services at St. Ebbe's for the sending forth of some one of his fellow-helpers to the foreign field. He also started a Graduates' Missionary Association², which has been recently revived, and which, as he suggested it, was quaintly modelled on the lines of David's thirty mighty men and their three captains. During his last year in Oxford he was appointed *locum tenens* for the Hindustani

¹ *Madras Christian College Magazine*.

² Sir W. Herschell was chairman, and a son of Lord Dynevor a prominent member, in this little society.

teacher, which added Oriental classes to his other work. About the same time he was offered an Honorary Canonry at Christ Church by Bishop Mackarness, but as he had already resolved on answering a higher call, the honour was declined by him. But not at Oxford only was his influence felt. The Cambridge Delhi Mission acknowledges in him one of its foremost founders. Bishop Bickersteth, of Japan, the first head of the Delhi Mission, writes :—

‘ I knew and revered the Bishop for over a quarter of a century: from the time that he returned to England after his first breakdown in the Punjab till his death. I remember the impression that he made upon me as a boy at school, when I met him at Hampstead, and the impression deepened continually. His letters from Lahore, as Principal of the Divinity School (letters which it may be remembered that the late Bishop of Durham very warmly commended, placing them side by side with Bishop Douglas’s well-known letter on Indian missions to the late Archbishop), opened to me, as to many others, a fresh and delightful view of missions. It was largely through his counsel that I determined to seek work in India, and a letter of his to me in 1875 suggested the first idea of a Cambridge brotherhood in that country. When, a year later, we were planning the Cambridge Mission to Delhi, it seemed natural to all of us, I believe, who had the matter under consideration, constantly to ask his counsel. The volume which you are editing will, I hope, contain some extracts from the paper on the subject which he read before the Cambridge Mission Aid Society on February 16, 1876.’

As this paper is now hard to come by, quotations may be made from it without apology, especially as nowhere else, perhaps, has French so clearly left on record his own ideal of missionary work and character :—

‘ I have always been in the habit of looking at my small Divinity School in Lahore as a mere miniature of a far more extensive plan, which time and the growth of education, and of the Church of Christ in India, might give birth to, and which a larger outpouring of the Spirit of Christ on our seats of learning at home should bring to ampler and maturer development. . . . The problem will be, without losing a single grain or particle of the great deposit of truth (*ἡ καλὴ παραθήκη*) which has been entrusted to us as an ancient branch of Christ’s Church, to present it in its entirety, yet measuredly and gradually, as the people can bear it, so that it may

be appropriated in a natural process of digestion and assimilation, and may be meekly received as the engrafted word to the saving of the soul.

‘To this you will see that not intellectual powers alone are required, but the power of profound sympathy with various orders of mind, discovery and insight of parallelisms beneath great surface differences, besides a very evenly balanced judgement, and such an immoveably steadfast grasp and clear insight of truth, as is supernatural in its origin. Flesh and blood cannot reveal it. Since it is both the heart and mind of a people, of the prime and choicest spirits of a people, which have to be acted on jointly, it is evident that such a movement calls for rarely combined qualifications of heart and mind in those who are its instruments. I have known men give up the work because they could not bring themselves to sympathize with the hearts of the people.’

Then, after describing the Alexandrian Schools as ‘the exactest and most practical model of a Christian educational institute,’ he went on further to speak of the kind of teachers required:—

‘Men able to realize the Baconian idea of knowledge as the pyramid with Christian truth, the truth of God, as its apex and crown; men of deep humility, faith, and love, whose experience and inward teaching has convinced them of the divine power which lies in the Gospel, that everything lives whither the river cometh, that it sweetens the bitterness of men, and satisfies their hunger and drought; men, too, able to occupy the middle position which the Alexandrian fathers occupied, so as rightly to adjust the relations of *γνώσις* and *πίστις* as opposed to the wild exaggerations and dreams of the gnostic on the one hand, and the empty-headed monk on the other who identified faith with ignorance, each in their own way sinking often into grievous depths of profligacy and immorality. It is clear that colourless and savourless character will not do; but men whose influence will tell, search, and penetrate—stay the progress of moral corruption—scribes instructed *κατηχούμενοι* (before they can engage in the work of *κατήχησις*) unto the kingdom of heaven, bringing forth out of their treasure things new and old. Men too are needed, if God be pleased to give them, of that self-renunciation and self-devotion so brightly instanced in Origen, practised in enduring hardness or prepared for it, gentle, tolerant, conciliatory, yet filled with power and judgement and might by the Spirit of the Lord, whose life and character should breathe about them an atmosphere of holiness, who could say with Ignatius, “My love is crucified.”

‘They must be qualified also for close and keen investigation of those particular wants of the people they have to deal with, which

Christianity is adapted to meet, and the special difficulties they find in embracing it, not looking at them in a superficial way at all, but in their roots and sources traced out to their ramifications and subtle intricate windings of thought, in which Hindus are unequalled, and whose outcome to the light will often take many strange and weary burrowings underground to discover.

‘Above all, there must have been a call from God, distinctly heard and recognised, both by inward drawings and outward providences. . . . Further, an unusual banding together of heads, hearts, and hands, willingness given to merge lesser differences in order to be, and because of being, *σύνψυχοι, τὸ ἐν φρονούντες*.

‘Hinduism in its Pantheistic forms, and Mohammedanism in its Deism, would, I suppose, chiefly be the fortresses against which your attack would be directed. Your grand object would be to pray for and search out men, in whom was the dawn and sunrise already of spiritual light, love and truth giving promise of a rich noonday ere long, needing only to be clothed upon by the Spirit of God, and adorned with those higher gifts and graces which qualify men to be apostles and prophets, to be hereafter the illumination of those dark lands far beyond what the world could have any conception of, or the Church any expectation.

‘But this work in India and China, as you have often been told, is one of the most crucial tests the Church of Christ has ever been put to—the people you think to measure your forces against are such as the giant races of Canaan were nothing to, “a people great and tall, the children of the Anakim whom thou knowest, and of whom thou hast heard say, who can stand before the children of Anak?” And the greater and harder the enterprise, the sharper and sterner the encounter, the more the eyes of men and of angels, of friends and of foes, are upon you, so much the more humility and worthiness of character, and depth and seriousness of purpose, and holiness of life, and fervent wrestling in secret, as well as concerted prayer, and unwavering self-renouncing trust in the supernatural might of God’s good Spirit, and the willingness to work long in the dark and in a very small way, are absolutely needed.

‘The cross taken up daily, the sturdy bending of the old man into the one object of the glory of God, the viewing the unseen world instead of the visible things of time,—this cannot be a shallow matter; it must be deep or not at all,—no halves, no dilettante work in such a business as this. “Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel,” is spoken most commonly, if not always, to those who have been brought to feel the nothingness of their own might and the all-sufficiency and resistlessness of God’s. To be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace is a part not of human panoply, but faith’s panoply provided of God; if it be of the former only, what might be looked to come of it, but that which the evangelist records in the Acts, of the diviner that tried

to act the apostle, "the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them."

'My counsel (in conformity with this) would be, not to compromise yourselves in any great plan at once, as far as sounding the trumpet goes, and announcing to the world your intention. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." I offer this advice confidently, because I believe it to be what you yourselves would desire. This does not exclude, but rather demands, great distinctness and definiteness of plan. It only works up to its realization out of darkness into light, out of small things into great, and does not start from them. Its gives room for thinning and weeding the ranks, sorrowfully perhaps, but wholesomely; gives occasion for the retirement of the half-hearted from a field to which they find themselves unequal, without causing offence to the weak. It gives occasion for the work to be begun in silence and secrecy, and comparative solitude with God. Two years thus spent would throw you into the heart of the people. . . . I trust and pray, therefore, that all gifts, resources, talents of spirit, mind, body, of means, position, or well-earned respect, may be gathered speedily into the common stock, and offered in a manner worthy of God to a work which may be the occasion of attracting a wholly fresh class of labourers and supporters generally to fellow-work and fellow-suffering for the Gospel, according to the power of God. . . .

'I would fain hope that in as many cases as possible the purpose be adopted as the purpose of a life—a general purpose, of course I mean, not in the sense of vows, which must torment and embarrass with scruples hereafter. Experience teaches me that the work itself, and the wholly unparalleled sufficiency and adequacy of Christianity and the word of God—not forgetting the Church's great trust and commission—to meet the exigencies and necessities of humanity everywhere, are the best securities and bonds to an honest mind for holding it true and faithful to its first offer of itself to do Christ's work in the far East.'

The foregoing extracts preserve all that is of enduring interest—French's ideal of an Indian missionary, an ideal which he himself in his own life, in a great measure, realized. The parts omitted deal with passing matters, in which circumstances prevented the acceptance of his counsel in its entirety. For instance, he was anxious that the Cambridge missionaries should ally themselves with the C. M. S., whose prolonged, patient, diversified and costly efforts in Northern India—moderately successful efforts too—gave them a kind of claim, he thought, not to be set

aside. He also suggested the neighbourhood of Multan or the Rajputana district, with both of which he had close personal acquaintance, as the first scene of work. Thus, as on former occasions, his work at home was made to fit in with and to forward the work on which his heart was ever bent in India. Whilst he was directing the minds of others by his influence toward this field of labour, his own continued ever set on it, and in May, 1877, he had determined, quite irrespectively of any higher prospect, to go out as a missionary once again. Ere this intention had been publicly announced, during his summer holiday at Weymouth the offer of the bishopric was made to him.

The problem of the increase of the Indian episcopate has been one of peculiar difficulty and intricacy. From the creation of the see of Calcutta in 1813 till 1833 one prelate only presided over the whole three presidencies. In that year a subdivision was effected by Act of Parliament, and the two sees of Madras and Bombay were established, relieving the overgrown diocese of Calcutta of 278,000 square miles. Bishop Wilson afterwards wished to establish a new see at Agra, but legislative difficulties were too great. The problem was complicated by various considerations. It was impossible to interfere with the old dioceses without fresh reference to Parliament. It was important to gain Government approval for every step, as many military and civil chaplains were directly governmental officers. The European and Eurasian population is never of a settled character, and its relations to the small, but growing and indigenous, native church required careful study: it consists of various elements—the soldiers in cantonments, little knots of civilians in many isolated stations, scattered and solitary tea-planters, small mercantile communities, railway servants and employes, and a great and growing number of Eurasian half-castes, who, if left without spiritual oversight, quickly degenerate, and combine the vices of the rulers and the ruled.

Bishop Cotton issued a famous Charge in 1863, in which he set forth clearly the dangers of a dual church. In 1873 the three Indian bishops met at Nagpore, and in

reference to the plan of setting on foot non-territorial missionary bishoprics, expressed 'their strong dislike to anything like a stigma of inferiority being cast upon mission work, which should be treated as the noblest and most honourable in the service of the Church.' Bishop Milman further called attention to the peculiar position of the English Church in India, and said, 'When it is not probable that our countrymen will settle, and make a home and originate a nation, the establishment and increase of the episcopate appears a different question, and its expediency must be determined upon different grounds. If you contemplate a native church of the future, you must keep your foreign machinery within the limits of present utility and necessity.'

Hence it came to pass that from 1833 to 1876 no new bishoprics had been founded, and when Bishop Milman died it was very difficult to find a successor to grapple with the enormous diocese, for the empire had gone on growing, 345,000 square miles had been added to the Calcutta territory in lieu of the 278,000 cut off from it in 1833, whilst the increase of European population and clergy to be supervised was even greater in proportion, and the native church in Northern India at least was almost entirely of a more recent growth. It was found possible to deal with territories that were still unannexed in 1833 without a fresh appeal to Parliament; and so in 1876 the S. P. G. set on foot a scheme for the formation of ten Indian sees. This could not be carried out in its completeness; but two, Rangoon (through efforts in the diocese of Winchester) and Lahore, were really established before the close of the next year. The diocese of Lahore was planned as a memorial to Bishop Milman. The scheme was set on foot at a meeting at Government House at Calcutta soon after Bishop Milman's death. Lord Northbrook presided, and Mr. Edgar Jacob (now Vicar of Portsea) and Mr. Matthew (the present Bishop of Lahore) were appointed secretaries, and at once began to collect funds, though by some the scheme was thought to be too ambitious.

A meeting was subsequently held at Lambeth Palace, under Archbishop Tait, in July, 1876. It was attended by Lords Northbrook and Lawrence, the Bishop of Winchester and other bishops, Earl Nelson, representatives of the great Societies, Sir Bartle Frere, and many others interested in the spread and maintenance of Christianity in India. The only resolution passed was this:—‘It is desirable that a territorial bishopric be founded at Lahore as a memorial to Bishop Milman.’

A powerful committee was appointed, in which French had his place, and the endowment was well started. The S. P. C. K. gave £5,000; the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, £3,000; the S. P. G. £2,000, and the Marquis of Salisbury £1,000. By the end of January, 1877, over £20,000 was collected, of which more than £2,000 was gathered in the diocese of Oxford, and £4,000 in India. Government was prepared to supplement this endowment with the annual grant of £800¹, the stipend of a senior chaplain. Thus an income of £1,600 was secured, and the districts of the Punjab and Sindh, with the consent of the Metropolitan, Bishop Johnson, were assigned to the new see. The province thus cut off comprised the whole Himalayan frontier region, defended by the pick of the English troops on the continent; and some most important hill stations, including Simla, the summer capital of India and seat of government. At the time Bishop French was appointed, there were some 20,000,000 Hindus, Moham-medans and Sikhs, 20,000 Europeans, 1,100 native Christians, and sixty clergymen in the lands committed to his charge. So it was no light trust for any man to undertake.

The Archbishop wrote to him from Ireland on August 27, 1877. He got the letter on the 30th at Weymouth. His diary records it thus:—

‘Delightful evening at Abbotsbury and Portisham, providentially got a covered cart for homeward journey. Walk there with girls,

¹ The fall of the rupee has, of course, affected this, as other Indian incomes.

seven miles at least; an old residence of West Saxon kings, buildings founded in Canute's reign; glorious air, and sea views. Memorable day by receipt of Archbishop's letter about Lahore. "Oh, send out Thy light and *truth*!" The twenty-fifth Psalm at night of 31st (sleepless night nearly), full of rich comfort. "Lead me in Thy truth. On Thee is my hope."

The Archbishop's letter ran (omitting business details):—

MY DEAR FRENCH,

Lord Salisbury has requested me to mention some name to him for the Bishopric of Lahore. There is no name whose claims for the post seem to me so strong as yours, and I have reason to believe that there is no one who would be so acceptable to the Church. I trust that your state of health is such as to allow of your thinking of this great responsibility. Will you kindly let me hear from you on the subject? . . .

I cannot, of course, tell what difficulties may arise after my nomination is made, but it would be a great relief to me to be enabled to take the first step by submitting your name. I am sure it would gladden the hearts of many to know you were to be the first bishop of the new see.

Yours sincerely,

A. C. CANTUAR.

In reply to this letter French asked for four days to consider, and wrote to consult his old friend Dr. Kay, Mr. Golightly, and others. Dr. Kay's warm letter of encouragement had great weight with him. After Sunday, September 2, he spent two days with his father at Bishop's Fonthill; and thence, on September 4, wrote a letter of conditional acceptance—'Quod vertat Deus in suam solius gloriam et ecclesiae suae commodum fructumque.' On the 5th, French wrote again to the Archbishop, inserting these important words:—

'Any distinctly understood prohibition of missionary work, as inconsistent with liabilities incurred towards the Government of India, would compel me to beg your Grace to excuse my compliance with your kind offer to nominate me to Lord Salisbury for the appointment.'

Next day he declined the Honorary Canonry at Oxford, and on the 29th he received, in a kind note from Lord Salisbury, the formal offer of the see.

It is hard, indeed, within reasonable limits, to give any notion of the tide of congratulation and advice that flowed in on all sides as soon as the appointment was announced. Miss Marsh wrote, October 15:—

‘I have just returned to open the *Records*, and see to my inexpressible joy the appointment of the best man I know left behind on earth (bracketed with, perhaps, one and a half or so besides) to the see his heart would most love, and which he himself has done so very much for.’

Henry Wright, the Hon. Secretary of the C. M. S., wrote:—

‘I have no one word to say against your acceptance of the post that has been offered you. My full conviction is that it is of the Lord, and that you can now serve Him and His cause in the proposed position better than in any other. . . . Under the circumstances, the C. M. S. gladly and thankfully gives you up for this high office, feeling persuaded that the *disconnexion* will never be more than apparent; the connexion will be as real as ever, we believe, to the end.’

Dr. Kay wrote:—

‘With regard to what you say about missionary work, will it be nothing for the *working* missionaries to be sure that their bishop “knows the heart” (Ex. xxiii. 9) of a toiling labourer? And in the way of origination and administration you will, of course, have opportunities much beyond what the actual labourer has. I was yesterday looking over a book written by Mrs. Stevens, in 1830, on the sympathy of Christ, dwelling on the relation He occupies to His members on earth as the Fountain and Dispenser of all needful grace, and on the minute adaptation which, as the High Priest of His church, He employs in the bestowal of χάρις and χαρίσματα suited to each individual’s ἀσθένεια, or παθήματα, or πειρασμοί. To Him, my dear French, I very earnestly commend you.’

In accepting an invitation to preach the consecration sermon, the same friend added:—

‘Shall you think me very fanciful when I tell you that, on reading your note, I was carried back in thought a quarter of a century, to the time when I took you over from Bishop’s College to the Cathedral in Calcutta. As I then rejoiced at your being united with one whose joys and sorrows you have shared for so long a period, so I can now rejoice at the thought of your being espoused to the diocese of the Punjab, and trust that it may please God to give you many happy and fruitful years as bishop of it.’

Dr. Jex Blake, of Rugby, wrote:—

‘It would warm my heart to have you in our pulpit. Think it over, if you have time either to think or to act, and come if you can. Three of the Indian bishops are old Rugbeians now, and I should be glad to help to weave a cord to bind together Rugby and Lahore.’

George Moule, of China, wrote:—

MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

May God graciously fulfil His word in you, now that what (in some sort!) you feared is come upon you, and you are actually appointed to the bishopric! May His strength be made perfect in your weakness, so that you may glory in it, and in this new and great occasion for testing it! I do feel very thankful that the responsible authorities have made choice of you. But I cannot doubt that the office, especially in so far as it implies administrative business rather than the single duties of evangelization and instruction, may prove a great increase to the weight of your appointed cross. Yet it will be *His* cross, and will bring glory to Him, and He will not suffer you to bear it alone.

May the Lord direct and sanctify all your counsels and acts with a view to making full proof of the new and higher ministry, and I earnestly pray also that He will be pleased to compensate dear Mrs. French and all your family for the loss by which the church’s gain is to be purchased. . . . I earnestly pray for more ἀπλότης in the service and love of our adorable Lord.

Other friends were not slow to counsel him upon the score of health. Mr. Bickersteth, of Hampstead, wrote:—

‘What it strikes me you sorely need for your apostolic work is another *Timothy* (Paul’s “alter ego,” as Bengel calls him), some young clergyman who will share every burden, and watch you lynx-eyed to see you do not overtax your already somewhat shaken strength. God grant you ever to remember that such labourers as yourself are very few, and that you must reserve your strength for work which only you can do, and leave details to others. Forgive my Jethro counsel.’

Mr. Raikes, who could speak with much authority, enforced the warning in these words:—

‘Mrs. Raikes and I are *delighted* to hear that you have accepted the bishopric of Lahore. This is a rare instance of the right man in the right place. Now, my dear friend, I do earnestly beg of you not to stay in the plains of the Punjab after April, or before October; then you may, with God’s blessing, be strong and useful.

If, with your wonted zeal, you insist on facing hot weather and rains in that most treacherous climate, you will be laid by in a very short time. This is plain truth and reason, and you ought to listen to it from one of your oldest friends.'

One more letter only will I add from Dr. Westcott, together with the Bishop-designate's reply to it:—

6, Scrope Terrace, Cambridge,

MY DEAR MR. FRENCH,

Oct. 23, 1877.

Day after day passes, and I seem to be unable to find time to express the joy and confident hope with which all here, who are interested in India, look forward to the fulfilment of the new work to which you have been called. We seem to see the great thoughts of the school become the inspiring thoughts of a diocese, and so, if God will, the solid foundation of a true native church. It is impossible not to feel that this is a most critical time for the religious future of India. I trust that those who labour there will watch with patience for the signs of the divine counsel, instead of seeking too hastily to define the channels in which the Truth shall be confined. With sincere respect,

Believe me to be, yours most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR WESTCOTT,

Oxford, Oct. 26, 1877.

Among the letters of hearty sympathy and good wishes I have received, scarcely any have helped and encouraged me more than yours, and I can only hope and pray that your anticipations may not turn out unduly favourable, and beyond what was warranted by my antecedents. I can truly say that to *no* step of my life have I less girded myself, and been more manifestly, if I judge rightly, girded by 'Another.'

Where, as in the case of Lahore, two churches (native and European) are united under one bishop, there will be alternations, I suppose, of more directly missionary administration, and government bearing more directly on the European community. I shall be forgiven, I hope, if I regard the former of these as more appropriate to myself, and endeavour to act accordingly, though my desire and effort will be to break down the barrier wall between the two, as God may enable me.

It will be my favourite wish and purpose to introduce, as integral and abiding elements, into the founding and edifying of the church in India all that is most universally binding and common to the whole human nature in the faith and truth of

Christ and Christianity, and all that is most truly catholic in our ancient Church of England, in its discipline, ritual and doctrine, not omitting to engraft upon it, where it can well and wholesomely be done, some of the specialties which the Eastern churches tended to foster as springing out of developments of the Eastern mind. One must, however, expect that India will have much to say to the upgrowth of its own church, and will not be content to be marked wholly with foreign impress, Eastern or Western, how excellent soever.

If Delhi is attached to Lahore, it will be a singular good fortune, or good providence rather, which assigns to my supervision and watchful interest and sympathy two feeders of the pastorate of the native church, representing the two societies and (pretty nearly, though not exclusively) the two universities (!), bound, I trust, in most fraternal concord and co-operation.

I need not say how truly obliged I shall be for any hints you may have time and occasion to furnish me with as to the objects you would (if in my place) try to set before you, and the instruments you would be disposed to employ.

I remain, with much respect,

Yours very truly and gratefully,

T. VALPY FRENCH.

On the same subject of the relation of the churches in India, French wrote about this time to Mr. Edgar Jacob, Bishop Milman's chaplain:—

‘I am not hopeless of seeing our English and the native church brought into holy, loving, harmonious co-operation for the advancement of the kingdom of their Lord and ours; but rash and precipitate measures of extreme men on both sides may disastrously dash these hopes to pieces, and throw away the golden moment. The marriage of the two churches¹, could it be accomplished honourably to both, would be in no sense a *mésalliance*; but the proposals and acceptance must be mutual.’

To Mr. Clark he wrote as follows:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Weymouth, Oct. 4, 1877.

To you, first of Indian friends, must I convey the announcement of my appointment (through the Archbishop's intervention and recommendation) by Lord Salisbury to the bishopric of

¹ The phrase ‘two churches’ is technically incorrect. Ecclesiastically they were always *one*; the difference is but in State support and social sympathies.

Lahore; for I believe that you, most of all, have the right to be aggrieved by it, if such a right might be earned by noble pioneer labours, which have helped so much to make others what they are under God. But your nobly simple, loving unselfishness will, I know, prevent your entertaining such feelings, even if Satan ventured to insinuate them, or if a sense of justice insinuated them, into a heart so fenced about with the armour of Him who "createth the smith that worketh in the coals and bringeth forth the instrument to His work."

The history of this matter has been short and simple. What influences were used I know not, except that I gather since from Hathaway and Dr. Kay that they have put my name forward. All I can say is, I am innocent of bringing any request or influence to bear in any way whatsoever, though I have done nothing to stay procedure, except to mention my bad illnesses in time back, and to stipulate that I should have perfect freedom of missionary action as heretofore, which has been most honourably granted, and, I trust, will be wisely and faithfully employed, if only your prayers for me are heard. . . .

It was only just yesterday and the day before that my own definite acceptance of the post has taken place. Lord Salisbury's first communication did not reach me till after the Queen's approval of the nomination was in the *Times* on Saturday last. You might almost have got telegrams in India of the appointment before I got the offer from the proper State authorities! Some three weeks before I had been sounded by the Archbishop, and allowed my name to be mentioned, subject to the stipulations which I repeated twice in different letters, and with much strictness, so that I expected at least a further more formal offer. . . .

I expect that I may have to leave about Christmas (D. V.) for India, as the Archbishop urges haste. I fear I shall be a very awkward bishop, for I have a great dislike of state and form; and I hope I may find optional costumes less quaint and stately than the ordinary. It is too soon to say anything about my plans: I have scarcely formed any. A mass of correspondence steals into the night at present, as well as nearly absorbs the day; but I shall communicate with you frankly, and seek much counsel.

Your ever truly affectionate and grateful brother,

T. V. FRENCH.

To his youngest brother Valpy he wrote:—

'It is a frightful responsibility and bondage in some ways, and the separation from family and friends is greater than ever before. However, most people will congratulate me, I suppose, and I am not insensible, of course, to the honour which, I trust, is in God's

providence put upon me, and I earnestly hope I may be able to act independently of men and man's judgement, and to seek His glory who sent me. . . . I fear that I dare not again throw my life away, as I did in earlier years, in itinerating involving perilous exposure. I should be glad if I had your gifts of utterance and rapid thought.'

To his daughter at Belstead he wrote :—

'I hope that a very satisfactory appointment has been made to St. Ebbe's, but I *may* be in charge till Christmas. Nothing could have been kinder than the Archbishop all along has been.'

To Mr. Harington :—

'Oh, to be indeed sent forth by the Holy Ghost, and to hear aside the Chief Shepherd's own voice saying, "Feed My sheep, My lambs." It seems as if on this side of the water any season of retreat for close converse and taking counsel with the Saviour were by common consent rendered wholly impracticable, which lays a very heavy burden on my heart and conscience, and at other times appals and makes me tremble. Yet much of it is from the truest kindness, only acting inconsiderately. May this "thorn in the flesh" lead me by its very ranklings and smartings to say, "I will gladly glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me."'

On November 18 he preached his farewell sermons at St. Ebbe's. His congregation, much against his wishes and expressed remonstrance, had made him a most handsome present on his leaving, and, with Mrs. French, he printed a little paper of thanks, in the course of which he said :—

'This thoughtful act of respectful and affectionate sympathy with us on your part at this time of our sharp trial of family separation and breaking up of home has determined me to reconsider and carry out a plan I had before formed, but abandoned, of leaving in your hands (as a remembrance) a few of the sermons prepared for you and preached among you, especially some of the last, which I addressed to you before finally ceasing to be your pastor. I pray that the Lord may be pleased yet to bless these in the reading, even more than they were in the hearing, and that they may yet prove God's arrow to some one or more unmoved and unstricken souls. I can honestly say that they have come out of the fulness of my heart, and out of a thoughtful, prayerful study in your behalf of God's word, and that they have been preached to myself first.'

its origin. They had ten parts in David — and though their own books had many flashes and sparks of truth, yet the sum and crown of all truth was in the Gospel of Christ. I dwelt much, also, on the sharp and bitter heart struggles through which every really great leader and teacher of pure truth must pass, as illustrated by Luther. I quoted Professor Westcott's letter to show them with what real interest and sympathy universities of the West looked on schools of the East, especially in the matter of religious education. All this part of the lecture seemed to awaken much interest. . . .

'I am glad to have got over my second Luther lecture. I think it was better liked than the first. . . . One of the Brahmo Samaj got up afterwards and thanked me, and said what a great need they had in India of Luthers to fight against and redress the errors and corruptions under which they groaned, only unfortunately he thought that they need only go back to the teachings of some of their old Rishis in the Vêds, and not to the transforming, new-creating doctrines of the Gospel on which I had been trying to lay all the stress possible.'

Keshub Chunder Sen himself was lecturing in Lahore at this period, but it does not seem that French had any personal communication with him.

His correspondence with his friends and relations will throw light upon French's character and views of the claims of home and missionary work, and standard of missionary self-devotion. At times his zeal might seem to incur a just charge of enthusiasm, as his heart grew sore at seeing India denuded of efficient missionaries. Thus, when a Mr. C., whose father was a doctor, retired from the mission field for the sake of health, French wrote to him to say that he should not cease to hope and pray for his return, and that he must *not* be vexed with him for saying so, for *one* death of such as he in India, would be worth six lives in England. 'There now,' he added, in writing to his daughter, 'if I say such things as these, people will say your poor father is going quite out of his mind.'

With reference to a question from some lady about translation work, he wrote to the same daughter:—

'When I hear of any lady taking such work into heart and hand, I usually think of you, and wish it could be you. But I know that only God can call you by His Spirit and His provi-

dence to this work. At any rate, I shall so like teaching you a little Hindustani . . . that will not oblige you to work in India, but it will help you much if the door should ever be opened. Since I have seen what Mrs. — and Mrs. S. and others have been blessed to do in India, I feel more what a great sphere of good and useful service India is for ladies ; and though they will have some severe, perhaps bitter and heart-rending, trials . . . yet oh ! to suffer for such a Saviour, whose agony and bloody sweat, whose cross and passion, have done such great things for our souls, is it not incomparably greater than all the ease, comfort, and perhaps absence of peril and suffering, which is supposed to belong to England ?’

The next letter to his son Cyril, whose mind at that time was divided between entering business and trying for the Indian Civil Service, is dated Lahore, Sept. 30, 1871, and contains a further allusion to the missionary call :—

MY OWN DEAREST BOY,

It seems to me a long time since I wrote to you, and on this, the first day after my arrival at my Indian home, I shall try to send you a few lines. . . . The same course of reading will, in many respects, be helpful for business in England, or for the Civil Service in India, especially in regard to mathematics, history, natural science, and general information, not forgetting *modern* languages, especially of England and Europe generally : making notes for yourself, if possible, getting well acquainted with the characters of the great men, and comparing and contrasting one with another.

Merivale’s *History of the Roman Empire* and Grote’s *History of Greece* are full of great characters, strikingly portrayed, as Corbulo and Agricola in vol. vii. One gets one’s mind like a picture or portrait gallery in this way, and they again remind us of the times in which they lived, which gave occasion for their greatness to exhibit itself. Never mind always agreeing with what the historian says ; have your own opinion sometimes too, only let it be well supported by facts.

In reading Herodotus and Thucydides, I kept a little dictionary of my own, in which I put down every notice as I came across it of places like Argos, Phocis, Miletus, Egypt, or of characters like Nicias, Pericles, Cleon, if they come in the poets putting down the quotation also ; so one gets to know the full history of the place, or the man, as if one had to draw a picture, and one gave the nose, another helped us to the mouth, another the brow, &c., so the complete image is formed. Hallam on the *British Constitution* is rather a stiff book. His history of Europe, too, is heavy

reading, but it would have to come in preparing for the Civil Service. But it (the Civil Service) is a grand opportunity for doing good in a princely way, and serving God by an irreproachable, loving, and beneficent life in the sight of many millions. I say nothing of the mission work, because that comes of God, when a man is called to it, and if he is not called he had better break stones on the road, or paint door-signs a great deal than take it up. . . .

From the instances I see of Hindu youths who adore Shakspeare, and know all about English poets, historians, lord chancellors, &c., yet are as depraved and vicious and lying, or more so, than before, I am satisfied that only to be new-created in Christ Jesus unto good works is of any real lasting use, and helps a young man to persevere in grappling with doubts and false notions, and vicious thoughts and propensities, and makes him a pillar and prop to those about him. These are but few, but I do pray God my eldest son may be such, worthy of his grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It is a beautiful text, 'Let him take hold of *My* strength and make peace with Me, and he shall make peace with Me.' . . .

Your own ever-loving father,

T. V. FRENCH.

In another letter to the same correspondent, after recommending him 'to learn by heart and read aloud, as if you were the very orator spouting in the assembly,' a certain splendid passage in Demosthenes' *Aristogeiton*; and begging him in the next holidays to read a fine book by the late Baron Bunsen, called *God in History*, and to say what parts most struck him, and what parts he doubted about; and speaking yet again of the fine characters in history and of his own great interest in Wesley's *Diary*, and Brainerd's *Life*, which he was reading with his students, he concludes in the following words:—

But above all, let us, my dearest boy, study the holy, loving life of our dear Saviour, so as by beholding, as in a glass or mirror, the glory of the Lord to be changed into the same image. All rays of light scattered and distributed among good and holy men meet, are gathered into one, in Him, and there is no shadow in His light, no darkness *at all*—all light. Oh, what will it be to be *quite* like Him, and to see His face, see Him as He is, and to serve Him, and know Him, and enter into His joy for ever! That your life every day may be a preparation for this is the prayer of

Your very loving father,

T. V. FRENCH.

Such letters as this must have been very delightful and stimulating, though they may seem, perhaps, to expect too much of a boy in the Fifth at school. One more extract is, therefore, added, to show that other objects of boys' interest were not beyond the father's thought and sympathy:—

'Kite-flying is their great game just now, and they seem as eager in it as English boys are at football. The kites have no tails as ours, but they have immensely long strings, which the natives grease in some way, and then draw through fine sand, and the game is to cut each other's kite-string up in the air, in which case, I suppose, they claim the kite. It is a very *safe* game, at least, and as the kites are up in the air, they do not break their shins as at football. They are slowly taking to cricket, but only in the big schools. Men play at kite-flying as well as boys. I have never seen them run so hard about anything as after kites. Usually their rule is, never run when you can walk, never walk when you can stand, never stand when you can sit. Hare and hounds they would think great madness. . . . Some oranges and apples that came as presents to-day will help us very much in camp. Our khansaman did not think it could be Christmas without a small cake, so he has made one with some sugared crust. I wish I could send it you. I dare say you are often *very* hungry before dinner comes—at least I used to be.'

His younger children, too, were not forgotten in their father's letters:—

'I thought of little Edith yesterday (as her age corresponds) when I was reading a little anecdote, which I send her.

'Doddridge had a lovely little daughter, whom God took at the age of nine years. One day her papa said to her, "My dear, how is it that everybody seems to love you?" She answered, "I don't know, papa, unless it is that I love everybody."

'Now a story for Wilfrid, to warn him to write very plainly and clearly. A gentleman wrote to his friend in India to ask him to send two or three monkeys home to England for his children; but he wrote the 2 or 3 so unclearly, that it looked like 203. So when the monkeys came, lo! and behold, there came in the ship 163 monkeys. The gentleman said he had tried to get *all* the 203, but could only find 163. So the troops of monkeys came pouring out of the hold of the ship, much to the poor gentleman's dismay, who resolved, I dare say, to write more clearly for the future. I am reading the life of the great St. Wilfrid. Can Wilfrid guess why I am so much interested in reading it?'

The next extracts shall be from letters to his old missionary colleague Leighton, who had liberally helped his college :—

Multan, *May 18, 1870.*

Your affectionate letter of last week gave me much pleasure, and I will lose no time in replying to it. I am grieved to hear that your health has again suffered, and demanded cessation of study and present anxiety. I trust the words may be true in the case of your dear parish ‘and *should sleep* and rise night and day, and the *seed should spring.*’ Your turn of enforced sleep may be the time when the seed is swelling and germs of life developing. While superintending this mission temporarily I have one day (this week two days) of hard school work, and am thus reminded of our old days at Agra. Happy days they were in many ways, though chequered with deep sorrows, which we shall carry the scars of to our graves; but if they are only among the marks of the Lord Jesus, our sorrow shall be turned into joy. . . . God has given me marvellously restored strength, which I know not how to praise Him enough for, when I think how your heart’s earnest cravings after the dear old mission-field have been of necessity repressed hitherto. Still, I believe you are on our dear Saviour’s mission list, though not, I fear, on that of our C. M. S., and St. Peter’s office as an apostle was far from being a less honoured one when he stretched forth his hand and another girded him, than when he was young and walked whither he would; and many a missionary in fixed, humble, though ungranted purpose, will be higher in the ranks of the kingdom than those who seem in the forefront with outflow of energy and ardour—so I believe and expect, at least. . . . I thank you heartily for trying to help forward the work my heart is set upon. . . . I cannot forget your dear parish, and I do rejoice with you that you see grounds of hope and some fresh awakenings of conviction. . . . I should have liked one of my boys to be with you in the holidays in the snug rectory. I must not add more, for time is very scarce, and a hot wind has been blowing all day.

Nov. 7, 1872.

I do not like to delay a mail in replying to your loving letter, because your mind is evidently in suspense, and you have long been waiting for an answer from the Sanctuary to your fresh inquiry as to what His will is in reference to your fresh offer of yourself. First, let me thank you most lovingly for your new gift to our college—both from your good sister-in-law, and from yourself—especially for the *sacred* part of the gift, which is in memory of your departed son and my godson; it is *one* last link of connexion between him and myself and my work. I suppose that through life you will find it a scar on the heart that cannot well be

healed, though there was so much to comfort you concerning him, and one always may rejoice (especially in days of rebuke and blasphemy like these) in the words of the old Greek hymn :—

‘The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;—
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.’

As regards your desire to return once more to the land of so many happy and so many sorrowful memories, I trust the Society’s decision will be entirely and wisely ordered of God. My illness of nine months’ duration this year has made me a little fearful of advising a return where the breakdown has been decided and prolonged, and the doctors’ orders peremptory. . . . I should, under your circumstances, deprecate your coming, unless you could hold your living (as I did) for one or two years, to see how India suited your health in the fresh trial of it. Many would welcome you heartily, but with a family (I am not sure how large yours is), unless there are private means, so extremely hazardous a risk should scarcely be run, so far as I can see the way in such cases. My wife has means, therefore (though we had not riches), it was not quite like exposing a family to the risk of utter want, or extremely limited and scanty resources. . . . Had I quite my own choice, I think I should return to occupy the neighbourhood of Agra, and traverse the old Rajputana roads, seeing that that part of the country has been so denuded and deprived of missionaries. But I wish to be a vessel set on whatever shelf, or in whatever niche, the Lord of the house is pleased to use me. . . . There are always abundant itinerating districts, which might be newly occupied, if it was clearly the Lord’s will you should come out to us again. It is only just lately that our weak and impoverished missions have been reinforced.

The last extract is from a later letter, after Mr. Leighton had removed from Bispham to his present charge in Manchester :—

‘You seem to have quite a missionary sphere appointed you, and I rejoice to hear that your health proves equal to its heavy weight of responsibility. I expect to see very many of the foreign labourers assigned a place *below* the workers in our large merchant cities in the great day of final award. From having known and tried something of both, I am almost disposed to give the palm to the standard-bearers in these vast Ninevehs with their myriads of the poor and suffering. But the reward is most of all in being

allowed to work anywhere, with such a Master and under the banner of such a Captain.'

One other series of extracts will show his interest in the Persian work of yet another former colleague, Mr. (now Dr.) Bruce. At first French had been grieved at Bruce's leaving India :—

Multan, *March 8, 1870.*

. . . I thank you exceedingly for the interesting and important news your letter contains about yourself and God's work in Persia generally. It leads me wholly to retract any urgent representations I may have sent you through others, praying you not to desert your old friends the Afghans. The openings you appear to have discovered seem to challenge you to remain until some more direct veto from God be put upon your following up these remarkable leadings of His providence. My heart sympathizes deeply with the working of yours, and I would gladly use any little influence I possess to induce our Society to sanction your remaining to fan the little coal that seems left, or the little spark that is now kindled, among that ancient and remarkable people. You are clearly working hard, and making considerable progress in Arabic and Persian; you could, perhaps, do so nowhere better than where you are, unless it were at Cairo. The present phase of the relations of Islam and the Gospel imperatively demands that we should have good Arabic and Persian scholars among our missionaries; and may God make you a polished shaft, hid in His own quiver for purposes only now breaking upon you, or in His good providence to be revealed.

Please God, I shall follow with the utmost interest God's thoughts to *youwards* as they are progressively developed, thoughts which cast into the shade all our little plans here, except so far as all tend, I trust, to the advancement of the same blessed cause of truth and the kingdom of our adorable Redeemer. Don't let the Church of England lose your affections, I pray you, spite of blemishes. Countries which from the beginning have been used to the discipline and formularies of a church cannot (even if others could) *bear* a purely spiritual and *informal* system. Our blessed religion is neither form nor the absence of form, but it spiritualizes and sanctifies the outward, using such time-honoured and simple ritual as that of our beloved Church for stepping-stones to heavenly things. Your little church of twelve at Hamadan charms me; it is a most primitive picture, like that of the upper chamber. I don't believe Mr. Venn¹, had he known all you tell me, would have laid

¹ This may refer to some decision of the C. M. S. Committee, but personally Mr. Venn had always been in favour of the retention of the Persian mission.

a veto on your free exercise of missionary judgement to go forward and do *great things* and *yet prevail*. What was thus said by Saul to David was typical of the covenant blessing which we inherit as Abraham's heirs. I shall now read the word of God about Persia with increased interest, and I hope I shall have at least one special day a week for remembering you.

TO MR. BRUCE.

Nov. 29, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

We have seen brief notices of a movement in your city, which has excited our prayerful interest and sympathy. How much of it is true we cannot say, but doubtless there are new grounds of encouragement which are enlarging your praises and your anxieties and hopes at once.

I have begged Hughes to send you from Peshawur ten copies of my little work. I take great shame to myself that I have not sent you a corrected copy, but I have been almost crazed by the multiplicity of work thrown upon me and the infinity of detail, so that little seems to be done thoroughly and exactly: horses with three legs, and carriages with three wheels! Forgive this playful figure. I hope before this reaches you our dear brother Gordon will have arrived, and that he will, during his visit, greatly strengthen your hands and refresh your heart¹. He will enter in his quiet, loving, warm way into all that is now occupying your attention, whilst you travail in birth of souls till Christ be formed in them. May you have that word fulfilled, 'She remembereth no more the anguish. . . . I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.' We are mourning much barrenness as yet, and can only look across to you with yearning yet not envious eyes, and rejoice with you that time has revealed the Lord's purpose in making you bent upon Persia. Clark and I have been thinking to-day that perhaps you might be able to send us *with* Gordon one or two spiritually-minded youths, who might, after rapidly acquiring with Gordon the Hindustani, go through our two years' course, carrying back their note-books to Isfahan or elsewhere, and so helping your work forward as trained Christian teachers. I do talk Persian, as you know, though, of course, rather of a literary kind. . . . It would be very delightful, dear brother, if your work and mine could thus be in any humble way associated, for at present the King has delighted to honour you, and if I can hold your horse's rein, like Mordecai's, in your progress through the city, gladly indeed would I have my services put in requisition. . . . Do get, if you can, the second series of McCheyne's sermons. I find them a wonderfully effective method and instrument of

¹ This was the famine time in Persia, and Gordon stayed to help.

reaching men's hearts, native as well as European. In conversing with inquirers its imagery and impressive (language) strikes at the conscience, and its weeping yet manly appeals are calculated to arrest and win. . . . How thankfully should I learn that H. Martyn's year in Persia had had any direct connexion with the movement, if it proves genuine and lasting. We must not, I hope shall not *sin* by ceasing to pray for you. May many Iranians be trained up by you to come and build the temple of the Lord, when He reigns on Mount Zion.

With much brotherly love to your trio, and *your little* Zion in Isfahan,

Yours in great haste and greater sincerity,

T. V. FRENCH.

The revision of a little work upon the Psalms, *Injil Dāūd* (or *The Gospel of David*), occupied all his spare moments during the opening months of 1874. He was joined before he left by Hooper, his successor in the work.

On March 19, 1874, his last day in Lahore as simple missionary, the love borne to him by the native Christian congregations of Amritsar and Lahore found expression in the presentation of a chogah or cloak for himself, and a Cashmere embroidered shawl for Mrs. French. Imad-ud-din and Kadshu read addresses, and several of the English residents and American missionaries were present to express their sympathy.

One other matter may be mentioned as illustrating the old adage, that 'coming events cast their shadows before them.' On November 26, 1873, French wrote to his father-in-law:—

'I hope it will not be quoted in the English papers (as it is a pure mistake, I believe) that I have been appointed Bishop of Lahore. It has been so stated in the Punjab papers without the *slightest* foundation, so far as I am aware. I had even a letter from Mr. Clark to-day of congratulation and most loving brotherly joy. All that is true is, that it seems likelier than ever that we shall have a bishop. A visit once in four years makes the bishop seem very scarce indeed, and as church matters, I may almost say religious matters, are rather looking up since the exemplary and highly esteemed Lord Northbrook succeeded the unhappy though able Lord Mayo, it is to be expected that so great a need of the Indian church will be ere long supplied, though not out of the missionary list.'

An extract from a farewell letter of Mr. Shackell, one of the ablest missionaries in North India, bearing date on the day of the presentation (March 19, 1874), will further prove that the announcement, though it might be premature, seemed to those who best knew him a natural foreshadowing of an honour that would be very widely welcomed:—

‘How great will be your joy, my dear friend, to see your family once again, returning, as you are, worn with toil, but not weary of the good work, for rest and refreshment! Will you give yourself the needed rest? I fear you are only moving from one sphere of labour to another, and that thus it will be to the end. The resignation of Frost¹ will lead the Committee to urge you to supply his place. There would be a great field for your great powers, but I hope you will be determined to take rest, and then, if God will, return to us as our chief pastor. To have you rule over us would be a joyful day for the Punjab and Sindh, and I cling to the hope that it will be so. May you be guided aright, and meantime may you enjoy the trip home, and meet with gladness those so dear to you.’

¹ Then principal of the C. M. College, Islington.

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. EBBE'S, OXFORD, AND CONSECRATION TO THE BISHOPRIC.

‘Si vous nous ordonnez de paraître parmi les hommes et d’y remplir des offices publics, devenez, de plus au plus, O Dieu, la règle de nos actions, le but de nos efforts, la loi de notre vie. O Dieu, qui êtes tout vérité, sainteté, beauté, tout honneur, justice, donnez-nous de grandir dans l’amour de tout ce que vous êtes. Donnez-nous, de plus en plus, la bienheureuse incapacité de trahir la vérité dans notre langage, d’abandonner la justice là où nous la voyons outragée, d’applaudir aux succès du mensonge . . . de trembler enfin et de nous taire devant les hautaines insolences des impies.’—PERREYVE.

WHEN he had left Lahore after the presentation, French felt a weight of toil and care removed from off his shoulders. His gratitude and his relief appear in every entry in his diary and every note. At Allyghur he saw much of a Shobha Ram, and another, and their delight in meeting him made him exclaim, ‘I could not again (after that) ever call natives ungrateful.’ He saw the Connors, too, who had come hatless and shoeless, with their family in pitiable plight, into the fort at Agra. ‘The old man,’ he said, ‘seemed overjoyed at seeing me again, and arranged his daughters in order, so that I might lay my hands on each to give them my blessing—the first time I have ever been asked so to do!’ March 24 and 25 were spent with the Muirs. ‘Days of heaven upon earth, almost.’ At Bombay he received this short missive from Hooper :—

‘Ο Ἀφγανὸς χθὲς ἐβαπτίσθη ἐν τῷ βαπτιστηρίῳ καὶ χαρὰ ἐπληρώθη.

So all was joy.

In Italy he spent some days of eager interest at Ravenna,

Bologna and Florence. He was most anxious to avoid the May missionary meetings, and timed his journey to rejoin his wife and family upon the evening of May 1, 1874. 'What shall I render unto the Lord?' is his entry in his diary that night. One of his first engagements was to preach the Ramsden (missionary) sermon at Cambridge on May 24. Indeed, in the providence of God, a great part of his time in England was now given to our universities. Some extracts from letters to his successor Hooper will show his engagements:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I wish you could have enjoyed with me the Cambridge visit of last week, enjoyable in all respects, but that the witness I delivered was painfully feeble, I fear. But there was a glow there of the Holy Spirit's kindling (I am persuaded), which, if my feeble testimony could not foster, at least it could not quench. Among the leaders of the missionary movement there are Professors Westcott, Birks, Cowell, Hort; and Messrs. Moule (2), Lang, Kirkpatrick, Appleton, Hoare, of the men in honours, or fellows and tutors of colleges. Thus, if Oxford is initiating a missionary movement, Cambridge is running a neck-and-neck race with it in honourable emulation, and rivalry, and mutual provocation to love and good works.

Incessant deputation work, relieved by occasional visits to relatives, together with hours devoted to instruction of my own dear children, to whom I owe some portion of my present leisure, as you will admit, cramp my correspondence sadly, though they do not prevent my being associated with you in heart and prayerful remembrance, most especially at this trying season.

My own health is greatly restored, though I feel that nerves and brain have gone through a good deal of shattering, and that the quiet of a Continental chaplaincy, which I hope to undertake from next month, is likely to benefit me greatly. . . .

The anxiety for missionary tidings in England is almost at fever heat, and I have not yet learned to subordinate other claims to those of India's deeper need. In Professor Westcott the Lahore institution seems to have stirred up a wonderful determination to grapple in Christ's strength with the whole question of Indian, Chinese, and other missions, such as would mark him out, perhaps, in the Romish Church for the head of a new order for the propagation of the faith. What a blessing might such a man be as an Indian bishop! . . .

I get various proposals adapted to fix me permanently in England, but wish to keep myself unfettered and unpledged till

I see how far my own health is firmly established, and how far my dear wife would be equal to sustain again the burden of so large a family. . . . My luggage has quite lately arrived from India, so she only saw her Cashmere shawl (presented by the Christians) for the first time yesterday. She is greatly gratified by this remembrance of her on the part of the native flock. . . . I shall not hope to hear much of the views you have formed of the best methods of working with the students till after the long vacation. You will have matured your method and course of study more perfectly. . . . Please to give *bahut bahut* salaam to all the dear students, whom I try to keep constantly on my mind in prayer, only with more quiet and leisure abroad I hope to have them better presented to the mind in their distinct individualities. I do believe confidently that the Lord has called you to be a great blessing to them—though it takes time and patient (often, as it seems, thankless) toil to discover and realize that. With true brotherly love to dear Wade, Clark, Shirreff, Bateman (I hope gradually to keep up correspondence with all as occasions arrive), and with affectionate regards to your dear wife and yourself, I am

Your truly affectionate friend.

T. V. FRENCH.

To Professor Westcott he wrote:—

‘You will, I know, considerably forgive my having delayed so long to acknowledge your most kind remembrancer of my happy and enjoyable visit to Cambridge, in the shape of your little work on *The Gospel of the Resurrection*, which I have already begun to read with interest and profit, and trust to add it to the list of works of living Cambridge divines, of which my students at Lahore, and the North-Indian church through them, will reap lasting and substantial benefit. I feel it is a great advantage to study the broad principles which yourself, perhaps more than any other Christian writer and thinker of our universities, have struck out on the aims to be kept in sight, and the methods to be pursued, in preaching the Gospel to the heathen nations of the world.

‘To us, who are embarked in the work, and are sent into the field, it belongs to carry into detail of practice those principles (and others akin to them), with such modifications (you would allow) as experience suggests and necessitates.

‘I can hardly imagine a work touching on more subjects which would (treated as you treat them) call forth my heart’s interest and sympathies more, than the little work you have been good enough to send me. . . .

‘This note (as you will see) is merely an acknowledgement, and needs no answer. I should think it meritorious to save you five minutes’ work, even of the lightest kind.’

The next letter, addressed to Mr. Hooper, refers to some troubles in the College.

‘I have just been reading a very sorrowful journal of yours from the college, detailing the troubles connected with — and some of his comrades. These things cause one such anguish of heart that the whole matter has awakened my very deep sympathy with you and Wade. I doubt not there is a “must be” in these things, and that, like our dear Lord, His servants also must be perfected through sufferings and temptations. I imagine that, as Indian natures are constituted, there will always be, in the case of a change of principalship, a tendency to try insubordination, to gauge the determination of the new principal, and to discover up to what point independence, perhaps even resistance, may be carried. I had it at the beginning of my course, though with a smaller body of men to make the attempt, and it calls forth all the *man* in one, and throws one on the wisdom, power, and high priestly succours of Jesus, especially calling for the harmonious blending of stout, strong purpose and loving forbearance. All these special difficulties will call for our intenser and more fervent prayers on your behalf.

‘Your present trials (after the *εὐκαιρος βοήθεια* is realized) will all be helpful, please God, in building up yourself and the college, and the experience gained will help you to strengthen yourself in the kingdom. My own state of nerves is a great thorn in the flesh, for it disables me from speaking my heart out as I could desire on missionary topics, but the sufficient grace will be given, if waited for submissively and patiently, in God’s good time.

‘One may well be thankful if, through the grace and pity of a pardoning God and Saviour, one may creep in the last and least into the kingdom.

‘The Lord will not, I believe, take His eye and heart off you, but will fill you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. Pray for me that home may not enervate and emasculate; I shall hope steadily to remember your dear soldiers at Meean Meer. Twice in the last three years the Lord has answered prayers of this nature, though it was not His will to grant me the blessing personally, which is humbling but stimulating.’

Shortly afterwards he took the chaplaincy at Schwalbach, and then went for a tour in Switzerland with his wife and elder children. From Schwalbach he wrote to his daughter:—

‘It is almost all water-drinking here, which is a vast improvement on wine-drinking, is it not, dearest E.? Yet the hills are clad in

vine garb, and will be rich in hanging ruddy clusters when you see them, I believe. I am sorry and ashamed I can't get on faster in German, but to say the truth, I am afraid of learning too much of it, and too fast, lest my Hindustani suffer, which I need especially now in revising and recopying my work on the Psalms; so I give several (three or four) hours a day to the Hindustani, and one perhaps, or less, to German. You will force me to alter my course a little, will you not, or perhaps will do a little Hindustani with me also? I have a good deal of writing and thinking for my sermons, as people study the Bible more richly and deeply, I do think, and the superficial strata and crust of the word are not enough. Happily, people will not listen contentedly to meagre outside scratches of the word of God, but want deep searching and diving; and what a blessing this is when one thinks of the apostle's rule: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in *all* wisdom." Does not the apostle love that word *all* just as the Psalmist does?'

The eldest daughter, in a letter written a little later, gives an interesting picture of the family holiday life, showing that even in his holidays his former self-denials and student habits followed him. There was work all the morning till 1 o'clock, Cyril reading classics with his father, the daughters French and German and English to themselves; then lunch, then a walk, tea at 6.30 or 7, and in the evening Ranke's *Popes*.

'Our dinners,' she says, 'come from an hotel in three little china dishes, in the shape of shallow strawberry baskets. We always fare well, but papa will help us first, and I fear must stint himself. . . . I am afraid our drawing-room is very untidy at times, for really the number of books and the scanty bookcase were never meant to keep company. The people are in regular bondage to their doctors. They must drink the water, bathe, rest, walk about, just when he tells them; are not allowed to think, study, or, in fact, use their brains at all. Papa offered to lend one lady a book on Prophecy by Auberlen. She got off it by saying that the doctor did not permit hard thinking.'

To Hooper French wrote again:—

'It is very pleasant to meet with such loving cousins and friends of yours as the Misses D., and to talk together of you and your work, which has for several mails past enlisted my deep sympathy, for the trials must have been at times almost heartrending, at least I should have felt them so, for ill health made sorrows as well as responsi-

bilities sit very heavy, and overcloud that peace which should have been as *πραβείς* in the heart, as if they were tokens of God's displeasure and rejection of one's works, so that one could not prosper in them. However, the chief effect has been, I believe, to drive me for refuge to prayer in your behalf and that of our infant institute, that the Lord may not lay more upon us and it than we are able to bear, but will give us the comfortable realizing of His help again. . . . Miss A. D. seems a great sufferer at times; but it is like half a dozen sermons to see her hunger and thirst after the word of God, which brings her to the house of God with much bodily pain and suffering, there and back, then and afterwards. What some English ladies bear and do out of their fervent heart-love to the Saviour seems always a standing rebuke to one's easy-going ways of working. High places in the kingdom are surely in store for such. . . . I shall not expect private communications from you, unless some matter arises which you wish privately to communicate, as I am sure you have more than enough on your hands, and I half killed myself by trying to keep pace with the correspondence. I shall never quite recover it, I fear. The loss of night rest in such a climate excites the brain, and the nervous suffering in lecturing afterwards was indescribable.'

Whilst he was abroad the living of Erith was offered to him by Lord Wynford, and he was glad to accept it and have a settled work again, instead of the continual rush of engagements as a deputation. He wrote hence to his eldest child on October 21, 1874:—

'There will be much for you to do, I hope, in school, choir, district, &c. You will pray very heartily that you may have much happiness and usefulness in Christ's service. There are a few nice people, but some sharp and bitter controversialists who give me some trouble; but trial and chastening is *very* wholesome for us. Oh, that we may be ever like Jesus in bearing it meekly and lovingly, and taking up the cross, so as to follow Him simply and unreservedly. This sweetens for us the bitterest cup, and turns gall into meat almost.'

In the beginning of December Mr. Hathaway, on behalf of the Trustees of St. Ebbe's, Oxford, offered the living to French, in the event of Mr. Barlow's resignation to go to the C. M. College, Islington. The matter remained some months in suspense. On December 3 he wrote to Mr. Hathaway:—

'I can scarcely think of any other call which could have led me at

went up to the Viceroy, and the Viceroy assented, and requested me in two telegrams to draw up a service. We arrived early Saturday last, after travelling all night, and Sir A. Clark, the Viceroy's representative, and myself in bishop's attire stood on the iron bridge amidst a large crowd gathered from hundreds of miles for the ceremonial, and thus a witness was borne for Christ before heathen and Moslem such as I think surprised everybody. There was a great lunch afterwards, at which some hundreds of Europeans and the young Nawab of Bahawulpur, in whose territory and close to whose capital the bridge is, sat down, and some of us spoke, myself of course in answer to the toast of Bishop and Clergy—being a teetotaler mine was drunk in water. The heat was very intense part of the day, and many were made ill for some days, but I thank God I was preserved from all harm.'

How full the witness to the Saviour was may be judged from the special prayers, which, after pleading that the bridge might 'join men together for peace and not for war, for dealings of justice and mercy, for lawful and righteous commerce, for brotherly fellowship of race with race and man with man,' concluded with these words:—

'And grant, Heavenly Father, that "neither the splendour of anything that is great nor the conceit of anything that is good in us" may turn us aside from looking on ourselves as sinful dust and ashes before Thee, who didst span across the gulf of our sin, misery and ruin in the person and work of man's Redeemer, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be the glory and kingdom and power everlasting. Amen.'

After this he spent three weeks at Peshawur, where he did much missionary work, and found three of his old students engaged in the mission; he visited also with deep feelings of interest the grave of his old colleague Knott. On June 29 he wrote about his daughter Ellen's wedding:—

'I was twice at dinner with the Rifle Brigade, a portion of which is at Cherat. Its officers mostly are of high family and most gentlemanly. One of them, young Lord Ossulston¹, took such pains to show me the manner of working the heliograph, which by flashes from a sort of looking-glass sends messages thirty or forty miles, or

¹ He died in the Afghan war next year.

even farther. They were heliographing to Nowshera and Peshawur from their hill-height. The letters were distinguished by long and short flashes of light—it is very simple and ingenious. I wish I could thus flash some *sun messages* for your breakfast party at the wedding, and send with them bright flashes of light and love and joy, though I am sure there will be many of these from many bright eyes and glad hearts, in spite of the little sadness of the occasion. May you experience a little earnest of Heaven's own gladness, of which it is said—"The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

After this he spent a month at Murrec, where he secured a large house, which gave him a good opportunity of inviting poor chaplains and missionaries for a few days: it was a little expensive, and he might have made a good speculation by letting it when he left; but 'a bishop,' he said, 'ought to be hospitable and to entertain his clergy.'

The next long sojourn was at Simla during the latter half of August and first of September. He had looked forward to this with some dread as the most exciting part of his duty, since Simla in the season was like Eaton Square or Kensington.

'The Viceroy (Lerd Lytton) was asked to dinner the day I arrived, but I did not get in till nearly eleven. It amazed me how the horses of the little car almost galloped along roads on the very edge of fearful precipices. I am staying with the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Egerton, at present, then go to the Maclagans, and then to the Arbuthnots (of the Calcutta Council).'

Through the kindness of these successive hosts, the last of whom was an old Rugbeian, and the thorough sympathy of spirit that he felt with the archdeacon, who was chaplain, the month that he had dreaded so in prospect passed very pleasantly. On Aug. 26 he wrote:—

'I am now at the Maclagans', after eight days with Mr. Egerton. I lived in clover, though the evenings were spent in a good deal of company, chiefly of the great Calcutta people—among others, members of the Lawrence and Bernard families, Sir F. Haines, Commander-in-Chief, and all kinds of leading officials. You know how little my heart goes along with all this, and how I long to live nearer and nearer to God, and do always what pleases Him; and the comfort is, that it is only while in Simla, where the Calcutta Court as well as the Punjab Government comes up, that this dissipation

is to some extent incumbent. In all India there is no such gathering of notables and Indian grandees as in Simla—scarcely even in Calcutta itself. It is of course an anxiety, but being put here unsought I must not shirk the responsibility. You will plead for me that I may be faithful. It is a matter of no small thankfulness that Archdeacon Matthew is so nobly and wisely faithful. . . .

‘There is a good sprinkling of really religious people, and the great Calcutta officials are as a rule steady church or chapel goers ; and there seems as little of what is outwardly bad and vicious as one could conceive possible in such a massing together of officers, young civilians, and a multitude of young ladies, brought up under such various influences.’

One incident occurred during his stay which gave him very special pleasure. Cashmere had been visited—as it has again while this is written (1893)—by very heavy rains and floods ; and a grievous famine had ensued.

Simla, *Sept.* 8, 1878.

I am so distressed to know what to do for you this mail, for all the latter end of the week unexpectedly was expended on an idea, which God put into my heart, to try to get the rich people here to send some grain to the poor dying Cashmiris, many of whom are perishing of famine. I know that for their sakes you will put up with a poor short letter this mail. Some few of the high officials, Mr. Egerton and his secretaries, Mr. Bernard, secretary to Lord Lytton, &c., especially have taken it up most kindly and warmly, and so yesterday and to-day about £300 have been raised here—after my sermon this morning £120. These little things make me thankful to be in my present position, for otherwise I could not have had the opportunity of calling on Government and the great people here to bring out their money. After all, it is the loving-kindness of a good and gracious Father that has wrought this through me, and I trust we have made a start towards what may save hundreds if not thousands of lives. Mr. Clark is happily up here ; and as Cashmere is his old favourite mission, and he is secretary for C. M. S. in the Punjab, he can direct the missionaries to act, and write in various directions to second the efforts that are being made.

Sept. 9. The evening collection yesterday was some £90 more.

The latter part of September—still in the hot season—the bishop spent at Ferozepore on the plains, taking the chaplain’s full duties, and releasing him to go for a rest to the hills. The following months were occupied with interesting visitations at Amritsar ; Ambala, a great

military station, where he confirmed forty soldiers; and Delhi, where he struggled through his work for five or six days in face of a sharp attack of fever. He also visited Narowal, with its interesting mission work. At Jandiala, the Sikhs and Mohammedans gave him an address of welcome, although he was a Christian bishop, and came for the avowed purpose of proclaiming his own creed. In all these later labours he was much cheered and encouraged by the thought of Mrs. French so quickly coming to rejoin him. She sailed on November 7 with her two daughters Lydia and Agnes. The bishop's brother-in-law and commissary, Mr. Sheldon, kindly provided a home for the younger children. At the end of November Bishop French went down to Bombay to meet them and bring them back to Bishopstowe, which he had got ready for their reception.

The year closed in with a good many anxieties. War had already broken out upon the frontier, and troops were moving up there in large numbers. Writing to Cyril on December 22 the bishop said:—

‘To-day I have had the solemn occasion of my first ordination, one English missionary priest and one native deacon. The last four days I have been hard at work in examining. The books were chiefly Harold Browne, Hardwicke's *Reformation*, Mozley's *Miracles*, Bickersteth's *Spirit of Life*, Lee *On Inspiration of Holy Scriptures*, with Greek of Acts, 2 Corinthians, and the Pastoral Epistles. Neither tried Hebrew, which disappointed me. The ordination was held in the pro-cathedral. I have a number of sermons and addresses now before me in connexion with our synod,—church council of native church, &c., &c., and have need indeed to be anointed with fresh oil.

‘Our house-furnishing and repairs are approaching completion, and it is time they should, as our synod meets on the 30th (D.V.). The archdeacon is to be installed in the pro-cathedral next Sunday (29th), and will preach an opening sermon for the synod. He is very popular as a preacher, and as a man and pastor too. His business habits and knowledge are most useful under present difficulties.’

On Christmas Day he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Sheldon:—

‘There are many things to discourage me just now. On the whole I feel my work will be a very slow and gradual one here as elsewhere. The Lahore great people as a whole are extremely shy,

with two or three exceptions. I have annoyed them much and I fear repelled them by the line I felt I must take as regards Sunday evening entertainments. As my protest sent to the managing committee¹ was hushed up, I referred to it in my sermon at the station church last Sunday evening—our ordination sermon on “Christ in you, the hope of glory, whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ.” I dwelt on the ministerial work of warning, the difficulty and unpleasantness yet urgent necessity of it, if he (the minister) would be faithful, the profitableness of it for the people, its bearing on the great presentation before the throne. I referred to the protest I sent to the committee. I was glad to hear afterwards that it had been defended by some, the Commander-in-Chief among others (Sir Fred. Haines), in a discussion at dinner the same evening. The Lieutenant-Governor and his family were at church and just under the pulpit. He is always most civil and kind.

‘I hope at least I shall be saved from disgracing my office and character by God’s help, and pray that in manifestation of the truth I may commend myself to every man’s conscience in the sight of God. I am sure that dearest C. and J. have in many ways far severer difficulties to encounter than I have; and their heroic resolute courage may well be an example to me. The older one grows the more one sees how equally shared by very many of the heirs of salvation, tribulation and affliction are. . . . Lydia and Agnes have enjoyed the martial bustle of Lahore—camps, reviews, an evening at the Lieutenant-Governor’s to meet a large body of native chiefs, lunch with Lord and Lady Lytton, &c. These are but the outsides of my work, and do not much disturb or interrupt me. The Viceroy and Lady L. are gone to Calcutta for the present. The Ameer’s flight from Cabul is a perplexity rather to the Government, but I hope all will be ordered for the best.’

Perhaps this slight sketch of a year’s engagements may give some rough impression of the bishop’s work, its labours and variety.

In the next chapter the meeting of his first synod will give occasion to speak of some of the chief matters of church administration that were brought before him in the course of his episcopate, and then the reader will be called upon to go with him to scenes of active war that followed on the Ameer’s flight.

¹ Of the Lahore Library, skating rink, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADMINISTRATION AND CHURCH PARTIES.

‘With reverent feet our earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.’

‘Surtout Jésus-Christ personnifié et vivant dans les grands apôtres et les grands évêques. Jésus-Christ (dit-il) dont je suis l’évêque, dont je fais l’œuvre ; je ne dois plus avoir d’autre pensée que lui, tout pour lui, tout pour lui.’—DUPANLOUP, ii. 35.

THE last day of 1878 witnessed the first meeting of the first synod of the new diocese. Such subjects do not lend themselves to picturesque description, and there is the less reason to linger long upon them, because, by common consent of those who worked with him, it is not by any special aptitude for the details of administration that Bishop French has left his mark upon his diocese, but rather by untiring energy of personal endeavour, and the pervasive influence of his own saintly character.

Thus Bishop Matthew, his successor, writes :—

‘You ask about organization, and at the same time say that if organization was not the bishop’s forte, still his energy must have accomplished a good deal in the ten years of his episcopate. That is the exact truth. Of what we understand by organization he left but little. He was a man who had not the gift of working through others, but he had first of all a poetic, imaginative, creative mind, which put forth ideas and schemes, and, when he had the leisure and the will to push and further the schemes, he succeeded by his own energetic resolve. The Cambridge mission at Delhi is due to one of these ideas, conceived before he actually became bishop, but bearing fruit at the beginning of his episcopate. The

cathedral was the next and greatest, for the amount of labour devoted to that no one can measure. . . . Then there was the bringing out of the St. Denys Sisters from Warminster, a bold move for one of his antecedents.'

The work of the cathedral will need a separate chapter. Meantime a general impression of his administration will be best gained by quoting two press extracts, one from the *Civil and Military Gazette* of April 2, 1883, when he was starting for his furlough, the other from the *Punjab Mission News* upon his resignation of the see. The first-named paper is not specially devoted to Church interests, and so its testimony is of greater value.

'A missionary of long experience, and a classical and oriental scholar of considerable reputation, the Bishop of Lahore brought with him very special qualifications for his arduous duties ; and we think few will doubt that his five years' episcopate has left its mark upon the Church of England in the provinces of the Punjab and Sindh.

'Bishop French has never assumed, as he might have done, the tone and bearing of a high government official ; but his administration of the diocese has been carried on with great decision and vigour. His frequent visits to the chief stations of the Punjab and Sindh have served to infuse life and earnestness into the clergy, and the result is that a very marked change has taken place in the spiritual ministrations of the chaplains.

'In the midst of an official community, in which the military element so largely predominates, the position of a "spiritual pastor" is not the most enviable one . . . and the somewhat anomalous position of a station chaplain (with military rank assigned to him, though in no sense a military officer) has often been a source of perplexity. Since Bishop French's appointment it has been his constant effort to surround the Indian chaplain with all the associations of the English clergyman, to sink the official in the pastoral character of the office. He has also done much to create a feeling of unity between the missionaries, who are non-official clergy, and the chaplains of the diocese. Himself a missionary of long standing and of apostolic character, his leanings and sympathies have doubtless been in favour of evangelistic work, but in no way has this phase of his episcopate been detrimental to his duties as a high government official. The Bishop of Lahore has by his consistency of life and his liberality of thought earned the highest esteem of the laity in his diocese, and they will gladly welcome his familiar presence among them at the completion of his eighteen months' furlough . . .'

The words that follow are from an article in the *Punjab Mission News* of January 15, 1888, and by comparing them with the account of the diocese at the time of Bishop French's consecration (chapter xiv. p. 329), a fair idea is gained of what had been accomplished in the interim. After speaking of the unique features of the Lahore diocese, and the great opportunities of work afforded to its bishop, the article continues:—

‘His clergy—now ninety-one in number—are composed of twenty-nine chaplains, of whom eighteen have been nominated during his episcopate, chiefly by himself; three chaplains of the Additional Clergy Aid Society; forty-two missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, of whom thirty have been appointed during his episcopate, and fourteen are natives; six missionaries of the S. P. G. and six of the Cambridge mission at Delhi, of whom all but three have been appointed during his episcopate, and all but two are English; and five other clergy, three of whom are connected with schools. Independently of the clergy, there are eight lay English missionaries of the C. M. S., five of whom are medical; thirty-seven lady missionaries of the Church of England Zenana Society, of whom thirteen are honorary; two ladies of the C. M. S., nineteen ladies of the S. P. G. and Cambridge mission at Delhi, and three Sisters of the St. Denys school at Murree. With this staff Bishop French has had to direct the religious teaching of the Church of England among 28,700 Europeans and Eurasians (this number is now probably considerably increased since the census of 1881, in consequence of the accessions to the British army of late years on the frontier), and amongst twenty-three millions of natives, of whom eleven and a-half millions are Mohammedans, nine and a-half millions are Hindus, and one and three-quarter millions are Sikhs—at a time when worldliness, infidelity, and self-seeking have abounded among Europeans, and when the natives of the country are emerging out of their old life into an entirely new existence, and are forming new societies and associations, by which the educated among them are vainly seeking to blend the influence of Christianity and civilization with their old and dying creeds. . . .

‘What his labours and his manner of life have been are known to all. With unwearied patience and fixed resolve to spend and be spent for Christ, he has traversed every year almost every district of the Punjab and Sindh, preaching everywhere in English and in the vernaculars, both on Sundays and weekdays, in the pulpits of the churches and often also in the streets and bazaars of native towns, and holding confirmations, and visiting from house to house. His hospitality and his large-hearted liberality have been proverbial

amongst us. His humility, and gentleness, and self-denial, and his love have been sermons to all who beheld him, just as his words have been to all who heard him. . . . His courage in rebuking sin, and his firmness in administering ecclesiastical censure and rebuke in cases of open profligacy and vice amongst the great as well as amongst the poor, have been repeatedly experienced. In all things he has endeavoured to show himself a pattern as a bishop—as he sought to be before as a missionary—in his teaching, conduct, purpose, faith, long-suffering.’

These extracts may be supplemented by a few more words from Bishop Matthew’s letter :—

‘The increase in the number of clergy in a diocese like this is not quite a fair measure of a bishop’s capacity. He depends on the one side on government chaplains, and on the other upon missionaries provided by societies. In church-building the cathedral absorbed his efforts; and those which he made with much importunity for securing churches at Multan and Quettah especially, did not bear fruit till after his resignation. The churches opened during his episcopate (beside the cathedral) were

Lahore—Holy Trinity,	Rawul Pindi—St. Mary.
„ Divinity School	Batala—St. Mary.
Chapel.	Peshawur—All Saints Mission
Simla—All Saints,	Church.
„ St. Thomas (Native	Ajnala, Jandiala, Clarkabad
Church).	(Native Churches).
Jutogh—St. Michael.	Sukkur.
Dalhousie—St. John.	

The Diocesan Societies, viz., Additional Clergy Society, Church Building Society, Diocesan Board of Education (S. P. C. K.), were but continuations of what had been existing already in the undivided diocese of Calcutta.’

The task of finding chaplains and church-workers took much time and correspondence. Although the bishop met with some great disappointments, he was the means of drawing many good men to the diocese, foremost amongst them his own successor.

He wrote to his son Cyril in 1879 :—

‘All this great space has an infinite variety of climates and posts for enterprising men; but there is a good deal of the human and romantic mixed up with ideas of the heroic, and even apostolic, so that I do not wish to kindle the mere ardent and enthusiastic passion of enterprise, except the calm, deep-seated call of God go

before. . . . I have never yet got any man out for long by *pressing* him to come; yet it has pleased God in two or three instances to use unconscious and unintended influence to attract men to the work.'

Another year he wrote to Mrs. Sheldon:—

'I expect three or four vacancies in the chaplains' list this cold season. . . . I would rather leave the vacancies awhile unfilled than have indifferent men to be clogs on the work for a quarter of a century! It is a very serious consideration indeed.'

The letter following was sent to Canon Christopher at Oxford:—

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

Sabathu, *July 6, 1880.*

I rejoiced with you most unfeignedly in the remarkable and unparalleled success of your C. M. S. breakfast party. It really seemed to inaugurate a fresh era of growing influence and friendly appreciation for the Society, which has been so dear to us both. Canon Ryle's appointment must have been to you a source of special thankfulness and rejoicing. I cannot help coupling with it in my praises that of dear George Moule to the Mid-China bishopric; may both these dear brethren be honoured instruments, by which the great Head of the Church will manifest His power, and bright reflectors of His glory! . . . It has been a disappointment to me that my appeals for chaplains and Additional Clergy Society have met with so small response among my young Oxford friends. I see no reason why the Martyns and Corries should be supposed to be an extinct race of chaplains, and why men of missionary ardour and devotion, with love of languages and Eastern study, should not gladly hail such openings as these Eastern chaplaincies present. £550 a year to start with, and £850 a year after ten years, is no contemptible provision for one of moderate desires; and there is scarcely any way in which I can make this short period of my episcopacy tell so much or so long on the future of India, as in exercising faithfully this charge of appointing or nominating men who are ready to spend and be spent for the souls of the heathen masses of this land, while not passing by the European flocks, but associating them if possible in this great crusade against ignorance and error.

You know that I would not for a moment divert any one of those whom the simple mission work, pure and undistracted, summons away from English work altogether. I would not stir a finger to shake their honoured and privileged purpose, but among the ranks which line your missionary breakfast tables, there must be some surely who might not feel themselves and their prospective families equal to the roughing and hardship (comparatively speaking) of the missionary lot with its smaller

remuneration, but could accept the more adequate and sufficient income of the chaplains without any detriment (let us hope) to the general missionary purpose of their heart. I own to having a very great longing desire to see a Corrie or a Martyn among our chaplains, and the places of these men are yet to be filled, are yet vacant. . . . My work is too severely exacting and exhausting to be protracted for many years, I fear, and I am all the more anxious therefore to preserve a posterity in this distant land, and to seize the unlooked-for opportunities afforded me of leaving behind me a little band of able, holy, devoted and experienced men who may be a salt to renovate and purify in the midst of such grievous corruption. . . .

With kind brotherly love to Mrs. Christopher and yourself,

I remain, yours in truest fellowship and sympathy,

THOS. V. LAHORE.

With like urgency he wrote more than once, at different periods, to Dr. Westcott at Cambridge, asking his assistance in finding an able chaplain for Karachi.

MY DEAR DR. WESTCOTT,

Lahore, *Aug. 30, 1886.*

Pray forgive my troubling you with a letter to-day which really requires no answer, though I shall be thankful if its request can be borne in mind sometimes in your university walks and rare periods of vacation.

The want of a senior chaplain for the growingly important seaport and military station of Karachi in Sindh, who should be also archdeacon of Sindh and this North-West frontier, presses very heavily upon me.

A bishop of such a diocese as this, and who has to deal with such a climate, and such incessantly arising difficult problems and contradictions, as well as disappointments, *does* need human support as well as divine; however comforted and strengthened by such words of marvellous and rich encouragement as you give us in 'Christus Consummator'; and the loss of a number of my best men like Bickersteth, Furneaux (now vicar of Leamington), and Knox, whom the C. M. S. (must I say?) inveigled to leave one of the highest posts in my diocese to go home and teach the children of their missionaries, has threatened a collapse to my plans.

You are aware what efforts I made when at home to enlist the personal service of some men of mark for a diocese whose population includes several races of distinction, 'men of stature' every way. The European civil servants are most of them chosen from the highest on the list of candidates for the Civil Service. God knows what an anguish of heart it has cost me to find my earnest

appeal for support from university men of distinction so unsuccessful, and to perceive the falling away from Christian worship, if not belief, of so many of the more cultivated and thoughtful civil servants and officers, caused not a little by the inferior type of men who alone will undertake to grapple with our exceptional difficulties, though the chaplains' lists have had enrolled in them two senior wranglers before now. . . . Among the many young classical M.A.'s, fairly high in honours, and full of enterprise, who must cross your path, it might please God some one or more might meet you, to whom such a post as that described, and others not unlike it—in large Punjab stations, hill and plain—might be acceptable, and the call of an age-ing (if not aged) bishop seem like a call from God. . . .

I cannot sufficiently express our thankfulness to you for the store of matter your recent, as well as older, works supply us with in addressing ourselves to the most hopeful and thoughtful circles of readers and hearers, native or English.

Only to-day I had a letter from a young native M.A. of our Lahore University, who finds much in his heart's convictions and aspirations akin to Christ and the Gospel, speaking of the help he had got from your little work on *The Historic Faith*.

. . . The substance of your article on 'The Captain of our Salvation perfect through sufferings,' I hope to impart to a large audience of educated young natives next Saturday evening in a reading-room here.

So our gracious Lord gives you a voice to speak here in Lahore, as in other large centres. May He have all the praise, and His Indian crown among the many He must wear have some of its brightest and purest jewels gathering for it by the prophetic teaching He has charged you with in our behalf. . . .

I remain, my dear Dr. Westcott,

Your faithful brother and servant in Christ,

THOS. V. LAHORE.

The Rev. Canon and Professor Westcott, D.D.

In a letter of about the same date (May, 1886) to a near relative of the biographer, the bishop said :—

'The *men* are of much more concern to me than the buildings, much as I have been constrained to plead for the latter, yet not to the extent of one-tenth part, I think, that I have for faithful and able labourers. My episcopate will, I much fear, be seen in the retrospect to have been a sad failure in this most important of all departments. *The same commit thou* to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also. Young bishops excite a deeper and more burning enthusiasm, and it is also a very special gift not given to all. I tried *hard* at Oxford and Cambridge, and

have written folios, I suppose, on the subject. Now I begin to feel, perhaps, it is better to sit quite still, and see what the Lord Himself may be pleased to do before the Nebo summons comes, to venture on a lofty expression little befitting a small bishopric.'

The bishop held three synods, but the first (assembled in the upper storey of his recently acquired and scarcely furnished house at Bishopstowe, December, 1878) was so informal that he did not count it. The first day's meeting assumed the character of a devotional retreat. The bishop gave an address on 'Some of the principal offices fulfilled by the Holy Ghost in the edifying and establishing the Church of Christ,' founding his remarks on Zech. iii. and iv. and Acts xiii. On the last evening of the conference he gave a lecture, 'A comparison of early Celtic missions with those in this Province.' There were thirty-four clergymen (including two natives) and twenty laymen (including three natives) present. In writing of this first synod to Mr. Mackworth Young, from Ambala, November 22, the bishop said:—

'The little synod is capable of being to us as a diocese what the first moment of self-consciousness is to a child, the time of our first realizing our independent and responsible existence. It is a critical period with us as with the child, and the newly awakened power may exercise itself in very diverse directions.'

The synod met again after an interval of two years, when the war-cloud was being lifted. The meetings, for the more convenience of all present, were held in tents erected in the bishop's garden. From Dalhousie the bishop wrote to Cyril on October 18, 1880:—

'This week I am hoping to get through the chief part of my charge, or synodal address, for the conference after Christmas. I fear I shall not get another quiet week before that. What I should do without your dear mother about all the house arrangements I scarcely know. It must end in paralysis, I fear; the brain labour and weight of responsibility is so heavy. A charge of course gets freely canvassed, as the archbishop's is even out here; but yet I should like to make a distinct avowal of my real principles, so as to be able to appeal to them when accused of this or that false or narrow view. I am sure the Church of England

μεσότης is not a mere timid shrinking from extremes on either side (having itself nothing but negatives, no solid core and substance of truth), but a real primitive apostolic bulwark of truth and faith. I should like (if I were Alfred) to have an opportunity of working out this thought in favour of Aristotle's real view of virtue as μεσότης. I took an Aristotle to Peshawur, really hoping to strike out some suggestive lines of thought for the dear fellow, but, alas! I found it hopeless. Mr. Hughes would bring in one Afghan khan or mullick after another to talk to in Pushtu; and I could not resist him, as it reproduced my old missionary work to some extent, though poor dying soldiers used up some of my time. Cholera only appeared in a few sporadic cases. . . . I wish I could add more, but my hand is getting tremulous with several hours' hard writing.'

The bishop's diary contains a list of the forty-one clergymen and sixteen laymen who were present at this synod, with the remark underneath—'God be praised for bringing us together and giving us upon the whole *one mind*.' Mr. Bickersteth (now Bishop of Exeter) was at this time, through the liberality of his congregation at Christ Church, Hampstead, spending a long winter holiday in India, where he was naturally deeply interested in his own son's work at Delhi. His intercourse with French in 1863 has been already noted, since then he had conducted a mission for him in his parish at St. Ebbe's, Oxford, and now by his special invitation he took a leading part in the quasi-retreat with which, as usual, the church synod opened. Two pamphlets were issued—one with the bishop's words of welcome, and the papers read at his request; the other with the bishop's charge, and an ordination sermon preached by him a few days earlier. The spirit of the bishop's work is seen in his address of welcome:—

'MY DEAR BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY,

'Allow me to address to you before we proceed to the business of the synod a few informal and hearty words of welcome.

'Before all, the presence and blessing of the great Head of the Church is that which I crave, and which you will crave with me; that He will breathe upon us, as upon His apostles gathered in the upper chamber, and say to us, as twice He said to them, "Peace be unto you."

'The refrain of that beautiful hymn, "Let Jesus Christ be

praised," may well be the keynote of all our plans, our speeches, and actions in this place. This thought steadily kept before us will be calming, reassuring, strengthening. We shall seek not ourselves, not our own glory or profit, but the profit of others, of the Church of God, and the glory of our God. . . .

'A synod, besides what it has in common with other gatherings, has a speciality of its own, which gives it a sacredness of character such as does not belong to other meetings. It is a gathering together of members of the Church of God, of faithful men unto Christ Himself, to deliberate on matters affecting the welfare, growth, edification, and right ordering and organizing of the Church of God; as we are told in the Gospels that, on one occasion, the disciples gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told Him both what they had done and what they had taught. It is for the kingdom of God, for the love of Christ, for the salvation of souls that we meet. The purposes of a synod are various.

'(1) There is the pleasure of looking each other in the face from far distant portions of the diocese, from Peshawur to Karachi, to deliberate, and (if possible) to decide upon great practical questions. It is "good and pleasant" thus to hold fellowship and communion together, to form or to renew and consolidate acquaintances, or even friendships, to strengthen each other's hands in God, to speak and hear heartening and encouraging words. This led an ancient Bishop of Verona to say, "The day of synod is always to me the pleasantest of days, the day which amid the most pressing troubles inseparable from the cares of my office most comforts and refreshes my spirit."

'(2) Further, our synodical action in the Punjab is an integral, and I hope vital, link of a wide and ever-growing circle and chain of synodical action, which binds the various branches of the Anglican church throughout the world. We are of the base, on which a great pyramid of synodical action rests; the apex of it being the Pan-Anglican synod, represented in 1878 by the hundred bishops who met at Lambeth under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. . . . We here, brethren, are a small part, but we are a small part of a great whole. The archbishop has said lately that he considers the Lambeth Conference to have had a great effect in raising the status and influence of the Church of England, as the head of the great communities in Christendom, which hold to the catholic truth and creeds without submitting to the imperious usurpation of Rome. Its first great office is to *attest* the whole body of revealed truth; and, then, secondly, to *protest* against error, whether of the Church of Rome, or in sundry reformed confessions and practices. We are not to put the *protest* first, and the *attestation* second.

'(3) Some synods are held because they *ought* to be, it is *right* and

proper they should be; and others because they *must* be. Ours is of the latter type. A number of works within the diocese having been begun, need to be reinforced and sustained; and several not yet started need to be begun. I dare not hope to sustain the one, nor to start the others, without your thoughtful, kindly co-operation and sympathy. I have to throw myself upon your loyalty and generous fidelity; not so much [loyalty] to myself personally as set in charge of this weighty diocese, as loyalty to the great Head of the Church, and to the Church which is His bride. . . .

‘To the greater perfection of a synod several things are wanting, which are not available yet, e.g. a capitular council of clergy to be advisers and assessors of the bishop on such matters as I commend to your attention at this time. Acting almost entirely alone (as I have been obliged to do through absence on visitations), I must have made many mistakes both of omission and commission, which I need to ask pardon for—pardon from God, pardon from my brethren. But I have done what I could. It will be much if the essential and substantial part of the synod is accomplished, though the decorations and garniture be wanting; if there be holiness, though not the beauty of holiness; if there be love, though not its loveliest and most sparkling expression.

‘At any rate I shall not have given way to that cowardly trembling of heart to which one is tempted, which throws up its hands and sinks. . . . What may not be confidently hoped of a small resolute band of whole-hearted, manly workers, in whom breathes the Spirit that once lived in Amasa and his fellows in the days of the wars of King David! “The Spirit of God clothed Amasa and his fellows, and they came unto David, and said, Thine are we, O David, and on thy side, O Son of Jesse: peace be unto thee, and peace be unto thy helpers; for thy God helpeth thee. And David received them and made them captains of his band.”

‘I cannot forget what I was told of Archbishop Longley on the day of the first meeting of bishops at Lambeth. At the thought of the vastly responsible enterprise he had undertaken he seemed for a while discomposed and disheartened. Suddenly he brightened up, and with a beaming smile said, “But we can pray. Prayer can do much. Prayer can do all.” In this spirit let us enter on to-day’s proceedings.’

With such a president, it is not surprising that the debates were carried on in happy harmony, with an unusual freedom from the spirit of aggressive party feeling. A layman who took part in them wrote shortly afterwards:—‘Your synod was to me a baptism of love, tenderness, spirituality, and power, as it was, I believe, to every one present.’ ‘God be praised!’ said French, ‘and the Son of God be glorified!’

The synodal address delivered by the bishop at this time covered a wide field in a discursive and somewhat disconnected manner, and was, perhaps, a little overloaded with quotations, but it showed in every page large-hearted sympathies and fearless independent thought. It was plainly the work of a man who brought all questions to the test of God's own word, and was willing very simply to abide by that. It attracted considerable notice, and the *Church Times*, in a very able article, after a rather sweeping condemnation of episcopal allocutions in general, singled it out (together with a charge of Bishop Mackarness, of Oxford) for special commendation.

'The Bishop of Lahore,' the *Church Times* said, 'though by no means viewing all subjects from our standpoint, has brought an independent judgement to bear on all the questions he surveys, and, instead of deciding merely in accordance with the traditions of his school, has weighed the merits of each separately, and pronounced his opinion in clear sensible phrases, marked at once by piety, culture, and tolerant breadth.

'The first paragraph of his charge which calls for notice is one where we are at issue with him on first principles, namely his argument for the admission of laity as co-ordinate members of church synods, and not as mere assessors. . . . It is not a question of expediency or convenience at all, but of first principles, and we are thus constrained to differ from the bishop, but are bound to say that he urges his pleas temperately, and on grounds that have at least a show of practical utility. We are more in accord with his desire for an extended use of Bible classes of a higher stamp than common, and for the admixture in them of readings from Church history and Christian biography, which (in words which are bold indeed from one of his school) he says would be most effectual against the anti-Church, anti-Christian, and even immoral tendencies of some of the wild, disorderly developments of temperance societies even in the British army. He gives a few words of wise counsel, following, as he tells his hearers, the guidance of Fénelon and of Keble, on the dangers of frequent communions as mere matters of course, and without due preparation, whilst he encourages the frequency of opportunities for communicating at least weekly.

'Again, he tells his clerical hearers that they cannot possibly discharge their ministry well in the absence of a close and searching exegesis of the Bible (if possible in the original text), which he describes as an indispensable necessity for the due understanding and communication of scriptural truth; while he warns them also against keeping back any elements of Gospel

teaching through fear of being thought partisans, or through desire to conciliate men by preaching only on doctrines they like, or at least do not dislike. He shows how some avoid dwelling on the Divine Sovereignty and Predestinating Grace, lest they should be called Calvinists; how others shun all reference to the Second Advent, because of the ill-repute of the many prophets who undertake to fix its date; how others, again, dreading to be called Ritualists, are disloyal to the apostolical succession, and encourage the native clergy and laity to strike out new paths for themselves instead of keeping to the rich heritage of the old Church stock into which they should be grafted:—and, making his meaning plainer yet, he adds: “I am persuaded that a moderate Anglican ritual, not pushed to violent extremes, will be readily suffered, and even welcomed and found useful and reckoned faithful if the whole counsel of God is declared.”

‘When it is remembered what are the theological antecedents of India, and the general temper in the past of the religious section of the Anglo-Indian laity, these words are as bold as they would be in an Irish bishop addressing an Orange synod in Ulster. Urging the clergy to consecutive courses of sermons, and to expository lectures on books of the Bible, he recommends to them such commentators as Godet, Meyer, Delitzsch, Westcott, Pusey, and Dr. Kay; and enforces his advice by telling them that the method he suggests, the adaptation of subject, style, and matter to present needs, is what gave their power for good to Gratry, Lacordaire, and their fellows in the Church of France, and lends a sterling value to the study of their works.

‘And his zeal for intellectual improvement comes out again not only in his advice to sermon writers when they become languid, but in advocating the foundation at Delhi of a circulating library for new theological works, pointing his remarks by citing the precepts and example of St. Francis de Sales, who said: “Ignorance is almost worse than faultiness in a priest, since it disgraces not the individual only, but the whole priesthood.” . . .

‘And there is some very wise counsel as to confession, warning against the danger of making it direction, and so enfeebling instead of invigorating the individual will and conscience. And though we think a phrase or two might be with advantage modified, still we have seen nothing so good on the subject from any English bishop’s pen, whatever his school, since the anti-confessional agitation began. . . .

‘Christian evidences, their strength and weakness, the promised cathedral and its chapter as a real council for the bishop, and the purposed revival of the sub-diaconate are the closing topics of this remarkable address, which teems besides with statistics of local work and progress, testifying to active zeal on the part of all concerned.’

Little exception can be taken to this *Church Times* summary. The bishop himself said of it, in writing to Mrs. French, July, 1881:—

‘It is singularly flattering and appreciative of my real motives and principles, and really a very clever article. . . . It is scarcely fair, as it almost omits the parts unfavourable to the High Church party and magnifies the favourable. However, on the whole I must thank God for it, and take courage, and not forget Solomon’s lesson: “As the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, so is a man to his praise.” Not a single Indian paper has said a single word in praise or dispraise, which I was a little surprised at, and I own I thought it deserved *some* notice, however feeble. I was the more taken by surprise, therefore, at its being made so much of in a leading English paper. How they got hold of it, I can’t tell. The *Record* and *Guardian*, to whom I sent it, pigeon-holed it entirely. I think it deserves the credit of boldness, for I pretty well made the whole Church the confidante of my principles, and I feel so much freer and happier since I feel I have nothing in concealment as regards what I really hold. I have received more tender sympathy and regard from my clergy the last few months than ever in my life before.’

And again a few days later:—

‘As regards the attack in the *Record*, I don’t think I must be surprised at some jealousy being awakened among my friends by the exaggerated commendations passed upon me lately in public, and, as Keble says, one must set the exaggerated censures over against excessive praises, and so establish an equilibrium of mind. Perhaps you were right in not sending me the letter, as, having once resolved by publishing the synodal address to take up my own independent position, I must be content to be judged by that declaration, and cannot stop to turn aside wrath and bitterness.

‘The *Church Times* does not venture to claim me as one of their own party; only thinks me fair and candid, as you will see. Pray for me, that I may go on simply and steadily doing the day’s work, as to the Lord, not trusting in man, nor counting his smile and frown. It is a new experience for me to be a public man. I have managed to keep so in the shade, and I do feel in how *many* things I come grievously short even towards you and our dear children.’

The words about ‘confession’ and ‘guilds’ occasioned most alarm among strict evangelicals. His treatment of the latter subject deserves a fuller explication than the *Church Times* gave of it.

'Most of us are aware,' he said, 'that it is with the view of encouraging more devoutness, saintliness, and dedication of heart to God, that within the last two and a half centuries various guilds and orders have been instituted in the Church of France, and within the last generation imitated in the Church of England, only with very much less success. One of these is the "Guild of the Holy Standard," the wardenship of which, in this diocese, I have more than once been pressed to accept. Before I could do so I felt it right to propose an alteration, which introduced two very small but very important words—i. e. instead of "obedience to the Church." I wished to substitute "obedience to Christ and His Church¹," not for the sake of making a mere verbal difference in a single sentence, but to be the badge of a real distinction in the spirit and working of the guild. Two other bishops of the provincial synod (the Metropolitan and the Bishop of Bombay) acceded to the change; and I feel persuaded that, until such an eclipse of the Sun of righteousness as puts the Church between Him and the souls of the faithful has passed away, no amount of episcopal patronage will awaken any enthusiasm in its behalf in the pious British soldier, to whom nothing makes any amends for losing the warm grip of the hand of the Saviour! though, if you give him that, he is often ready to be a sound and zealous Churchman.

'Better, as I have often said, than the Guild as it is at present, would be an order such as that of the Tertiaries of St. Benedict, whose simple and admirable rule was "to make the Word of God their supreme rule and directory in everything," which led to a wide-spread movement in Italy, and had real vitality in it, as one might expect.'

The synod met again, after an interval of nearly five years, in November, 1885. At this time fifty-three clergy besides the bishop and more than twenty laity assembled.

In the bishop's diary these words occur:—

'Nov. 24-28 will become historical for a great failure or great success. There is *hope* it may be the latter in some small sense, at least as regards organic structure of Church in the diocese.'

In the business sessions of this synod for the first time a regular system of lay representation from the English congregations was authorized, and rules of procedure drawn up, and a Standing Committee appointed to deal with the question of the due representation of the native laity, and

¹ In 1886 a compromise was accepted by the G. H. S., and their rule was made to run, 'to obey Christ in His Church.'

any other business that might call for attention before the meeting of another synod.

The discussion of *legislative* as distinct from the *deliberative* functions of the synod, except as concerning its own procedure, was postponed *sine die*, in part because the Church Missionary Society was plainly unwilling that its agents should attend meetings which might bind them to some course of action opposed to the decisions of the Home Committee, and in part because the organization of a cathedral chapter as the bishop's council was still in abeyance. The special feature of this synod was the opening of the new cathedral chapter-house, which will be mentioned more at length later. There was also a great zenana missionary meeting held at the Government House, and a meeting in support of medical and frontier missions.

The bishop's charge was again published. The passages concerning 'Catechizings' (in which he criticized Bishop Dupanloup) and 'Propheesyings' (in which he connected modern winter missions to India, and the need of special advocacy for great social questions, such as temperance, purity, Lord's Day observance, and the opium revenue, with the discovery of the prophet's status as revealed in the newly found *Διδαχὴ*) display most markedly the creative, poetic, imaginative working of his mind, which Bishop Matthew notices as his especial gift.

In the course of the Quiet Day at the commencement of the synod, the bishop put forth his plan for the 'Company of the Ministry of Jesus,' which was intended to bind together Christian workers throughout the diocese in closer fellowship without restraint of too exaeting rules. The first appendix to the charge explains the scheme, and provides forms and services. The prayers (including Dean Goulburn's Missionary Litany) are very worthy of attention, but the scheme did not find favour in the diocese, and the Company was never really formed.

The long interval that elapsed between the second and third synods was due in part to the bishop's furlough in

England in 1883; and in part to the provincial meeting of all the Indian bishops at Calcutta in the January of that year¹.

Bishop French arrived at Calcutta on January 26, after three nights and two days spent in the train, but travelling, he said, so comfortably that he was able to work all the time, and arrived rather refreshed than otherwise. The formal meetings lasted from January 29 to February 1. The proceedings began each day with Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m. and an address from the metropolitan (Bishop Johnson).

On January 28 French wrote to his sick daughter Edith:—

A wee letter I must send you, dearest Edith, from this 'City of Palaces,' as one part of it is called, and another part is called the 'Black City,' where the poorer and dirtier classes of natives live! All the difference there is between Portland or Connaught Square and the back streets of Deptford, or even the river-side part of poor St. Ebbe's! Where I write partakes a little of both, some good big tall houses like the former, and crowds of bad scents like the latter. It is the Parsonage House of the old Mission Church (the Red Church as the natives call it; perhaps it was brick and not whitewash once), where dear old Henry Martyn and D. Corrie, and Brown, and Buchanan, and Kiernander, and many others of the saints of the earth preached and witnessed, and got plenty of dirt thrown at them, and patiently worked on till the Master called them up higher, though they prayed not so much to be taken out of the world as kept from the evil. We had a large congregation at the cathedral this morning. The Bishop of Calcutta preached on 'The care of all the churches.' I read the first lesson only, and this evening I am to preach in the old church, where I preached the first sermon I ever preached in India, in January, 1851. It was on 'Fear not the reproach of men, neither be afraid'; and I well remember how the mosquitoes worried me, so that I could not write till I took my candle and book under a mosquito curtain. . . . We have two grand-looking and patriarchal old bishops here, Bishops Caldwell and Sargent, both of them have been forty years or more in India, which makes my twenty look *very small*. I see all I can of them *now*, for when we are in heaven they will be so high up that I shall scarcely get a sight of them, I think. Good

¹ The resolutions then arrived at appear in the appendix to Bishop French's charge, or yet more fully with the circular letter in the *C. M. Intelligencer* for May, 1883.

old Mr. Wesley used this expression once. The native clergy generally find me out wherever I go, and look on me almost as a native too (perhaps Agnes and you will hardly let me be; or only on condition they don't wish to call you both natives too). Mrs. Tucker, a friend of mine, heads the ladies of the Salvation Army here. She walks through the streets in a native dress with a tambourine, like Moses' sister, I should think. She writes verses too and hymns, not so good, I fear, as Miriam's song, yet in a beautiful spirit, and much borrowed from the new song they sing 'before the throne.' You sing a part of it, dearest Edith, the part which has to do with the *patience* of Jesus. He lets you be His 'companion in tribulation; if so be you suffer with Him, that you may be also glorified together.' When we work for Him, as we please, and in ways we like, then it is like girding ourselves; and when we suffer, it is His girding us; in all ways we may serve Him, in doing, suffering, waiting, dying. The great point is that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things which He *would* have done.

Your own very loving father,

THOMAS V. LAHORE.

The bishops present at the conference were the Metropolitan (Dr. Johnson), the Bishops of Madras (Dr. Gell), Bombay (Dr. Mylne), Colombo (Dr. Copleston), Lahore (Dr. French), Rangoon (Dr. Strachan), Travancore and Cochin (Dr. Speechley), and Drs. Caldwell and Sargent (assistant bishops to Madras).

A good deal of comment was excited by the fact that French withheld his own name from the circular letter put forth by the assembled bishops. This was in part because he had hastened away to complete his visitations in his diocese before the full conclusion of the sittings, but still more because of his strong feeling that full stress had not been laid upon the Church's adaptation of her work to modern needs, and that full credit had not been given to the work of Nonconformist Christians.

Referring to the subject in a pastoral, whose 'modest and sensible strain' the *Civil and Military Gazette* thought to present a marked contrast with the 'somewhat inflated document of the bishops at Calcutta,' the bishop said:—

'We would not be understood, in commending our Anglican Church, *merely* to lay stress on the conformity of our creeds, ritual

and orders to primitive models and apostolic precedents, but also on the restored life of which God in His great goodness has caused manifest signs to appear in the Church at home to its furthest extremities, as Wales and Cornwall. . . . To this restored life we owe under God the growth and the vitality of the Colonial Church, which has striven hard, and with some success, to supply the crying spiritual needs of European settlers and emigrants, and to reach the native races outside its own borders. . . . To this may be added its mission received of late years, both by press and pulpit, to awaken a livelier yet calmer expectation of the appearing and kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.'

'We are not insensible of, and do not hesitate to praise God for, the devoted labours and successful ministries of men and women of other bodies than our own. We must not shrink from assigning to our past sloth, lukewarmness, and faithlessness many of the schisms and rents which we deplore, and may look hopefully forward to a day when true evidence appearing to our repentings for the past, and settled resolve by God's help to strengthen the things that were ready to die, there may be again a gathering into the bosom of the mother-Church of England of many of its Sundered and estranged children.'

Perhaps, had he been able to press his objections in person, the draft would have been altered in accordance with his views. On this visit to Calcutta, Bishop French had some interesting conversation on the missionary subjects nearest to their heart with Mr. Parker, who afterwards laid down his life as second bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa. He describes him as a man of weight and worth, very courteous and of gentlemanly bearing, a wonderfully good C. M. S. secretary of the best type, full of subdued, chastened, sober zeal, great business management, and intimate knowledge of the details of the work.

From the bishop's action in Church synods it is natural to pass to the consideration of his general type of Churchmanship, and mode of dealing with all controversial matters. Something has been already written in the chapter on his early training, and in the paragraphs that deal with the remonstrance sent to Bishop Milman, to illustrate the subject. Bishop Matthew, in an interesting letter, dwells specially upon this aspect of his life:—

'I did not know the bishop personally,' he says, 'until I had become his archdeacon. At the time of the severance of the Punjab

from the diocese of Calcutta, I was chaplain of Simla, and I signified my wish to the metropolitan to return as soon as possible to my own diocese, being moved to do so by the apprehension that I would find it difficult to work under Bishop French. I knew that he had drafted the protest against ritual which had been presented to Bishop Milman in the Punjab in 1872, and that he had requested the managers of the Punjab Religious Book Society not to keep *Hymns Ancient and Modern* in stock at their repository.

But in the correspondence which followed his offer to me of the archdeaconry, I discovered that the bishop's churchmanship was of a type very different to that which I had imagined.

Reading over the ritual protest in the light of a fuller knowledge. I am struck by the fact that, while objecting to the excessive adornment of the Lord's table, the cross as an ornament is nowhere complained of.

As to the appropriateness of that ornament, the bishop subsequently entertained very decided opinions. At the consecration of the new church at Dalhousie he pointed in his sermon to two or three needs still to be supplied, and among them a cross to be placed above the holy table. In another station, Abbottabad¹, he replaced with his own hands the cross, which, during a vacancy in the chaplaincy of the place, had been removed by a layman of ultra-protestant views. I once asked the bishop how it was that he had objected to the sale of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* at Lahore, while he subsequently adopted the book as the hymnal of the diocese. He maintained that there was such a difference between the original edition and the revised and enlarged edition, as to justify his strong objection to the former, and his preference of the latter to the *Hymnal Companion*. Undoubtedly the subjective and modern element was much more fully represented in the later form of the collection.

The bishop's views on apostolical succession, on private confession, and on vows of celibacy were not those commonly associated with the evangelical school.

Though personally of deep humility, he magnified episcopal authority very unflinchingly. He was a great advocate of the principle of "dispensation" as vested in the bishop, and thought that marriage with a deceased wife's sister should be settled in this way, by the bishop judging whether it were admissible, according to the circumstances of each particular case.

When, a few months before his death, he met me at Karachi on his way to Muscat, he urged upon me that the Persian Gulf stations had been under the superintendence of the bishop of the diocese in which Karachi was included, and he begged me to furnish him

¹ The very spot where the ritual protest was drafted!—ED.

with a formal licence under my seal to authorize his ministry there. I demurred, partly because I have no valid jurisdiction beyond the Punjab and Sindh, but even more because my authorization to my own former father in God seemed a reversal of parts for which I was not prepared. But the bishop wrote subsequently once and again, pressing his request with such urgency that at last I yielded, though the document which I sent in deference to his wish did not reach Muscat until after his death. . . .

'No diocese was ever administered on lines more independent of party than the diocese of Lahore by its first bishop. He had points of contact with every party. And he endeavoured to secure competent representatives of every school among his clergy and church workers. I remember an application by a clergyman of advanced ritualistic views for employment, which the bishop, believing him likely to be a useful mission preacher, not only welcomed, but was desirous of offering the applicant a more lucrative post than he had ventured to ask for. I think I must add that he was not a good judge of character. Once let him entertain a favourable impression of a candidate for employment, and he would be apt to invest him in his imagination with gifts far beyond those he really possessed, leading in some instances to keen disappointment.

'He was generous to a fault in the bestowal of pecuniary help. I found it necessary to abstain from dwelling upon works contemplated in Simla, where a wealthy community is quite able to provide for its own needs, because the reply to my letter would almost invariably bring a handsome contribution from the bishop. If any of his clergy—European or native—were suffering from pecuniary difficulty, he was ever ready to come to their assistance, and in some instances dishonest people, adroitly playing on the bishop's sympathies, enriched themselves at his expense¹.

'It may be said of him, as of another², "He died learning." Next to the Holy Scriptures he studied the Fathers, among whom,

¹ His liberality may be illustrated by two or three facts. He notes at the end of one year, early in his episcopate, that his balance at the bank was 160 rupees, nearer to debt than he had ever been before. More than once, when on visitation, he sent for further supplies, because 'at every mission some small cheque must be left, and offertories are so numerous, and I never like to put in less than five rupees.' His kindly way of giving is seen in the following note:—"Please accept a little wedding gift of fifty rupees for any little article you may be glad of in building your little nest, though Solomon thinks other furniture is needed for wisdom's house—"by knowledge are the chambers filled with all precious and pleasant riches." This you will have at least in your Saviour's presence and love, and help of your future wife, I believe.'

² Prof. Green.

I think, his favourites were St. Chrysostom and St. Hilary of Poitiers.

‘On one occasion, when the bishop came to Simla on visitation, he sent me a few lines in advance, suggesting that he should not expect to see me on the day following his arrival, as he was very much in arrears in correspondence, and should be fully occupied therewith. However, I ventured to look in, and found the bishop with St. Augustine’s *De Trinitate* on his knees, and deep in the perusal of it. Congratulating him on finding leisure for such reading, he replied that whatever else must be given up through lack of time, study must be adhered to.’

These words of Bishop Matthew may be supplemented by some extracts from a communication to the present writer from his cousin, Bishop Bickersteth of Japan, who for some years was Bishop French’s examining chaplain¹.

‘The late bishop combined in his remarkable character and life qualities alike of the saint, the scholar, and the apostle. It was, if I mistake not, largely this combination of characteristics, which are more often seen in separation, which gave him his exceptional position.

‘No doubt there have been some who have cultivated the inner life more evenly in all its departments. There have been scholars with larger and more accurate learning, and missionaries who have braved greater perils in the service of the cross, but few names indeed could be adduced of men who have combined with high spiritual attainment such wide scholarly sympathies and compre-

¹ How close the link between the two men was may be gathered from this entry in French’s diary (November, 1885) on hearing of Bickersteth’s acceptance of the bishopric:—‘Bickersteth’s withdrawal has stunned me, and pierced to the quick of my soul. Should I, like Jonah, when stormy waves beat over our ship so, ask to be let down the side of the ship, not to be swallowed up, I hope, even temporarily, but to be transferred to some small missionary post? The diocese should go into mourning, and the *Gazette* record it in black-edged notice. Have gone out for a day’s outing when young, and something has happened which took zest, sparkle, and spangle out of the day’s pleasure: almost tempted to find this in this sorrowful event.’ It should be added here that ‘Bickersteth’ had suffered so severely from fever that the chances of his being able to remain in India usefully were most precarious, and that the bishop’s disappointment at his loss in no way interfered with his old friendship, which was maintained to the end. The news of French’s death reached Japan coincidently ‘with an affectionate message from himself, and contribution to Japan missions.’

hensive reading in a life devoted by personal labour to the salvation of the souls of men.

‘The bishop would not have wished it to be thought that there was no loss in the variety of objects which he had in view. In one of his last letters to me after his resignation of his see he laments that he had attempted too much. It is practically impossible to give to devotion the long hours of an Andrewes, to language and literature the time needful to secure the scholarship of a Pearson, and at the same time the concentrated attention of a *Curé d’Ars* (to take one of the bishop’s own heroes) to the souls of others. And yet I think that some such ideal was continually before his eyes, and if, in consequence, he seldom escaped the sense of being over-burdened and over-driven, and sometimes fretted against the pressure of the collar in carrying out the tasks which he had imposed upon himself, yet the result was a life and a life’s work, to which a conspicuous place is due in the records of the English episcopate.

‘. . . Emphatically he was among those who followed the apostolic model in giving themselves to prayer as well as the ministry of the word. “We will keep that room, please, as an oratory, we shall need the help,” I can remember his saying when we reached a *dak bungalow* where we were to spend two or three days. Those of us who, as a rule, prefer written to extempore prayers would probably have made an exception in favour of those which the bishop offered, largely composed as they were of scriptural phrases linked together with great brevity and skill. At times he carried fasting so far as to weaken his strength for the work which had immediately to be done. He studied with care, and made frequent use of the chief devotional manuals. His love of hymns was intense. Like other saintly souls, he found in them the greatest support, and, though he was not a musician and found difficulty in keeping the tune, would insist on singing them on his journeys. . . .

‘Certainly no one could have been with him for long without knowing that he was in the society of one who lived in familiar intercourse with the great minds alike of the past and present. Like S. Charles Borromeo, and John Wesley, he pursued his studies unweariedly on the journoys in which so large a portion of his life was spent. . . . In the years that I was his chaplain, undoubtedly the Gallican divines, Dupanloup, Perreyve, Gratry, &c., claimed his attention increasingly; and when some one had criticized him for recommending these authors in one of his pastorals, instead of Cecil or Simeon, he defended himself without hesitation on the ground that they were more germane to our own times. . . . Among the schoolmen he set store on the judgement of Aquinas; Dörner was the modern theologian whom he held to have penetrated deepest into the great mysteries of the faith. . . . I may

mention that the bishop had the power of rapidly perusing a book, and learning its main purport and tendency, if he did not hold it worth while to study the particular volume line by line.

‘But with Bishop French scholarship and study, however ardently pursued, were always subordinate to his work for others. He never, I believe, lost sight of a practical aim in his studies. And certainly his work profited by the hours—fragmentary as they often were—spent over books. A thought culled from a great master in theology, and stored in his retentive memory, would suggest an answer often of special aptness and helpfulness to the difficulty or objection of some acute Eastern controversialist.

‘It would be difficult to assign Bishop French exclusively to any section in the Church. He himself—especially in his later years—refused to be considered a member of the party, as such, in which he was brought up. That in the true sense of the word he was evangelical, and, that in all his teaching he laid supreme stress on the possession of personal religion, could not be mistaken by any who knew him or came under his influence. On the other hand, his churchmanship was no mere matter of policy or preference. He was a Churchman by conviction and principle.

‘A few extracts from letters will illustrate both points.

“*October 5, 1877.* May you (the Cambridge mission to Delhi) be indeed sent forth by the Holy Spirit. That will embrace all.”

“*May 7, 1878.* I am sure that in India we want a sound Church teaching, though not overdone so as to overlay and stifle the deep spiritual cravings of many of our people. The frightful tare sowing there is in our finest and choicest fields of mission labour is most appalling.”

“*Bassorah, Shattul-Arab, Jan. 26, 1888.* Attempts are constantly being made (in India) to decatholicize the Church of England, and bring it to be content with being a head sect, compromising its apostolic and primitive character, with the bait of leading the various Nonconformist bodies under the banner of a modified episcopate which renounces the succession.”

“*Mount Lebanon, September 23, 1888.* I am satisfied myself that it is time for us to claim this—i.e. such tolerant and enlarged views, as we are entitled to within the limits of ritual and doctrine allowed and practised by the fathers of the ancient and undivided Church—as our Church’s heritage, in the face of both Rome and Geneva, and be content to lose the wranglers and disputers, whose true place is in the ranks of dissent.”

‘These extracts will be sufficient to show the two-foldness of view to which I have referred. On one other point I may add a few words—the bishop’s high conceptions of the duties of his office. . . . One or two extracts from letters which he wrote me shortly after my own consecration in 1886 will illustrate his views.

“*Lahore, April 5, 1886.* I have found nothing help me more than

Dupanloup. It is refreshing to me to recur to his thoughts and phrases, next to the pastoral epistles, which acquire a marvellous accession of force to the student bishop. . . . Few things have struck me more than the ancient Roman form (in Muratori) for bishop's consecration, e.g. such words in the address as these:—
 'Iram benignitas mitiget, benignitatem zelus exacuat; alterum ex altero condiaur, ut nec immoderata ultio affligat, nec iterum frangat Rectorem disciplinae remissio. Nullius te favor extollat: nulla te adversitas atterat.'

"*Lahore, April 19, 1886.* In the *Life of de Sales* I was struck yesterday with this remark of one of his brother bishops. 'Bishop de Villars had been wont to sum up a bishop's duties by saying, that he ought to be found daily at the altar, constantly in the pulpit, never in worldly society or places of public amusement.' This prelate it appears, after many years of episcopal labour, had retired to spend his last days in studies and prayer. . . . Bishop Field's prayer at the close of my charge you are doubtless familiar with. I cannot say how much I value it, and am helped by it continually. Some of Scudamore's prayers for the saints' days, specially those for St. Bartholomew's and St. Paul's days, have borne me up at times. Of Dupanloup his biographer writes, 'Il geminait du fardeau de l'épiscopat—Consolez vous (lui dit l'humble prêtre (d'Ars)). Il y a dans la martyrologie plus d'évêques que de curés.'"

These general estimates of Bishop French's churchmanship must be followed by some more distinct statements in his own words of his own views on some of the main topics; from these it will be easier to judge how far the charge is justified that he had changed his mind, and developed, as bishop, unprotestant opinions, abhorrent to his principles of former days.

It is undoubtedly the case that there was some development in a High Church direction; but it was not in the way of assumption of a new set of principles, but in the full unfolding under more favourable circumstances of what had from the first lain latent in his mind.

As early as his Agra days he wrote to Mrs. French:—

'In Church views, I fear, your dear aunts and myself should never agree, as *constitutionally* and *by experience* as well as by *careful study of facts* I am a High Churchman, though not such as would go down, I suspect, at St. A.'s., Blackfriars, or St. M.'s, Westminster.'

'The necessities of the Indian church, and the evident disadvantages arising from the undisciplined state, and often disorderly

conduct, of the dissenting missions, have made me feel the vast importance of establishing even somewhat severe church regimen among our converts.

‘I see no reason why this should be incompatible with the most thorough evangelical preaching, with the doctrines of Venn, Scott, Baxter, and Luther.’

About the same time he wrote, ‘I fear latitudinarianism and perfect liberty of private judgement far more than I fear Romanism.’

Ten years later (in 1867) he wrote to Dr. Bruce:—

‘It is evangelical truth that I stickle for. The party, as a party, I never fight for: its Church views I don’t agree with; but its teaching, or rather the grand fundamental life-giving truth, which it was commissioned to bring to the forefront, will never die, I believe, because it is the heart and core of the Gospel.’

These early quotations are inserted (and they might easily be multiplied) to show that any accusation of tergiversation, or of abandonment of early principle, cannot be proven in the bishop’s case. No doubt his action was at times perplexing, and, to appearance, inconsistent in the eyes of earnest Protestants; but this was due, not to a change within, but to a change without. His post as simple missionary did not call forth into full play proclivities that he was never careful to conceal. His post as bishop did so.

The doctrine of the sacraments must always be regarded as a crucial test of churchmanship. To one who had felt some difficulties in regard to our Baptismal Services he wrote as follows on the subject:—

‘My feeling with regard to our own Church of England service I will briefly explain.

‘If infant baptism were followed and completed by nothing which made the adult a participator in the baptism, there might be just reason for objecting to the reception of infants at the font, but the opposite is the case; and the Church teaches, as Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews in his *Catechism* expresses it—“Confirmation is the confirming, that is, the strengthening and completing, of what took place in baptism.”

‘So far as inbred or *original* sin is concerned, guilt *unconsciously* and unwittingly inherited, there is regeneration, i. e. the cleansing from the natural taint, and the reckoning of the righteousness of

the Lord Jesus in the place of the inherited guiltiness, and so far forth, at least, as it was inherited. But then there is the question of the *actual* and *personal* sin, wilful and deliberate—what of this?

In reference to this the Church clearly teaches that regeneration in the *full* sense, in which St. John employs it (“Whatsoever is born of God sinneth not”), is gained only by the soul’s *personal* coming to the Lord Jesus Christ—to *His* cross, that it may die to sin and self and the world; and to His resurrection, that it may live again, may walk in newness of life. So the baptism, begun at the font, reaches into the whole heart and life and character. Confirmation is the Church’s witness in the most solemn way to each of her children, “Ye must be born again.” Call that birth *conversion*, as many prefer to call it, or *regeneration* in its fully realized and unfolded significance, the Church’s meaning is the same. Thus there is a side and aspect of regeneration which has reference to original sin (which the Pelagians and many modern Nonconformists deny)—*infant* baptism has most of all to do with *that*, though it is for many an article of faith also that a seed of new life is then planted, which has to be fostered and nurtured, or it may lie dormant and inoperative, or even wither and die. And there is another side or aspect of regeneration which is its completeness and highest truth, when the soul repents, believes, obeys, i. e. “renounces the devil, believes the articles of the Christian faith, keeps God’s holy will and commandments.” Now this the Church most distinctly impresses in the service for infant baptism; for what is the *obvious* and *only* meaning of the queries in that service—Dost thou renounce? Dost thou believe? &c., but that these are the *indispensable* conditions of entering into life, and realizing the new birth in the sense of St. John, “*Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world*”? If that is not the meaning of the questions, the introduction of them is a farce; and on this, of course, I lay stress in my confirmation addresses. That the Church of Christ should bring its infants to Christ (for I am not speaking here of parents and sponsors, who are only the Church’s representatives together with the clergyman), and take them back unblessed, is what *I* dare not affirm, nor dares *the Church*.

I cannot believe that Adam was so much more powerful than Christ, that he tainted all his posterity by an unconscious influence over them, and that Christ, the everlasting Father, father of an eternal offspring, could exercise no unconscious influence for righteousness and life, in respect of which it could certainly be said—“Seeing then that this child is regenerate,” &c.

St. Augustine speaks of the miserable effect of delayed baptism in some cases; that the delay encouraged in them the false notion that they were not answerable for their guilt until baptized.

You can tell me further in what points these views appear to you

defective. They appear to me most thoroughly to meet the main and most perplexing difficulties, and to answer a variety of most important and blessed ends in the education of children, as well as to be in harmony with the Church's teaching from the beginning, and in no way to be opposed to the witness of Holy Scripture.'

On the subject of the Holy Eucharist the bishop agreed perhaps most nearly with the late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth of Lincoln, who was at once a strong High Churchman and an uncompromising Protestant.

In writing to Mr. Armstrong, whom (though with some misgivings on the score of his advanced views of Church ritual) he had appointed as cathedral chaplain, the bishop quoted the following passages from Wordsworth's *Church History* as expressing his own views upon the Real Presence, and the Sacrificial Aspect of the Holy Eucharist :—

'Vol. iv. p. 50. "In Ep. 98 St. Augustine declares that, in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, there is no continuation or repetition of that one sacrifice, though in popular language we speak of the sacrifice of the altar, and the virtue of the one sacrifice is imparted by it."'

'P. 61. "While the Fathers recognized a real spiritual presence, they did not believe in a carnal transubstantiation of the elements."'

'St. Chrysostom says upon Hebrews x. 9 :—"Do not we Christians offer daily? Yes, we do offer, but this we do, making a commemoration of Christ's death. And this is one sacrifice, not many. How is it one sacrifice, not many? Because it was *once* offered. Our High Priest is He who offered the sacrifice which cleanses us. That sacrifice we offer even now; that which was once offered and is unconsumed. This which we do is done for a commemoration of what was then done." And again, "We do not offer different sacrifices, as the high priest did, but always the same; but *rather* we perform a commemoration (*ἀναμνήσκον*) of the sacrifice."'

"Hence we see," says Bishop Wordsworth, "that the Fathers applied the word 'to offer' to the Eucharist as a '*commemorative* sacrifice,' and that they speak of the Eucharist as a *resemblance* and a commemoration of the one sacrifice offered on the cross. The Fathers might well call the Eucharist a sacrifice, if they believed that the Eucharist *represents and conveys the blessings of the one* sacrifice offered on the cross. But they would never have called it a resemblance of that sacrifice if they had thought that it was identical with, or a repetition of, that one sacrifice." Again he says, "They (the Fathers) had not seen the evils, which have arisen since their days, from the proposition that the Holy Eucharist is

a continuation or reiteration of the sacrifice of the cross. They would, therefore, not be so scrupulous, in speaking on the subject, as they would be if they lived now. In it," Bishop Wordsworth goes on to say, "we plead before God the one all-sufficient sacrifice, offered once for all by the outpouring of the blood of the Son of God—God and man—upon the cross, and represent and exhibit it by a perpetual commemoration, according to our Lord's commandment; and we (that is, the faithful) receive from Him pardon and grace, peace and joy unspeakable in these holy mysteries: therein Christ gives us His own most blessed body and blood, which are meat indeed and drink indeed. These mysteries He has appointed and instituted for the perpetual conveyance, bestowal, and application of all the benefits of that one sacrifice, offered once for all, to the great and endless comfort of the soul and body of every *penitent, devout, faithful* and loving receiver, whom Christ unites there with Himself and with God, and makes to be an heir of a glorious immortality. . . . These benefits will amply suffice for the assurance of every humble Christian, who will not desire to pry with inquisitive and profane curiosity into the inscrutable manner of Christ's presence and working in these holy mysteries as in St. John vi. 25, but will joyfully receive Him into the heart, and shrink from anything which might tend to impair the *transcendent dignity* of the one sacrifice, once offered, by reducing it to the level of the Levitical sacrifices, whose *imperfection* was proved by their repetition; nor will he be persuaded to allow that the living well-spring of spiritual health, which gushed from the stricken rock, may rightly be changed into a stagnant or frozen pool, to be viewed by the worshipper from afar, but not to be tasted by him, though the Lord said—"Drink ye all of this."

'You will see,' adds Bishop French, 'that we are all agreed as to the "real presence," that "the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful," which implies that, in the heart of the faithful recipient, not in the hands of the priest who celebrates, the elements are conveyancers of the Lord's body and blood in all their virtues and healing cleansing gifts. . . . It makes the real substantial difference between Rome and ourselves, whether they are in *themselves* and *objectively* changed by the consecration, or subjectively by being received in humble penitence and adoring love by the faithful recipient, and fed upon inwardly to the soul's healing, cleansing, and quickening. This, not without the consecration, but with it, as the appointed condition of the descent of the Holy Spirit, to make it thus fruitful of blessing.'

To his son Cyril the bishop wrote that he was unable to feel the strong objections urged against the doctrine of Prebendary Sadler's book on 'The One Offering,' for he

found the Anglican view of *representation*, as distinct from the Romish teaching of the *repetition* of the sacrifice, sustaining to his soul.

From the doctrine it is but a step to the questions of practice growing out of it. The bishop's views upon the use of wafer-bread, the mixed chalice, non-communicating attendance, evening communions, and the eastward position all call for some short notice; though the last topic, as it brought him into some sort of conflict, or at least antagonism, with a portion of his clergy, must be reserved for later treatment.

Concerning wafer-bread he wrote:—

MY DEAR MR. ARMSTRONG,

January 14, 1880.

I do not think I can find it in my heart to object to the use of the wafer you have kindly forwarded me, if your conscience is really distressed by the use of common bread, on condition that you find none of your people's consciences troubled and perplexed by the use of the wafer. I know a case in the diocese during the last twelve months in which two excellent people (husband and wife) forsook Church for the Presbyterian worship, in consequence of the wafer being used. I think you will see yourself that in such a matter one should rather submit to the wounding of one's own conscience, than allow that of any fairly reasonable member of one's flock to be wounded and stumbled.

The Holy Communion is (I believe) to sanctify our common bread, rather than be polluted by it; and as even the bread or meat we daily use is not to be considered defiled—in the light of the free and untrammelled Christian conscience—(1 Cor. x. 23), though it possibly *may* have been offered in sacrifice to idols, . . . I cannot think that your objection to the use of such common bread, as you ordinarily buy from the bazaar, would hold good with St. Paul.

Still, I would wish to leave it a matter for your own decision, only relying on your reverting to the usual broken bread, in case weak consciences are wounded by the use of the wafer¹.

I remain, your very faithful brother in Christ,

THOS. V. LAHORE.

With reference to objections to ritual practices, which

¹ In the bishop's diary of this time is a note to the effect that the reformer Calvin regarded the use of wafer-bread, or common bread, as *ἀδιάφορον*.

had prevented certain laymen from taking part in his third synod, the bishop said in his charge:—

‘As regards many of the points referred to, I have reminded the objectors that they are in themselves, *at least*, harmless, and that in some of the decisions of the English law courts they have been judged to be legal. Such are the use of the cross on the super-altar, and white flowers in vases, and the mixed chalice of wine and water (which has not been uniformly judged illegal), and [which] is certainly in agreement with the constant use of the early Church of the East and West, as Justin Martyr testifies in a well-known passage, and the African churches direct it in St. Augustine’s age (see Hefele on Councils). Moreover, in the case of the native church, the mixed chalice is indispensable, and to require it (I am obliged to require it on temperance grounds) in the native church, and object to it in the European, would be a capricious and almost bewilderingly inconsistent rule. Still, as it is an open question, I am disposed to dissuade my brethren from employing it, and deprecate it at least at the midday service, or in any case in which it is clear that offence is given to simple, devout members of our own church, whom we have (only or most chiefly) to consider in our ritual. . . .

‘Two other practices have been rightly objected to as Roman, not Anglican: (1) the lighting of candles at festivals on the Lord’s table, when not needed for lighting the sanctuary; and (2) with still more loyalty to our reformed Church, bowings and genuflexions are objected to during the more solemn moments of the ritual in the Lord’s Supper, directions for which gestures occupy so large a space in the Roman liturgy, and which only by an ingenuity, unworthy (I believe) of the loyal sons of the Church of England, can escape the appearance of the adoration of the elements while on the Holy Table and in the hand of the consecrating priest, not as received into the faithful, loving, yielded heart. . . . It well becomes the quickly sensitive and sympathetic eye of the pastor to detect offence where it arises in devout and truth-loving souls, each one of whom he must labour to “*present perfect in Jesus Christ*,” and to this end must tremble at all which causes estrangement and widens breaches.’

The bishop had been present at a service in Murree in the hot season of 1887, and had been much distressed at finding the children of the Sisters’ school forming the choir at an early choral celebration on the feast of Corpus Christi. He wrote a strong protest to the sister-in-charge, and in reply to the chaplain, who defended the presence of the children, the bishop wrote as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. ARMSTRONG,

June 12 and 13, 1887.

You will not expect me to have leisure to go very minutely into the grounds you allege for supposing that the compilers of our liturgy recognized and approved non-communicating attendance at the Holy Eucharist. . . . I must believe they would have made their mind plainer and clearer, and not left it to be deduced by such fine webs of thought.

. . . It being readily allowed that the supper of the Lord fulfils the two great and distinct offices of being both a public *witness*, *memorial*, or *showing forth* of the Lord's death, and also, by the Lord's own appointment, the communion or communication to the faithful of His body and blood; yet surely it is in the partaking of the same rather than in the mere attendance, however reverent and with self-recollection, that the exhibiting or presenting of the memorial is acceptable. 'As often as we eat and drink (not witness the eating and drinking by others), we do *show forth* the Lord's death till He come.'

At the same time, I am not pleading for any stern prohibition on the part of the priest of the attendance (without communicating) of those whose own convictions lead them that way, only I shall rely on your kindly (in the case of the children of the Diocesan Sisters' School) abiding by my ruling in this matter, that only in the case of a spontaneous and unsolicited request on the part of a parent in the child's behalf should any pupil be encouraged or allowed to be present at the eucharistic service, except when minded to communicate. I pray that we both may more approve ourselves as the ministers of Christ by much patience, by pureness, by knowledge, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness, &c.

I am, affectionately your brother in Christ,

THOS. V. LAHORE.

To further pressure on the subject he replied :—

June 28, 1887.

You really must not ask me thus to break immediately a rule I have but yesterday so solemnly and decisively laid down as a diocesan ruling for one of the chief schools in the diocese. Were there any strong necessity urged the case might be different, but a choral celebration is not so much a necessity as a spiritual luxury.

Those who desire it should exert themselves to provide the choir. There is no difficulty in getting good voices together when a concert of secular music is desired. But I must object to the girls' school being made a convenience of for such a purpose against my emphatic protest.

Besides, I should much rather there were only one choral celebration in any one week, as it is only to persons of musical tastes that it is edifying, and others are driven thus to adopt the middle of the day communion, when they would greatly prefer to adopt the early morning celebration. . . . This exercise of tyranny (for it practically amounts to this) on all that are not musicians and somewhat advanced Ritualists, is what men like the good bishop of Truro¹ (thorough good High Churchman as he is) set their face against, as himself explained to me on one occasion, and I feel bound by my office to do the same. I trust on further consideration that you will agree that this view of the case is wise and sound, as well as merciful.

It should be added that in theory the bishop had no objection to evening communions, and in practice himself on occasions officiated at such services. Thus he wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Knox, October 2, 1882 :—

‘I took two full duties, celebrating the Holy Communion twice, both at morning and evening services, having no sympathy with the Ritualists about early communion as alone valid and permissible.’

The doctrine of the Holy Eucharist is closely connected with the subject of Church discipline and of private confession. This is one of the points on which Bishop Matthew says that French’s views were not those commonly associated with the evangelical school. What these views were he has explained at length in his first published charge, and sufficient extracts may be given to present a clear idea of them.

‘The exceeding jealousy of Church discipline, which has been fostered even by those who bear with it and see the reasonableness of it in Nonconformist bodies, has been yielding by degrees to larger and more tolerant views. . . .

‘The restoration of disciplinary action and the diffusion of a healthier and purer moral tone involves a gradual and progressive rising to a sense of their duty on the part of the clergy. Men would bear this yoke better if they were convinced of our personal holiness, of our greater weanedness and disattachment from the world. In the Church of Rome it is (in their ideal, not, alas! always in practice) to saintly men of varied and versatile experience that

¹ Bishop Wilkinson.

the exercise of discipline and ghostly guidance and consolation of distressed souls is committed.

‘It is a childish and shallow imitation of that Church when that office, which in theory, at least, was reserved for the men most conspicuous for sanctity and learning, is assumed by tiros in the ministry, to the increase of that pretentious self-importance which seeks to hold men awe-stricken that it may despotically enthrall them.

‘St. Paul in dealing with the incestuous person at Corinth aimed, first of all, at forming an enlightened public opinion within the Church itself; next, he courted publicity—all above board and manly; next, for the action that he took he made the Church responsible—“In the name of the Lord Jesus, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit.” Apostle though he was, he seemed unwilling that an authoritative decision in matters of discipline should proceed from himself unsupported and unseconded by the Church.

‘In case of public scandal, I suppose, my reverend brethren, you would all be agreed that the confession should be public, in the presence of not all, but of a select body of communicants.

‘The invasion of the secrecy and privacy of homes, to pry into family relations, is not only to impose a yoke to which English character and instinct are irreconcilably and violently opposed, but [is] wholly unwarranted by the word of God, and by all the writers of the early Church of Christ.

‘Of this I am convinced, that a ministry whose principle is that the Christian shepherd is beyond all else the father confessor of his people, though it gratifies the love of power, and fastens silken chains round hearts that are naturally reverential and dependent, feeble and loving to shake off responsibility, yet does not in the end foster robustness and solidity of Christian character, nor cultivate the best and purest and strongest types of Christian manhood and womanhood. Worst of all, it is apt to put self where Christ should be, and to put forth the hand to take hold even of His judgement-seat!

‘I would earnestly beg of you, my reverend brethren, not to exceed by a hair’s breadth the chaste, sound, temperate limits within which the receiving of confession and pronouncing of absolution is restricted by the Church of England. To insist on systematic frequent confession, or even to allow, encourage, invite it, not only is Roman, not Anglican, but tends to the lowering of the religious life. . . .

‘Most of all, what we seem to want is a deeply solemnizing, I might almost say, overpowering sense of our vocation, of our deep responsibilities in this land. It is clear that a low standard of piety and holiness is ever swept away, like a child’s sandcastle, before the tide of encroaching unbelief and worldliness.

"Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye? And the man, in whom the evil spirit was, leaped on them and overcame them." It is sorrowful to hear continually, as we do, lamentations of serious persons over the decay and deadening of the religious life; over the impossibility of being good and pious in India. This is not true, except up to the point of establishing the reality of the difficulty. It invites ourselves, at least, to serious reflection. . . . In few parts of the world, perhaps, is the clergyman's character more set before the eyes of men, more effective and impressive for good when it is holy and devout, not merely hard-working and impulsive in effort, but bearing the touch and impress of eternity, and over which the holy breath passes continually of heart-to-heart fellowship with Jesus.'

In accordance with these principles, when the Sisters of St. Denys came to the school at Murree, the bishop undertook either himself or by his deputy to hear their confessions, at intervals not more frequent than four times in the year. The need of a higher class school, in which orphans or destitute children might receive a suitable education, was first mooted in a circular dated April 7, 1879. The bishop's notice had been called to the case of three children received into a distant Roman Catholic orphanage, for lack of any other institution to receive them. And so the project gradually took shape in his mind, not without many misgivings, as the following letter to Mrs. Sheldon, October 18, 1880, shows:—

'There is much to be thankful for in promised help of various kinds, some against which you would warmly remonstrate I feel sure, but I am compelled as bishop to work irrespectively of parties, and if *deaconesses* cannot be found, to accept *Sisters* . . . Of course I could not accept help of the higher and more Romanizing sisterhoods, but from more moderate Anglican sisterhoods I am shut up to asking aid, as I cannot consent to see the young people of the middle classes of our Church brought up in Romish convents, as they most generally are in this part of India, or in schools of thoroughly irreligious and worldly tendencies.

'The Government are planning schools of their own, which will in their whole tone and spirit be secular and irreligious, and I am not come to good Mr. McNeile's view, that infidels are more hopeful than Tractarians or Romanizers, at least my heart and my faith revolt from such teachings as this, so that, like the Bishop of London, I shall probably be obliged to welcome some Sisters, if I can raise funds in the diocese for the education of the girls.

‘The cry on the part of the classes in question for an education on the Anglican lines of an high order, such as the nuns give, where motherly, refining, gentle Christian influence is used by persons, pledged for a term of years at least to remain at their post unmarried and to be under orders, is piercing and urgent, and though I do not expect to be able to convince you that I am doing right, yet I dare not decline an offer from any one who will not overpass the limits allowed and sanctioned by Church of England teaching. As the funds will be diocesan, the control of the main principles of action and instruction will rest with me and those I appoint.

‘I know how much wisdom and counsel from above I shall require, and I can only pray that in all things I may be led to approve things that are excellent (i. e. among good things to choose the best), and to be sincere and without offence, realizing that great and precious word of the apostle, “Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to youward.”’

It was early in 1882 that two ladies, at his request, came from the Anglican sisterhood, under the direction of the Rev. Sir J. Erasmus Philipps, Bart., at Warminster in Wiltshire, and afterwards a third was added to the staff. In introducing them as workers to his diocese the bishop wrote:—

‘The self-denial which has led the Sisters long since to devote their life and gifts, with little or no remuneration, to the work of Christian education, we regard as a token of their being God’s good gift to us, and of their being such in character as are likely by steadfastness and quiet perseverance to promote the highest interests of their pupils, and to instil into their hearts the soundest and surest principles of Christian life and action.’

The guidance and control of these new workers occasioned him no small anxiety, and aroused in many quarters suspicion and unfavourable comment; but the bishop never doubted he had acted rightly, and always spoke most highly of the Sisters’ work, whilst at the same time he insisted strongly on the adoption of the rules laid down for them. In May of this year (1882) he visited Murree, and carefully examined the school arrangements. In his diary are noted certain ‘Sisters’ Rules,’ amongst them the following:—

‘Whilst avoiding the slightest approach to frivolity, remember that cheerfulness is a sign of grace. Resist every temptation steadily, without disquiet, with full confidence in God, distrust of self, and knowledge of the limited power of the tempter. The object of the whole community, and of each member, is to promote the love, praise, and glory of God. Winning souls for Christ is to be your highest duty and greatest privilege. Let your chief desire and prayer be that God’s will may be wholly perfected in you, and that you may have grace to finish the work He has sent you into the world to do.’

He spent two hours in the church in hearing their confessions.

‘It seemed,’ he said, ‘like entering on a new ministry: deeply solemnizing is this undertaking, guidance of souls. God help me and them, and grant we may be mutually helps, not harms.’

And again:—

‘I rather dreaded it beforehand, but there was no help for it, and I preferred doing it myself to handing it over to young chaplains. There is a regular formal service, which I had drawn up from various ancient sources. It is *very, very* solemn, and I had quite satisfied myself from Hooker, and words in the Service for the Sick and Holy Communion offices, that within reasonable limits it was the duty of the Church of England to recognize it as part of the ministerial function.’

Thus the bishop consented—as his charge would lead us to expect—to a limited use of the confessional, but when pressure was put upon him to increase its frequency he steadily resisted, as will appear from the ensuing note written in 1886 to Mr. Armstrong:—

‘I am not able to give my concurrence to more than four times (as I said before) receiving the Sisters to confession, previous, that is, to the three great festivals, and one intermediate time.

‘Please to regard this as a condition laid down definitely during my episcopate. If at any other time any great mental distress should make the confession and absolution craved, I should not object on receiving an intimation from you to this effect [to] write a line of consent.

‘It is quite necessary that diocesan schools should be thoroughly worked on a system for which the bishop can be responsible, and which was laid down all through as the distinct and definite condition of accepting the services of the sisterhood.

Sir James Philipps wants six times, but I cannot "palter and chaffer" in this fashion. I am sure you will loyally work on these lines.'

In October, 1883, during his furlough in England, the bishop visited the Sisters' Home at Warminster, and in a rough pencil note, written to Cyril in the train between Salisbury and Paddington, described his experience:—

'I received a *sister* from noviciate into full sisterhood on Tuesday. It was an interesting occasion, and except a prayer for the dead, to which I had to object, and declined to read it, there was nothing Romish about the ceremonial.

'Sir James and Lady Philipps are grand workers for Christ, and some of the noblest human characters I have come across. There is a great beauty about the best High Church characters, which I admire in the great subordination of self-esteem to self-sacrifice to Christ and His Church.'

In appealing through the *Record* in January, 1885, for funds to purchase a new property for this Murree school, the bishop quoted one of his Lahore clergy, most zealous in education, who said concerning it, 'It is the hardest blow the Church of Rome has yet received in this diocese.'

Whatever others thought, that plainly was the light in which the bishop himself looked on it.

The Punjab offers a most splendid field for lady workers, and Bishop French was ever forward to encourage them; and he was fortunate in many of his helpers. To mention names would be invidious, except perhaps in two or three cases where death has now removed the labourer. The loss of Mrs. Winter at Delhi in November, 1881, was severely felt. Delhi was quite one centre of women's missionary work, Amritsar was another; at Batala, not far from hence, Miss Tucker (so well known as A. L. O. E.) laboured with great devotion in visiting and in translation work. On hearing of her serious illness the bishop wrote (December 17, 1885) to Mr. Clark:—

'Your tidings of last evening saddened me much. Few things could affect us so much as a diocese as what befalls our honoured and beloved friend Miss Tucker. Our dear Lord has given her so much of His own work to do for Him, "to take the lambs in His

arms and carry them in His bosom." We pray Him fervently, if it be His blessed holy will, to spare her yet awhile for the sake of His needy and suffering ones, of His lambs more especially in their feebleness. If consciousness is restored, you will minister many words of comfort and strength. To-morrow evening I leave for Attock and Piindi, but in the meantime would try to run over if hope seems past. . . . Though it is far better doubtless for our dear friend and "mother in Israel" to depart and be with Jesus, yet she will not grudge us, I feel sure, the little while the Lord may be pleased to spare her to fulfil her office "so needful for us." Give her my truly loving brotherly sympathy, and assurance of constant remembrance before Him who Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses, and gives His blessing to the righteous, with His favour compassing them as with a shield, helping His servants, whom He hath redeemed with His most precious blood.'

Miss Tucker wrote, July 14, 1892:—

'I never met with any being on earth just like our dear bishop. When I was ill and thought to be not long for earth, he came all the way from Lahore to Batala to see me! I should never have dreamed of asking my bishop to leave his important avocations, and come to one sick member of his flock! I remember well his sitting by my sick-bed, and looking at his dear holy face, and thinking—it was rather an earthly thought—what a beautiful medallion might be made of it in a material that would show the delicate complexion and silvery hair. How courteous and considerate the dear bishop was! When I was to attend a grand wedding, and had no companion to accompany me, I felt a little shy and lonely, and wondered how I could get into the curious tomb-church, not knowing anything about its various entrances. My little difficulty was removed when the dear bishop drove up to the bungalow, where I was on a visit, and took me himself to the church, through the *vestry*! This was a little act of consideration which I cannot forget.'

The incident, perhaps, is trivial for record in a memoir, but trifles have so much to do with influence.

On the northern frontier Miss Norman (the daughter of the present Governor of Queensland, who was lately nominated Viceroy of India) laboured with happiness and blessing among the Afghans, under the auspices of the C. E. Z. M. S., from 1883 to 1886, when, alas! she was carried off by sickness.

The bishop wrote from Peshawur on March 4, 1883:—

‘Miss Norman arrived yesterday to take up the zenana work. . . . Mr. H. made her laugh by saying, “Good Mr. Knott used to say if two or three of us could but be martyred, what a fresh starting-point it would be to the work here, and how delighted the good old ladies in England would be !” She says she hopes to work twenty-one years at least in the zenanas *first*, and then they can do what they like about martyring her afterwards. In the evening sermon I ended by asking the congregation to kneel as I read from the pulpit a dedicatory prayer for the newly arrived lady—of course I asked her first if it would be agreeable to her that I should do so.’

The prayer was as follows :—

‘O Christ, our great and glorious High Priest, exalted far above all heavens, be with Thine handmaid, we pray Thee, who has offered herself to Thee, to carry the bright lamp of Thy truth, which Thou puttest into her hand, into many a dark home, and many a heart full of sin, ignorance, and sorrow. Strengthen her with Thine arm, enlighten her with Thy wisdom, and make her gracious with Thy love, that through her patient teaching and godly example many may be led to humble themselves in willing love at the foot of Thy cross, and be drawn by the meekness and gentleness of the Lord Jesus, so as to find redemption through His blood, and receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. Endue her plenteously with those special gifts of the Holy Ghost, which her work most stands in need of, that by His holy inspiration she may think those things that be good, and by Thy merciful guiding may perform the same. Suffer her not to be discouraged and disheartened by the slow growth and delays of Thy work, nor deterred by the contradictions and the thwarting of those who are the enemies of the cross of Christ, and deny the Lord who bought them. May the power of Thine endless life be in and with her, to revive, support, and establish her, that watching for Thee, and gathering with Thee, and occupying the gifts she has been put in trust with till the day of Thy appearing,—she, with all Thy chosen fellow-workers, may open to Thee immediately, and, with the crown of her rejoicing, may enter into the joy of her Lord, to whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost be glory for ever. Amen.’

The nature of the work in which she was engaged may be gathered from a later letter of the bishop from the same great frontier post :—

‘In the city you meet the wildest and savagest looking creatures, so as not to be actual wild beasts, you can see anywhere. I do think,

with all my love for the Afghans, the faces of these mountaineers are almost petrifying and horror-striking. . . . The zenana ladies go in little open two-wheeled gigs or traps in the midst of this fanatical population. It is a marvellous sight to see girls of twenty-one and twenty-two showing this courage and determination !’

With reference to the allied subject of deaconesses and life vows, the bishop wrote :—

‘I have got III. fol. volume of Van Espen, which on Church matters seems unusually clear and full, entitled *Jus Ecclesiasticum*. It has helped me much on the subject of the dedication of holy women as deaconesses, desiring to take lifelong vows. One of the hardest workers out here has applied to me for this consecration; and it appears to me that, if allowed, it should be regarded as a very solemn act indeed, and not without some unusually sacred ceremonial. One has to be very careful such acts are not rashly entered on.’

In accordance with these views he authorized a form of service for the admission of a deaconess, distinctly recognizing the life-long vow of celibate devotion, and surrounding and guarding it with every solemn sanction. The prayers of this service are of singular beauty and spiritual power, but not without a strong infusion of mediæval symbol. They are too long for quotation, but a short extract may illustrate this two-fold character.

VII.

‘In giving the cross the bishop gives this charge :—

‘Take this cross and wear it, and let it ever be a token and remembrance to thee that thou art called to plead with the erring by the power of the crucified and risen Saviour, and to tell them of His name who hath opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Amen.’

VIII.

‘In placing the white vail over the head the bishop charges as follows :—

‘Receive this sacred vail, which mayest thou carry unstained before the tribunal of the Judge Eternal, before whom every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Amen.’

IX.

‘Benediction following on the giving of the cross and vail :—

‘God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless thee with all spiritual benediction and grace, that thou mayest evermore be hidden and sheltered safely underneath the white raiment of the Alone holy and harmless, sinless and undefiled, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.’

Antiphon.

‘He hath set a seal on my forehead (His own name and His Father’s name), that I should have no lover but Him only.’

It should be added that there is not a word from the beginning to the end of the service to countenance the Romish mediæval error, that the state of celibate devotion is superior in honour and in dignity to that of the married or unfettered life.

Enough has now been said to show, in some degree, the fearless independence of Bishop French’s mind in matters of Church order; but to estimate at its full worth the measure of his courage in some of his pronouncements on confession and sisterhoods, and other kindred topics, it must be borne in mind that, though among the chaplains High Churchmen were in a majority, nearly a full half of his clergy were agents of a Church Society distinctly evangelical in principle, and to these the bishop was most closely bound by ties of former fellowship and intimate association.

It cannot be surprising that, on the one side, the missionaries viewed with avowed uneasiness what seemed to them something akin to a desertion in matters of Church order on the part of their diocesan; and that, on the other, the bishop felt with a sensitive acuteness any suspicion or distrust in what might seem the house of his own friends.

It would not be possible to describe the bishop exactly as he was without some slight allusion to this painful subject. Seen in its true proportion, divested of exaggerated feeling, it will appear how very slight was the disturbance to the prevailing harmony and confidence within the diocese.

On two occasions the not unnatural alarm of the C. M. S. workers found a vent.

The first was with reference to the adoption by the bishop of the eastward position in the mission churches.

It may seem a small matter; but if, even after the highest authority in the Church has publicly and in his judicial capacity pronounced the position wholly devoid of any doctrinal significance, it is still in many quarters regarded as a badge of party, it is not wonderful the missionaries were disturbed. Two things increased the strain upon their confidence. At the beginning of his episcopate, during the installation service in the pro-cathedral, the bishop had deliberately changed the books to the north end of the Holy Table, refusing to adopt the position facing eastwards; and again, the Home Committee of the C. M. S., at the time of the controversy in Ceylon, had sent out a fiat that none of their missionaries were to adopt or allow of the position in their churches.

Bishop French did not attach great importance to the position in itself, either one way or the other, but he did attach very great importance to the full right of the bishop to interpret the Church rubrics as he would, and to expect the loyal trust of his clergy in his interpretation. Perhaps he failed to see how much the fact of his own change of practice increased their difficulty in the matter.

On one occasion a missionary left the church in protest, which only called forth a kindly inquiry from Bishop French after his state of health. The feeling of dissatisfaction found more official and more courteous expression in a letter of remonstrance from his close friend Mr. Clark. This letter (in its substance), and the bishop's answer to it, will show the state of feeling in the diocese:—

MY DEAR BISHOP,

Simla, August 9, 1886.

. . . The subject on which I have been asked to write to you is the position which you have *lately* taken in our mission churches at the celebration of the Holy Communion. The missionaries and friends of the C. M. S. as such have no right to write to you respecting what may be done in Government churches; but in

our missionary churches we represent a society, whose old-established principles are clearly known; and it seems right to tell you that there are indications of a storm which is gathering, which all would fain avoid. It is therefore as a friend that I venture to write to you, and to plead with you for the sake of Christ and of His Church, which He has purchased with His life's blood, for the sake of missions, in which we have now been associated together for more than a third part of a century, to remove this obstacle and stumbling-block from the path of many who love you as a friend, and who revere you as our father in God, and who desire to follow you as our leader and bishop, whom God has set over us in our great Master's work.

I cannot in a matter like this plead with you on any personal ground, on account of our old companionship in many trials and dangers in the mission field, on account of the society with which your great name and distinguished services must always remain connected, for all these matters must be set aside for that which you feel to be right; nor can I dwell on the fact that we have not left you, but you are leaving us in this respect, or dwell on what you yourself did in Bishop Milman's time (except to thank God for it), when you, at first almost singly and alone, *stemmed* and then *turned* the tide which was then flowing in upon us in the Punjab, and how you directly and successfully opposed practices such as those which I have referred to, which you *then* believed, as we do *now*, to be contrary to the most vital truths of Christianity, and were thus the means in God's hands of giving us rest and happy prosperity for many years.

I should not have the courage to write to you were it not for the strong feeling which has been evinced and is being expressed both by missionaries and friends regarding the effect on the native church. It is thought that the practice, if *through any circumstances* it were to become at all general in our society, would, *so long as the vital doctrines of Christianity are avowedly by the High Church party connected with it, be fatal to the whole work of the C. M. S. in the Punjab and Sindh. . . .*

I can only say that I hope I may always retain your friendship, which has always been a great blessing to me in my own soul, and also one of the great happinesses of my life. I also hope that you may long remain with us as our much honoured and much loved bishop.

Believe me always to be very affectionately yours,

ROBERT CLARK.

MY DEAR CLARK,

Karachi, Aug. 16.

. . . I thank you heartily for the considerate, brotherly, and certainly not disloyal way in which you have written to me on a difficult and painful subject. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses,' &c.

On the main question my judgement and conviction are contrary to the line of action my friends and brethren would impose upon me.

I determined in entering on the episcopate to be guided in my action by honest and simple but thorough Church lines, irrespective of party, and, where there was no recognized and recorded Church line, to act prayerfully, to the best of my judgement and discretion, looking at each matter as it is in itself, and in its probable results, and weighed in the balances of the sanctuary.

As regards the eastward position, I have no doubt in my own mind, taking the common-sense interpretation of words, that the rubric directs this position.

Without hesitation, therefore, I have adopted it, being thoroughly convinced that it has no necessary connexion whatever with the notion of a repeated and continued sacrifice, which my whole soul abhors.

But herein I take the plain sense of the rubric, as I honestly understand it, and can do no other, if reference is to be had to that alone. And I can only be grieved that my C. M. S. friends and comrades feel constrained in conscience, not merely to plead for entire toleration in following the dictates of their own conviction, but, with a severity of intolerance which *savours* at least of disloyalty in an episcopal body, to attempt to enforce their view on their diocesan, and fetter him in the exercise of what his honest judgement pleads for. I think we are bound to put away scares and visionary misgivings as to what may happen to the C. M. S. if the rubrics be carried out literally, as the ordinary judges that they should be.

But for a very few extreme men among our English missionary brethren, the matter would be far too small to exercise the native church and cause it distress, I believe.

However, I wish also to have the fullest regard to the apostle's teaching about the evil of causing offence to weak and scrupulous brethren, quite independently of the respect I must always feel for any appeal which comes to me through your hands, and sanctioned by your judgement. . . .

If any of my brethren will therefore assure me that their people or themselves will be likely to be scandalized by the use of the eastward position by the bishop, I will recur, in those particular cases at least, to my former position, the corner between the north and east, which I for convenience' sake had adopted, since I can remember having to take any position at all in consecrating the elements.

What pains me most of all is, that questions which, even though they were not of trifling moment, as I believe, are yet directed by the rubric to be referred to the judgement of the ordinary, and ruled by his direction, should be allowed to become matters of such warm discussion and ill-feeling in the face of the

gigantic questions which occupy our attention and engage our laborious devotion as missionaries. The C. M. S. is far more likely to suffer in the opinion of really thoughtful and sound-judging men by such a course of conduct, than by turning this way or that at the Holy Table. . . . In meeting my brethren's scruples you will be careful, my dear brother, to let them clearly understand that my opinion on the general question, on the conduct they see it right to adopt in the matter, is unaltered; but to avoid offence, as St. Paul was ready 'to eat no meat,' so I am ready to use what is equivalent to the northward position in their churches, if they will give me due notice, so that the mind may not be disturbed at the time of the administration of the holy feast.

I am persuaded that what St. Vincent de Paul said of his missions in the East is true also of the great C. M. S., which in so many ways I love and honour, and will serve its interests in all matters in which I do not feel the truth, or loyalty to our Church, at stake and likely to be compromised—'*La mission durerait, autant de temps que la charité y durerait.*'

If mother and daughter disagree, I must be forgiven for taking the mother's side! But it is sometimes not so much the *daughter* as the *daughter's sons*, I am afraid—only a very few of them happily.

Excuse the haste, which is forced upon me by the heavy duties of this visitation, and believe me, my dear brother,

Yours ever, with very affectionate regard,

THOS. V. LAHORE.

Rev. Robert Clark, Sec. Corresponding Committee, C. M. S.

With this measure of concession to their natural feelings the remonstrants were fain to be content, and Mr. Clark, on behalf of the missionaries, wrote a cordial letter of thanks for the relief accorded them. The diocese may well be called a happy one in which such courteous letters were the fiercest form of strife.

In the next matter the missionaries had, it seems, less reason for protest. When an effort was made by Mr. Armstrong and others to get up a subscription for a 'pastoral staff,' some of them urged the bishop to refuse the presentation. Bishop French had no particular desire for the gift, but he regarded it as quite a harmless and appropriate ancient symbol, and thought it would be most discourteous to decline. His letters will explain his view.

The first offer was made in 1882; and then he wrote to Mr. Clark:—

... ‘If after the erection of the cathedral any portion of the English community should consider it a mark of respect, not to a person, but to the office, to harmonize our practice with that of most, I believe, of the cathedral churches in the Anglican patriarchates, I very probably should offer no objection, having none whatever on principle, except to the excess of gilding and rich jewellery, which I confess would distress me, and I should have to beg that the staff might be as plain as possible, as nearly like the staff which the Jat or Gujar shepherd carries in front of his sheep as would not offend good taste and conventional propriety. . . . Meantime may we have occasion to say each to the great Bishop of souls—“*Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.*”’

To the archdeacon he wrote at the same time:—

‘It would be like getting the staves of the ark ready before the ark itself was in construction. Moreover, I cannot but feel that our brethren the clergy are *very* hard pressed at this time with the variety of important diocesan objects pressed on our attention, and emptying our pockets, and it would be more considerate to defer what we can for the present do without to a more convenient season.’

The second offer came in 1887, and then the bishop wrote again:—

MY DEAR CLARK,

I am sorely troubled to be obliged in this matter to dissent from your view of what the course is that I ought to pursue in the highest interests of the diocese.

(1) I am practically *pledged* to accept the offer of the pastoral staff, as I declined it before solely on the ground that without a cathedral I conceived the pastoral cross was an anomaly, as it should not be borne in procession, except in the largest churches in the diocese, and on the most solemn occasions. For instance, I should never think of having it carried before me in a mission church—except it were at a consecration, and with the entire concurrence of all my brethren.

(2) The pastoral staff is the simplest of all symbols in itself, and I should certainly beg that it might have no rich decorations of jewellery, or be in any way gorgeous or costly. I should give it clearly to be understood that I should be obliged to decline anything which gave an impression of what was kingly and high-priestly, rather than becoming the shepherd and father. For this

reason it would be needful to have the proposed design put before me to accept or decline, as would be most in harmony with, and best fulfil, the above conditions.

(3) My conviction is strong that, supposing the donors to agree to these conditions, I should be wrong, and untrue to myself and the views I have uniformly held, were I to refuse to accept the pastoral staff. . . . It seems to me clearly one of those points that is of catholic and very early practice, and which is utterly unworthy of dividing Christian men one from another. I find it impossible to discover in it anything intrinsically objectionable, and which should cause the smallest reasonable offence to the least of my brethren. There is no one I would more gladly and thankfully please and take counsel from than yourself, if I had any hesitation as a matter of conscience about the course I should pursue.

I am ever your affectionate brother in Christ,

THOS. V. LAHORE.

P.S.—My brethren of the C. M. S. will not think, I trust, for one moment that their abstaining from taking part in this presentation will detract the smallest particle from my confidence in their loyalty or *ὁμοψυχία* in Christ.

Fortunately this difficulty admitted of an easy solution: such missionaries as objected to this form of gift, and yet of all men were the most desirous to testify their love and loyalty to their great missionary bishop, gave their whole contributions to a more congenial form of testimonial connected with the progress of the native Church; whilst those to whom the pastoral cross seemed matter of importance were gratified by the bishop's warm acknowledgment of their goodwill and frank admission that to him the opposition had always seemed unintelligible.

One other topic calls for a brief notice. The friendly relations which, as a simple missionary, French had maintained with labourers of other Churches were never interrupted through his episcopate. His action in the case of the Calcutta conference has been already noted. On October 8, 1879, he wrote to Mrs. Sheldon:—

‘The native venerable Presbyterian pastor Goluknath called on me this morning, begging I would preach for them, and promising a large congregation. I told him I was prevented by strict Church rules from so doing, but another visit, when less pressed, I should

consent to have a prayer-meeting with them, and do it with pleasure. I promised him also to preach with him to-night in the city of Jullundur, in the bazaar.'

From Gurdaspur, a month later, the bishop wrote:—

'There is an excellent American Presbyterian missionary here, a Mr. Gordon. I sat with him and his wife and daughters, and gave them a little help for their mission, as I usually do. I can help them for their missions at least, though I cannot for their English work so well, though I doubt not it is often valuable as a gospel ministry.'

From Murree, August, 1881, he wrote:—

'It is so curious to be abused in England as a renegade to popery, and to be the great friend of Presbyterians out here.'

In March, 1882, he wrote from Hoshiarpur:—

'The Chatterjees, of course, are here. It is rather difficult (as he is Presbyterian) to know what part of the service to give him. The lessons at least and the litany he can take, as there are no directions about a priest reading the litany, or even a deacon.'

The following extract is from the *Punjab Mission News*, January 15, 1888:—

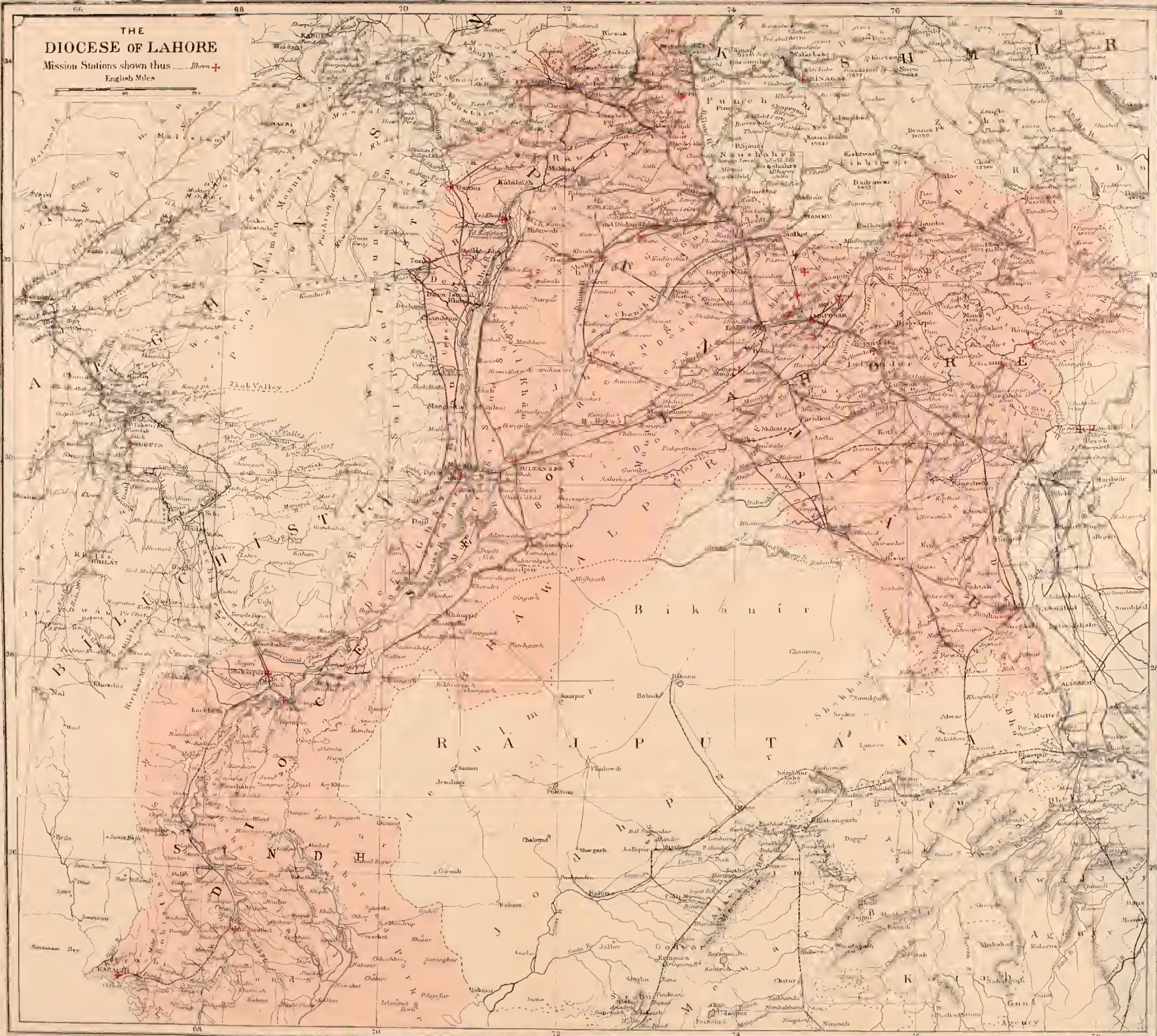
'In commenting in our last issue on the action of Bishop French in opening the new mission hospital of the American Presbyterian mission in Ferozepore, and in giving a donation in aid of the building fund of their projected church, we remarked that acts such as these of our bishop went far to promote that "unity of the spirit" and to strengthen that "bond of peace" which all those who love the Lord long for. With more such acts of kindly intercourse in the Church at large, we should have less of strife and more of blessing.

'We have now to note a pleasant return made by our Presbyterian brethren at Ferozepore. They called a meeting, and, after speeches full of kindly feeling for our late honoured and beloved bishop, they collected fifty rupees in aid of the "Bishop French Memorial Fund," as a small token of their esteem for one whose loss they too feel to be personal.

"Behold, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together, such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell!"'

THE
DIOCESE OF LAHORE

Mission Stations shown thus — Bhara +
English Miles

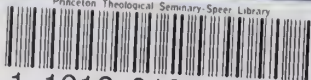


Thus on a calm review of Bishop French's treatment of Church controversies, his words to Mr. Armstrong, in September, 1887, are surely justified :—

‘I can call the great Head of the Church to witness, as the Searcher of hearts, that I have *tried* hard to have the courage of my convictions, and not swerve to the right or left to please man. I say *tried*, because to say I had always *succeeded* would be arrogance unbounded.’

It was not by ready tact and politic finesse and compromise; it was not by concealing his convictions; but it was by keeping ever in the forefront the central fundamental verities; it was by saintliness and goodness winning the truest confidence of men of every school and most diverse opinions, that he retained throughout the very deep respect and warm affection of a united and a loyal diocese.

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